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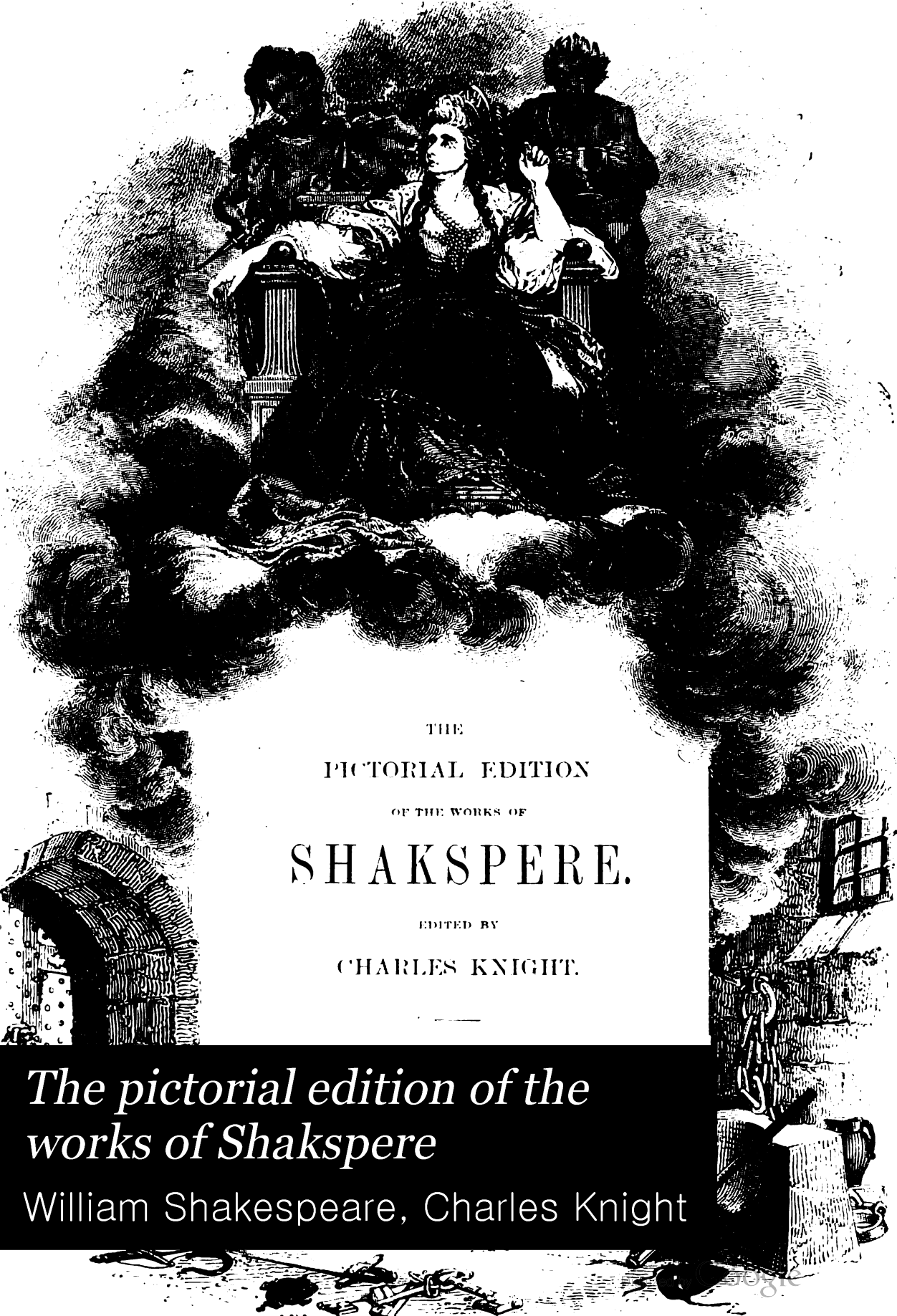
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THE  
PICTORIAL EDITION  
OF THE WORKS OF  
**SHAKSPERE.**

EDITED BY  
CHARLES KNIGHT.

*The pictorial edition of the  
works of Shakspere*

William Shakespeare, Charles Knight



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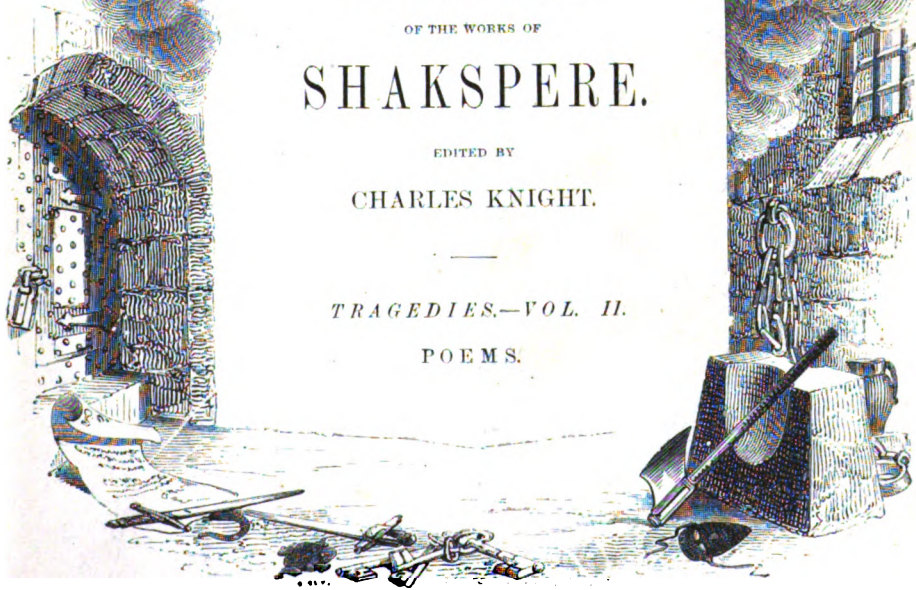
SHAKSPERE



THE  
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EDITED BY  
CHARLES KNIGHT.

TRAGEDIES.—VOL. II.  
POEMS.



LONDON :  
P. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,  
BREAD STREET HILL.

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*THE SECOND EDITION, REVISED.*

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TRAGEDIES.—VOL. II.  
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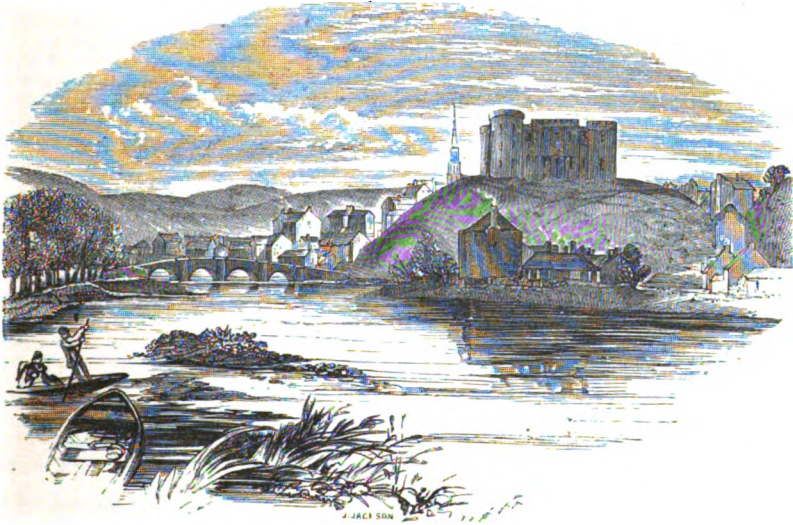
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[Inverness.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF MACBETH.

'THE Tragedie of Macbeth' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. Its place in that edition is between Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. In the entry on the Stationers' register, immediately previous to the publication of the edition of 1623, it is also classed amongst the Tragedies. And yet, in many modern reprints of the text of Shakspeare, Macbeth is placed the first amongst the Histories. This is to convey a wrong notion of the character of this great drama. Shakspeare's Chronicle-histories are essentially conducted upon a different principle. The interest of Macbeth is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call Lear or Hamlet historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. Our text is, with very few exceptions, a restoration of the text of the original folio.

Malone and Chalmers agree in assigning this tragedy to the year 1606. Their proofs, as we apprehend, are entirely frivolous and unsatisfactory. The Porter says, "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:" the year 1606 was a year of plenty, and therefore Macbeth was written in 1606. Again, the same character says, "Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales, against either scale." This passage Malone most solemnly tells us, "without doubt, had a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of the Jesuits in England, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, on

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

the 28th of March, 1606, and to his detestable perjury." There is more of this sort of reasoning, in the examination of which it appears to us quite unnecessary to occupy the time of our readers. We have two facts as to the chronology of this play which are indisputable:—the first is, that it must have been written after the crowns of England and Scotland were united in one monarch, who was a descendant of Banquo:—

"Some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

The second is, that Dr. Forman has most minutely described the representation of this tragedy in the year 1610. The following extract from his 'Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy,' is copied by Mr. Collier from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, fairies, or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, *Hail, Macbeth, King of Coudor, for thou shalt be a king, but shalt beget no kings, &c.* Then, said Banquo, *What, all to Macbeth and nothing to me?* Yes, said the nymphs, *Hail to thee. Banquo; thou shalt beget kings, yet be no king.* And so they departed, and came to the court of Scotland, to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the other to Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he, for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so they raised an army, and came into Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the doctor noted her words."

Here, then, the date of this tragedy must be fixed after the accession of James I. in 1603, and before the representation at which Forman was present in 1610. Mr. Collier is inclined to believe that the play was a new one when Forman saw it acted. Be that as it may, we can have no doubt that it belonged to the last ten years of Shakspeare's life.

### SUPPOSED SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

THAT Shakspeare found sufficient materials for this great drama in Holinshed's 'History of Scotland' is a fact that renders it quite unnecessary for us to enter into any discussion as to the truth of this portion of the history, or to point out the authorities upon which the narrative of Holinshed was founded. Better authorities than Holinshed had access to have shown that the contest for the crown of Scotland between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies after a battle in which Duncan fell: in the same way after a long rule was he vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies.\* But, with the differences between the real and apocryphal history, it is manifest that we can here have no concern. In the Illustrations of the several acts we have reprinted the passages in Holinshed with which Shakspeare was manifestly familiar. His deviations from the chronicler will be readily traced. There is another story, however, told also in the same narrative, which

\* See Skene's 'Highlanders of Scotland,' vol. I., p. 116.

## MACBETH.

Shakspeare with consummate skill has blended with the story of Macbeth. It is that of the murder of King Duff by Donwald and his wife in Donwald's castle of Forres:—

"The king got him into his privy chamber, only with two of his chamberlains, who, having brought him to bed, came forth again, and then fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared divers delicate dishes and sundry sorts of drinks for their rear-supper or collation, whereat they sat up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow but asleep they were so fast that a man might have removed the chamber over them sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleep.

"Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatly in heart, yet through instigation of his wife he called four of his servants unto him, (whom he had made privy to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts), and now declaring unto them after what sort they should work the feat, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and, speedily going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) a little before cock's crow, where they secretly cut his throat as he lay sleeping, without any bustling at all: and immediately by a postern gate they carried forth the dead body into the fields. \* \* \* \* \*

Donwald, about the time that the murder was in doing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued in company with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning, when the noise was raised in the king's chamber how the king was slain, his body conveyed away, and the bed all beraid with blood, he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor about the sides of it, he forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of that heinous murder. \* \* \* \* \*

For the space of six months together, after this heinous murder thus committed, there appeared no sun by day, nor moon by night, in any part of the realm, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds, and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

It was originally the opinion of Steevens and Malone that a play by Thomas Middleton, entitled 'The Witch,' had preceded Macbeth, and that Shakspeare was consequently indebted to Middleton for the general idea of the witch incantations. Malone subsequently changed his opinion; for in a posthumous edition of his 'Essay on the Chronological Order,' he has maintained that 'The Witch' was a later production than Macbeth. We shall refer to this question in our Supplementary Notice.

For the Local Illustrations affixed to each Act we have the gratification of acknowledging our obligation to Miss Martineau, who in 1838 visited all the localities to which this tragedy refers. Mr. Creswick's sketches, which also adorn our pages, were made on the several spots in 1839.

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### COSTUME.

THE rudely sculptured monuments and crosses which time has spared upon the hills and heaths of Scotland, however interesting to the antiquary in other respects, afford but very slender and uncertain information respecting the dress and arms of the Scotch Highlanders in the 11th century; and, attempt how we will to decide from written documents, a hundred pens will instantly be flourished against us. Our own opinion, however, formed long ago, has within these few years been confirmed by that of a most intelligent modern historian,\* who says "it would be too much perhaps to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of dress which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these may be traced back to the remotest antiquity." These are:—1st, The belted plaid; 2nd, The short coat or jacket; 3rd, The truis. With each of these, or, at any rate, with the two first, was worn, from the earliest periods to the seventeenth century, the long-sleeved, saffron-stained shirt, of Irish origin, called the *Leni-croich*.† Pitcottie, in 1573, says, "they (the Scotch Highlanders) be cloathed with ane mantle, with ane schirt, saffroned after the Irish manner, going bare-legged to the knee." And Nicolay d'Arville, cosmographer to the King of France, who published at Paris, in 1583, a volume entitled '*La Navigation du Roy d'Escoce Jacques, cinquieme du nom, autour de son Royaume et Isles Hebrides*'

\* 'The Highlanders of Scotland,' by W. F. Skene, F.S.A. Scot. 2 vols. 12mo., London, Murray, 1857.—Mr. Skene in this excellent work has also thrown great light upon the real history of Macbeth, from a careful investigation and comparison of the Irish annals and the Norse Sagas.

† "From the Irish words *leni*, shirt, and *croich*, saffron."—Martin's Western Isles of Scotland.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

et Orchadea, soutz la conduite d'Alexandre Lindsay, excellent Pilote Escossois,' says, "they wear, like the Irish, a large full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock (soutane). They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins (botines) made in a very old fashion, which come as high as the knees." Lesley in 1578 says, "all, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort (except that the nobles preferred those of different colours); these were long and flowing, but capable of being gathered up at pleasure into folds. . . . They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day. . . . The rest of their garments consisted of a *short woollen jacket*, with the sleeves open below, for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and very large sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely on their knees. These the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some grease to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp, &c."\* Here we have the second variety—that of the short woollen jacket with the open sleeves; and this confirms most curiously the identity of the ancient Scottish with the ancient Irish dress, as the Irish chieftains who appeared at court in the reign of Elizabeth were clad in these long shirts, short open-sleeved jackets, and long shaggy mantles, the exact form of which may be seen in the woodcut representing them engraved in the 'History of British Costume,' p. 369, from a rare print of that period in the collection of the late Francis Douce, Esq. The third variety is the truis, or trowse, "the breeches and stockings of one piece," of the Irish in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, and the bracchæ of the Belgic Gauls and Southern Britons in that of Cæsar. The truis has hitherto been traced in Scotland only as far back as the year 1538; and there are many who deny its having formed a portion of the more ancient Scottish dress: but independently that the document of the date above mentioned recognises it as an established "*Highland*" garment at that time, thereby giving one a right to infer its having long previously existed, the incontrovertible fact of a similar article of apparel having been worn by all the chiefs of the other tribes of the great Celtic or Gaëlic family is sufficient, in our minds, to give probability to the belief that it was also worn by those of the ancient Scotch Highlanders. Mr. Skene, after remarking that it was from the very earliest period the dress of the gentry of Ireland, adds that he is therefore inclined to think it was introduced from that country; but hints at no particular period, and leaves us at liberty to presume such introduction to have taken place even centuries prior to the birth of Macbeth. With regard to another hotly disputed point of Scottish costume, the colours of the chequered cloth, commonly called *tartan* and *plaid* (neither of which names, however, originally signified its variegated appearance, the former being merely the name of the woollen stuff of which it was made, and the latter that of the garment into which it was shaped), the most general belief is, that the distinction of the clans by a peculiar pattern is of comparatively a recent date: but those who deny "a coat of many colours" to the ancient Scottish Highlanders altogether must as unceremoniously strip the Celtic Briton or Belgic Gaul of his tunic, "flowered with various colours in divisions," in which he has been specifically arrayed by Diodorus Siculus. The chequered cloth was termed in Celtic, *breacan*, and the Highlanders, we are informed by Mr. Logan,† give it also the poetical appellation of "*cath-dath*" signifying "the strife" or "war of colours." In Major's time (1512) the plaids or cloaks of the higher classes alone were variegated. The common people appear to have worn them generally of a brown colour, "most near," says Moniepennie, "to the colour of the hadder" (heather). Martin, in 1716, speaking of the female attire in the Western Isles, says the ancient dress, which is yet worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plaid, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. The plain black and white stuff, now generally known in London by the name of "Shepherd's plaid," is evidently, from its simplicity, of great antiquity, and could have been most easily manufactured, as it required no process of dyeing, being composed of the two natural colours of the fleece. Defoe, in his 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' describes the plaid worn in 1639 as "striped across, red and yellow;" and the portrait of Lacy the actor, painted in Charles II.'s time, represents him dressed for Sawney the Scot in a red, yellow, and black truis and belted plaid, or, at any rate, in stuff of the natural yellowish tint of the wool, striped across with black and red.

\* Jean de Beaugns, who accompanied the French auxiliaries to Scotland in 1548, in like manner describes "les sauvages," as he calls the Highlanders, naked except their stained shirts (*chemises tainies*) and a certain light covering made of wool of various colours, carrying large bows and similar swords and bucklers to the others. *See* the Lowlanders.

† 'History of the Gael.' 2 vols. 8vo. London.

## MACBETH.

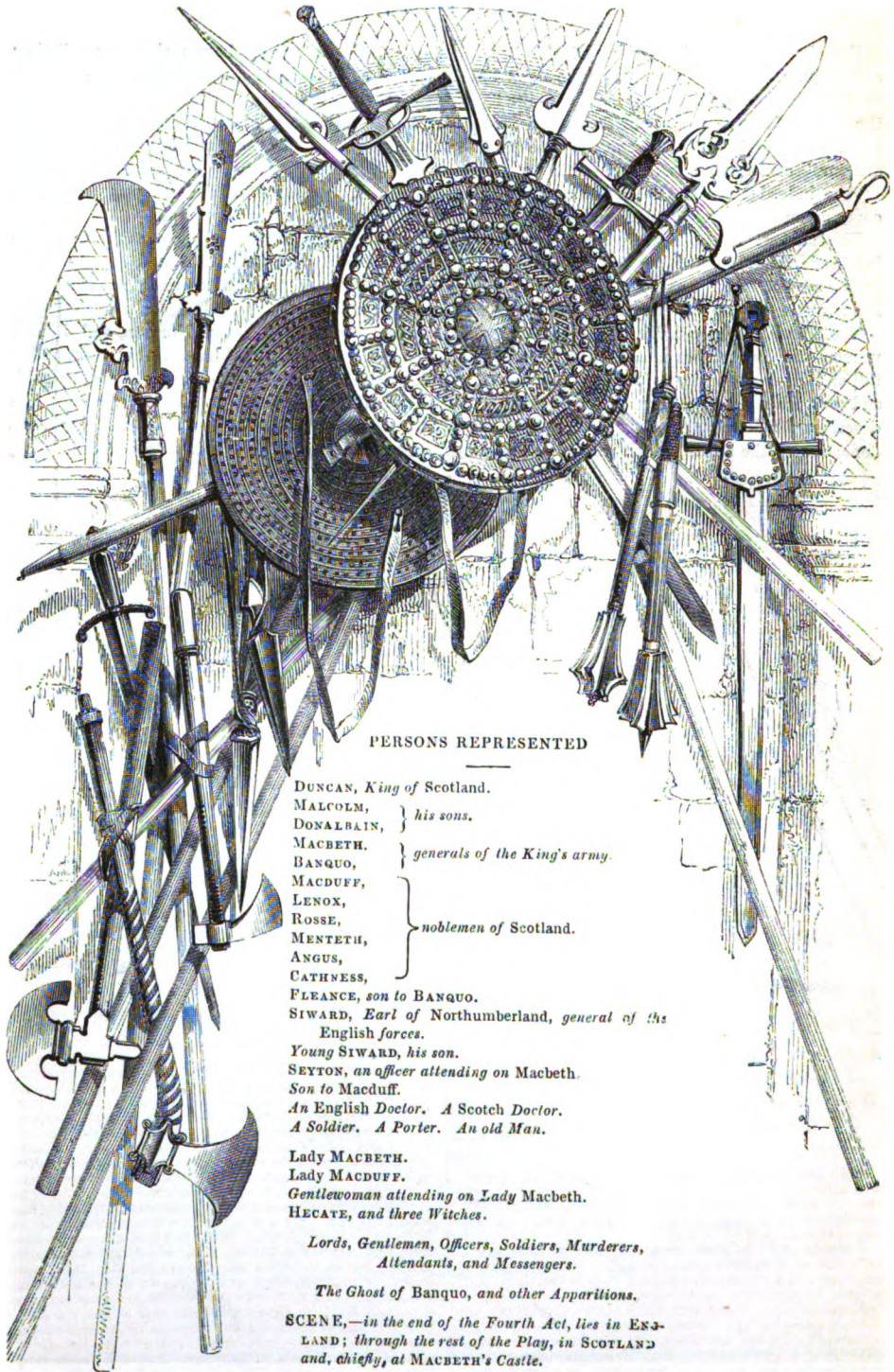
For the armour and weapons of the Scotch of the 11th century we have rather more distinct authority. The sovereign and his Lowland chiefs appear early to have assumed the shirt of ring mail of the Saxon; or, perhaps, the quilted *panzar* of their Norwegian and Danish invaders: but that some of the Highland chieftains disdained such defence must be admitted from the well-known boast of the Earl Strathearne, as late as 1133, at the Battle of the Standard:—"I wear no armour," exclaimed the heroic Gairn, "yet those who do will not advance beyond me this day." It was indeed the old Celtic fashion for soldiers to divest themselves of almost every portion of covering on the eve of combat, and to rush into battle nearly, if not entirely, naked.

The ancient Scottish weapons were the bow, the spear, the claymore (*clidheamh-more*), the battle-axe, and the dirk, or bidag, with round targets, covered with bull's-hide, and studded with nails and bosses of brass or iron. For the dress and arms of the Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries of Malcolm the Bayeux tapestry furnishes perhaps the nearest authority.

The Scottish female habit seems to have consisted, like that of the Saxon, Norman, and Danish women—nay, we may even add the ancient British—of a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a full and flowing mantle, fastened on the breast by a large buckle or brooch of brass, silver, or gold, and set with common crystals, or precious gems, according to the rank of the wearer. Dio describes Boadicea as wearing a variegated robe; and the ancient mantle worn by Scotchwomen, denominated the *arisad*, which we have already mentioned, is described by Martin as chequered.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED

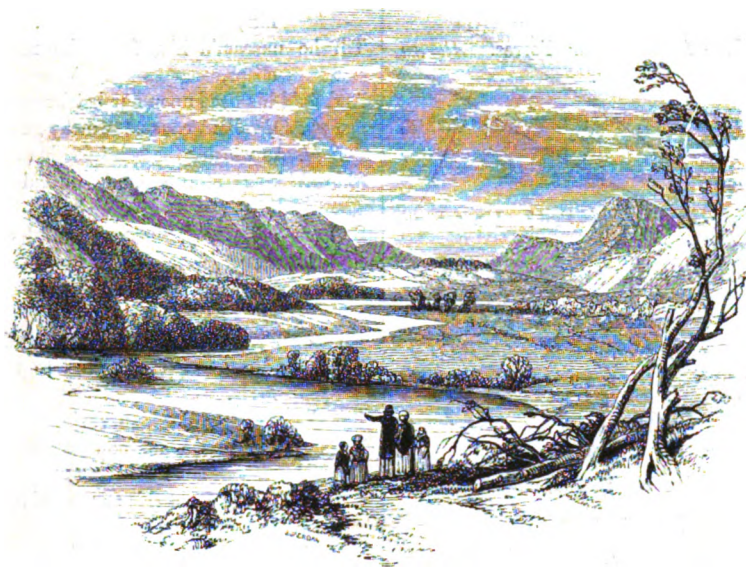
DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*  
 MALCOLM, } *his sons.*  
 DONALBAIN, }  
 MACBETH, } *generals of the King's army.*  
 BANQUO, }  
 MACDUFF, }  
 LENOX, } *noblemen of Scotland.*  
 ROSSE, }  
 MENTETH, }  
 ANGUS, }  
 CATHNESS, }  
 FLEANCE, *son to BANQUO.*  
 SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the*  
           *English forces.*  
 Young SIWARD, *his son.*  
 SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*  
 Son to Macduff.  
 An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.  
 A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.  
 Lady MACDUFF.  
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.  
 HECATE, and three Witches.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,  
 Attendants, and Messengers.*

*The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.*

SCENE,—*in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND and, chiefly, at MACBETH'S Castle.*



[View from the Site of Macbeth's Castle, Inverness.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?<sup>a</sup>

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's<sup>b</sup> done,  
When the battle's lost and won :

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Hanmer proposed to read "and in rain," to prevent that misconception of the question which might arise from the use of *or*. The Witches invariably meet under a disturbance of the elements; and this is clear enough without any change of the original text.

<sup>b</sup> *Hurlyburly*. In Peacham's 'Garden of Eloquence,' 1577, this word is given as an example of that ornament of language which consists in "a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly*, for an uproar and tumultuous stir." Todd finds the word in a collection of Scottish proverbs, and therefore decides upon the propriety of its use by the Scottish witch. This is unnecessary; for, although it might belong to both languages, Spenser had used it in our own; and it had the peculiar recommendation of the quality described by Peacham for its introduction in a lyrical composition.

<sup>c</sup> We have here the commencement of that system of

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.*

Upon the heath:

tampering with the metre of Shakspeare in this great tragedy, which universally prevailed till the reign of the variorum critics had ceased to be considered as firmly established and beyond the reach of assault. When we saw an edition of Shakspeare bearing the name of Thomas Campbell as editor, and found that the text of that edition was a literal reprint from the text of Steevens, and that consequently the loppings-off and patchings-on, the transpositions, the substitutions, of a man without an ear were circulated with the imprimatur of one of the most elegant of our poets, we could not but see what a fearful weed had taken in,—how prolific in its growth, how difficult to be eradicated. These remarks apply not so much to the particular instance before us as to the whole principle upon which the metre of this play has been regulated. We admit that it will not do servilely to follow the original in every instance where the commencement and close of a line are so arranged that it becomes prosaic; but on the other hand we contend that the desire to get rid of hemistichs, without regard to the nature of the dialogue, and so to alter the metrical arrangement of a series of lines, is to disfigure, instead of to amend, the poet. It is a matter of sincere gratification to the present editor, that five-and-twenty years have produced a marked alteration in the principles of criticism applied to the text of Shakspeare. The line before us reads, in the original,

"That will be ere the set of sun."

Steevens strikes out *the* as harsh and unnecessary. Any one



3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!<sup>a</sup>

*All.* Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches *vanish.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

*Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant,  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Sold.* Doubtful<sup>b</sup> it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Mac-  
donwald

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles  
Of<sup>c</sup> kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;<sup>1</sup>  
And fortune, on his damned quarry<sup>d</sup> smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all 's too weak

who has an ear for the fine lyrical movement of the whole scene will see what an exquisite variety of pause there is in the ten lines of which it consists. Take, for example, the line

"There to meet with Macbeth;"

and contrast its solemn movement with what has preceded it. But tampering editors must have *seven* syllables; and so some read

"There I go to meet Macbeth:"

others,

"There to meet with *great* Macbeth:"

and others,

"There to meet with—*Whom?*—Macbeth."

Malone has, however, here succeeded in retaining the original line, by persuading himself and others that *there* is a dissyllable.

<sup>a</sup> *Graymalkin* is a cat; *Paddock*, a toad.

<sup>b</sup> *Doubtful*.—So the original. The common reading, *doubtfully*. "My addition," says Steevens, "consists but of a single letter."

<sup>c</sup> *Of* is here used in the sense of *with*.

<sup>d</sup> *Quarry*.—So the original. The common reading, on the emendation of Hanmer, is *quarrel*. We conceive that the original word is that used by Shakspeare. In Coriolanus we have,

"——— I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick my lance."

It is in the same sense, we believe, that the soldier uses the word *quarry*: the "damned quarry" being the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey.

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,  
Till he faced the slave;<sup>a</sup>

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to  
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the  
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders  
break;<sup>b</sup>

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to  
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,  
mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their  
heels,

But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth  
and Banquo?<sup>c</sup>

*Sold.* Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare,  
the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the  
foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy  
wounds;

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-  
geons. [Exit Soldier, attended.]

*Enter ROSSE.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy thane of Rosse.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes!

<sup>a</sup> We follow the metrical arrangement of the original. Steevens changes the hemistich thus:—

"Like valour's minion,  
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave."

<sup>b</sup> The word *break* is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*, which word was added by Pope.

<sup>c</sup> We print this line according to the original as an Alexandrine—a verse constantly introduced by Shakspeare for the production of variety.

So should he look that seems to speak things  
strange.

*Rosse.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great king,

Where the Norway banners flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,<sup>a</sup> lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,<sup>b</sup>  
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us;—

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall  
deceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his pre-  
sent death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath  
won. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her  
lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:

—'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee,' witch!' the rump-fed ronyon<sup>c</sup>  
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the  
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,<sup>d</sup>

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

<sup>a</sup> *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth; but Henley and Steevens, fancying that the God of War was meant, chuckle over Shakspeare's ignorance in not knowing that Mars was not the husband of Bellona.

<sup>b</sup> This is the original punctuation, which we think, with Tieck, is better than

"Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm."

<sup>c</sup> Without the slightest ceremony Steevens omits the emphatic word *present*, as "injurious to metre."

<sup>d</sup> *Aroint thee.*—See *King Lear*; Illustration of Act III., Scene IV.

<sup>e</sup> *Ronyon.*—See *As You Like It*; Note on Act II., Scene II.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay:<sup>a</sup>

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum:  
Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird<sup>b</sup> sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,

<sup>a</sup> Steevens says, "As I cannot help supposing this scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omissions." There really appears no foundation for the supposition that the scene was *uniformly* metrical. It is a mixture of blank-verse with the seven-syllable rhyme, producing, from its variety, a wild and solemn effect which no regularity could have achieved.

"Where hast thou been, sister?  
Killing swine;"

is a line of blank verse:

"Sister, where thou?"

a dramatic hemistich. We have then four lines of blank verse, before the lyrical movement. "But in a sieve," &c.

"I'll give thee a wind.

Th' art kind.

And I another,"

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following octo-syllable line. So, in the same manner,

"I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay,"

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following one of seven syllables. Some editors have destroyed this metrical arrangement by changing "Th' art kind" into "Thou art kind;" and "I'll drain him dry as hay" into "I will drain him dry as hay." Capell's "thou'rt" is an improvement.

<sup>b</sup> *Weird.*—There can be no doubt that this term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd*, word spoken; and in the same way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *weird* and *fatal* are synonymous, and equally applicable to such mysterious beings as Macbeth's witches. We cannot therefore agree with Tieck that the word is *greyward*—wilful. He says that it is written *wayward* in the original; but this is not so: it is written *weyward*, which Steevens says is a blunder of the transcriber or printer. We doubt this; for the word is thus written *weyward*, to mark that it consists of two syllables. For example, in the second act, Banquo says—

"I dreamt last night of the three *weyward* sisters."

But it is also written *weyard*:—

"As the *weyard* women promis'd, and I fear."

Here the word is *one* syllable, by elision. When the poet uses the word *wayward* in the sense of wilful, the editors of the original do not confound the words. Thus, in the third act, Hecate says—

"And which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a *weyward* son."

Thus do go about, about ;  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine :  
Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is 't call'd to Forres?—What are these,

So wither'd and so wild in their attire ;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can ;—What are you ?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be  
king hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem  
to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of  
truth,

Are ye fantastical,\* or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak  
not:

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which will  
not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou  
be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me  
more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives  
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge  
you. [*Witches vanish.*]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water  
has,  
And these are of them: Whither are they  
vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,  
melted  
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had  
staid!

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak  
about?

Or have we eaten on<sup>a</sup> the insane root,<sup>b</sup>  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too; went it not  
so?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune and words. Who's  
here?

*Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.*

*Rosse.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his: Silen'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post;<sup>c</sup> and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

<sup>a</sup> *On.*—The modern editors substitute *of*; but why should we reject an ancient idiom in our rage for modernising?

<sup>b</sup> *Henbane* is called *insana* in an old book of medicine, which Shakspeare might have consulted.

<sup>c</sup> The passage stands thus in the original:—

“ He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself did make,  
Strange images of death, as thick as Tale  
Can post with post.”

We venture to adopt the reading of Rowe; principally because the expression “as thick as hail” was rendered familiar by poetical use: Spenser has

“As thick as hail forth poured from the sky.”

And Drayton,

“Out of the town come quarries thick as hail.”

\* *Fantastical*—belonging to fantasy—imaginary.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of  
Cawdor :

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true ?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives : Why do  
you dress me  
In borrow'd robes ?

*Ang.* Who was the thane, lives yet ;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Nor-  
way ;

Or did line the rebel with hidden help  
And vantage ; or that with both he labour'd  
In his country's wrack, I know not ;<sup>a</sup>  
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :  
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your  
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no less to them ?

*Ban.* That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange :  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.—  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-  
men.—

This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill : cannot be good :—If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature ? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings :  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-  
tical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner 's rapt.

<sup>a</sup> We follow the metrical arrangement of the original ;—  
not a perfect one, certainly.

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why,  
chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him  
Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their  
mould,

But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your  
leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour :—  
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.  
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd  
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—  
Let us toward the king.—<sup>a</sup>

Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more  
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-  
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd ?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die : who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;  
Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth  
A deep repentance : nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it ; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.<sup>b</sup>

*Dun.* There 's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face :  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less  
deserv'd ;

<sup>a</sup> To get rid of the two hemistichs these five lines are  
made four in modern editions.

<sup>b</sup> The metrical arrangement of this speech is decidedly  
improved in the modern text ; but the improvement is  
not, as in the cases where we have rejected changes, pro-  
duced by the determination to effect an absurd uniformity.  
The same remark applies to Macbeth's answer to the king.

That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties: and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and ser-  
vants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every-  
thing  
Safe toward your love and honour.\*

*Dun.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd  
for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!  
*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland!—That is a  
step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,

[*Aside.*  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.  
[*Exit.*

\* Sir William Blackstone interprets the word *safe* as *saved*, conceiving that the whole speech is an allusion to feudal homage: "The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. 'Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seigneur le roy,' as it is in Littleton." According to this interpretation, then, Macbeth only professes a qualified homage to the king's throne and state, as if the king's love and honour were something higher than his power and dignity. We cannot understand this. Surely it is easier to receive the words in their plain acceptation—our duties are called upon to do everything which they can do *safely*, as regards the love and honour we bear you.

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so  
valiant;

And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's  
Castle.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* 'They met me in the day of success; and I  
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to  
question them further, they made themselves air, into which  
they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it,  
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, "Thane of  
Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted  
me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, "Hail,  
king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest  
not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what  
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and fare-  
well.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy na-  
ture;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be  
great;

Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst  
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play  
false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou 'dst have,  
great Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou  
have it:

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee  
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical<sup>a</sup> aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your  
tidings?

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou 'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Atten.* So please you, it is true; our thane is  
coming:

<sup>a</sup> *Metaphysical*—supernatural.

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending,  
He brings great news. The raven himself is  
hoarse [Exit Attendant.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it ! Come to my woman's  
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering  
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick  
night,

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the  
dark,<sup>a</sup>

To cry, 'Hold, hold !'<sup>a</sup>—Great Glamis, wor-  
thy Cawdor !

*Enter MACBETH.*

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence ?

*Macb.* To-morrow,—as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where  
men

May read strange matters :—To beguile the  
time,

Look like the time ; bear welcome in your  
eye,

Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming

<sup>a</sup> The "blanket of the dark" has become a familiar phrase, and we are now to change it, under the authority of Mr. Collier's corrected folio, to "blackness of the dark." The phrase in *Cymbeline*, "If Cæsar could hide the sun from us with a blanket," gives the key to Lady Macbeth's metaphor. The light of "heaven" was to be shut out by the "blanket of the dark." So Drayton :—

"The sullen night in misty rug is wrapt."

Must be provided for : and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch ;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear ;  
To alter favour ever is to fear :  
Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Hautboys.* Servants of Macbeth attending.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BAN-  
QUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and  
Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant  
cradle :

Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-  
serv'd,  
The air is delicate.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Dun.* See, see ! our honour'd hostess !  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach  
you,

How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.<sup>b</sup>

*Lady M.* All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done  
double,

<sup>a</sup> We request our readers to repeat these celebrated lines as we have printed them. Our text is a literal copy of the original. Is not the harmony perfect ? Would they venture to displace a syllable ? And yet it was thus remodelled by the master-hand of Steevens, without the slightest explanation or apology :—

"This guest of summer,  
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze, buttress,  
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made  
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle : where they  
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air  
Is delicate."

<sup>b</sup> We have restored the old familiar expression *God-eyld*, as suiting better with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the *God yield us* of Johnson's text. Malone and Steevens each give a very long paraphrase of the passage. There is great refinement in the sentiment, but the meaning is tolerably clear. The love which follows us is sometimes troublesome ; so we give you trouble, but look you only at the love we bear to you, and so bless us and thank us.

Were poor and single business, to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, where-  
with

Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.\*

*Dun.* Where 's the thane of Cawdor ?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp  
him

To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in  
compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand :  
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the  
stage, a Sewer, and dicers Servants with dishes  
and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 't is done, then  
't were well

It were done quickly : If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal<sup>b</sup> of time,  
We 'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,  
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips.<sup>c</sup> He 's here in double trust :

\* *Hermits*—beadsmen—bound to pray for a benefactor.

<sup>b</sup> *Shoal*—in the original, *school*. The old corrected the word to *shoal*.

<sup>c</sup> The entire passage, from the beginning of the speech to this point, is obscure. Without venturing to alter the common punctuation, we would recommend an attentive consideration of the reading of the first line, as given by Mr. Macready ; and then carry on the soliloquy, as suggested by that alteration :—

“ If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well.  
It were done quickly, if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success, that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all. Here,—  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We 'd jump the life to come, but in these cases  
We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips.”

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off :  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no  
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,<sup>a</sup>  
And falls on the other—How now, what news ?

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd : Why have  
you left the chamber ?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me ?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has ?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this  
business :

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Nor cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept  
since ?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely ? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> It has been proposed (by Singleton, say the Cambridge editors) to read, instead of *itself*, *its self*, its saddle. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap* himself, as well as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself, or overlabour himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach himself. There is a parallel use of the word *over* in Beaumont and Fletcher. “ Prove it again, sir ; it may be your sense was set too high, and so *overwrought itself*.” The word *over* in all these cases is used in the sense of *too much*.

<sup>b</sup> After *other* Hamner introduced *side*. The addition is held to be unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural noun, *sides*, occurs just before. But surely this notion is to produce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his *intent* to a courser : I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fail. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of the messenger ; that it is not complete in itself ; and would not have been completed with *side*.

<sup>c</sup> We find the adage in Heywood's Proverbs, 1:66 :—“ The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet.”

*Macb.* Prithee, peace :  
I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was 't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me ?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor  
place,

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
They have made themselves, and that their fit-  
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and  
know

How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,  
As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail,——

*Lady M.* We fail.<sup>a</sup>  
But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains

<sup>a</sup> *We fail.* This is generally pointed *We fail!*—The quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted appears preferable to the original "*We fail?*"

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck<sup>b</sup> only : When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon  
His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell ?<sup>c</sup>

*Macb.* Bring forth men-child en only,  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sl. epy  
two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have done 't ?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death ?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
False face must hide what the false heart doth  
know. [Exit.]

<sup>a</sup> *Convince*—overpower.

<sup>b</sup> *Limbeck*—alembic. Shakspeare understood the construction of a still, in this happy comparison of the brain to that part of a vessel through which a distilled liquor passes

<sup>c</sup> *Quell*—murder.



[Distant View of the Heath.]



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied.*”

IN the Second Part of Henry VI. we have this passage:—

“The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:  
And with a puissant and a mighty power,  
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array.”

Barnaby Rich describes the *gallowglass* as a foot-soldier armed with a skull, a shirt of mail, and a gallowglass axe. The *kernes* he denounces as the very dross and scum of the country, ready to run out with every rebel.

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“*But in a sieve I'll thither sail.*”

In a pamphlet called ‘News from Scotland,’ 1591, it is shown how certain witches, who pretended to bewitch and drown his majesty (our James I.) in the sea coming from Denmark, “together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same *riddles* or *cives*.”

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE V.—“*Come, thick night,*” &c.

This celebrated passage has given rise to much discussion, particularly with reference to the word *blanket*. This, Malone says, was certainly the poet's word, and “perhaps was suggested to him by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was yet but half lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.” But Whiter has very ingeniously illustrated the passage by another view of the subject. The internal roof of the stage was anciently called *the heavens*. This was its known and familiar name, as we have previously had occasion to mention. (See Henry VI., Part I. Illustration of Act I.) But when tragedies were represented, the back of the stage, according to Malone, was hung with black. Whiter is persuaded that, on these occasions, the decorations about the roof, which were designed to represent the appearance of the heavens, were also covered with black. This, then, was the “blanket of the dark” through which “heaven” was not to “peep.” This is certainly ingenious; but is it necessary to the understanding of the passage? Drayton, without any stage associations, has this line in an early poem:—

“The sullen *night* in misty *rug* is wrapp'd.”

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is not our intention to conduct our readers through the obscure and contradictory traditions that belong to the history of Macbeth. Shakspeare found this history, apocryphal as it may be, graphically told in Holinshed; and it will be sufficient for us to select such passages as must necessarily have passed under the poet's eye in the construction of this great tragedy.

“It fortun'd as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Forres, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together, without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly, in the midst of a laund,\* there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them

spake and said, All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis! (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said, Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawder! But the third said, All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland!

“Then Banquo: What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them), we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all; but of thee shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their

\* A plain amongst trees.

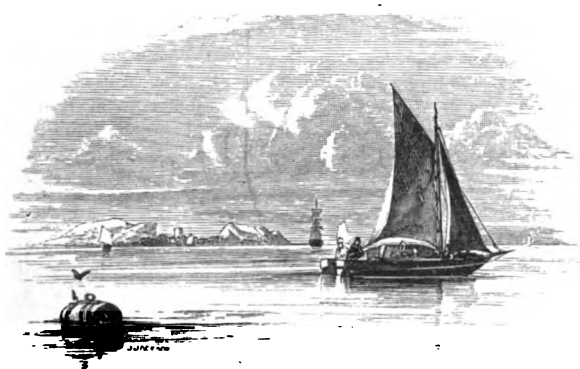
## MACBETH.

sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo, inso-much that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest King of Scotland; and Macbeth again would call him in sport likewise the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, endued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken. For, shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his lands, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberality to Macbeth.

"The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now, Macbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth only for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to pass. Whereupon Macbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom; but yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, which should advance him thereto (by the Divine Providence) as it had come to pass in his former preferment. But shortly after it chanced that King Duncan, having two sons by his wife, which was the daughter of Siward Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm,

Prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease. Macbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hopes hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realm, the ordinance was, that, if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might in time to come pretend unto the crown.

"The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queen. At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid he slew the king at Enverna, or (as some say) at Botgossane, in the first year of his reign. Then, having a company about him of such as he had made privy to his enterprise, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common content) he received the investure of the kingdom according to the accustomed manner."



[St. Colmes' Inch.]

### LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### SCENE II.—"A camp near Forres."

PROBABLY situated in the moors to the south of the town, so as to intercept the march of the invaders from Fife to the royal residences of the north. Wide and almost level tracts of heath extend southwards from Forres, amidst which the march of an army might be discerned from a great distance. It must be mentioned that the stage

direction, "Camp near Forres," does not occur in the original; although it is clear in the third scene that Macbeth and Banquo are on their way thither:—

"How far is 't called to Forres?"

SCENE II.—"St. Colmes' inch."

Inch; Island. St. Colmes'; St. Columba's.—This island of St. Columba lies in the Firth of Forth, off

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

the coast of Fife, a little to the east of North Queensferry. Alexander I was wrecked on this island, and entertained by a hermit. In memory of his preservation Alexander founded a monastery, to which great sanctity attached for many centuries, and the remains of which are still conspicuous. It was often plundered by English marauders; but it was so generally believed that the saint invariably avenged himself on the pirates, that the sacredness of the place, as the scene of conferences and contracts, remained unimpaired. The "Norweyan king" was probably compelled to disburse his "ten thousand dollars" on this spot before burying his men on the soil of Fife, in order to make his humiliation as solemn and emphatic as possible.

### SCENE III.—"A Heath."

Common superstition assigns the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, as the place of the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters. A more dreary piece of moorland is not to be found in all Scotland. Its eastern limit is about six miles from Forres, and its western four from Nairn, and the high road from these places intersects it. This "blasted heath" is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir-plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. Sand-hills and a line of blue sea, beyond which are the distant hills of Ross and Caithness, bound it to the north; a farmstead or two may be seen afar off; and the ruins of a castle rise from amidst a few trees on the estate of Brodie of Brodie on the north-west. There is something startling to a stranger in seeing the solitary figure of the peat-digger or rush-gatherer moving amidst the waste in the sunshine of a calm autumn day; but the desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.

Boece narrates the interview of Macbeth and Banquo with the weird sisters as an actual occurrence; and he is repeated by Holinshed. Buchanan, whose mind was averse from admitting more superstitions than were necessary to historical fidelity, relates the whole scene as a dream of Macbeth's. It is now scarcely possible even for the imagination of the historical student to make its choice between the scene of the generals, mounted and attended by their troops, meeting the witches in actual presence on the waste of the Harmuir, and the encounter of the aspiring spirit of Macbeth with the prophets of its fate amid the wilder scenery of the land of dreams. As far as the superstition is concerned with the real history, the poet has bound us in his mightier spells. The Witches of Shakspeare have become realities.

### SCENE III.—"Thane of Glamis."

Glamis Castle, five miles from Forfar, is one of the four or five castles in which the murder of Duncan is erroneously declared to have been perpetrated. Previous to 1372 a small castle, two stories high, stood on this spot, commanding a wide extent of level country, bounded in one direction by the range of Dunsinane hills, and within view of Birnam hill. Tradition assigns this old stronghold as the occasional residence of Macbeth; who, however, as will be seen elsewhere, could never have dwelt within stone walls. The present magnificent edifice is above a hundred feet in height, and contains a hundred rooms; and the walls of the oldest part of the building are fifteen feet thick. An ancient bedstead is preserved in it, on which it is pretended that Duncan was murdered. Glamis Castle is made by tradition the scene of another murder—that of Malcolm II., in 1034. The property passed into the hands of the Strathmore family (to whom it still belongs) in 1372, on occasion of the marriage of John Lyon, ancestor of the family, with a daughter of Robert II., from whom the estate was received as a gift.



[Glamis Castle.]

## MACBETH.

### SCENE III.—“*Thane of Cawdor.*”

Cawdor Castle is another supposed scene of the murder of Duncan. A portion of Duncan's coat-of-mail is pretended to be shown there; and also the chamber in which he was murdered, with the recess, cut out of the thickness of the walls, in which the king's valet hid himself during the perpetration of the deed. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn, and stands on a rising ground above the windings of the Calder, overlooking a wide tract of woodland, bounded on the north by the Moray Firth. It has a moat and drawbridge; and a part of it, without date, shows marks of very high antiquity. The more modern part bears the date of 1510. Tra-

dition says that the original builder of this castle was desired to load an ass with the gold he could afford for his edifice, to follow where the ass should lead, and build where it should stop. The ass stopped at a hawthorn in the wood, and this hawthorn was built into the centre chamber of the ground-floor of the castle. There it is still, worn and cut away till it is a slender wooden pillar in the midst of the antique apartment. Beside it stands the chest which contained the gold; and here, it is supposed, did the train of Duncan mingle in revel with the servants of Macbeth on the night of the murder. The stranger who stands in the low, dim vault, regrets that history and tradition cannot be made to agree.



[Cawdor Castle.]

### SCENE IV.—“*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*”

Forres is a town of great antiquity. At its western extremity there is an eminence commanding the river, the level country to the coast of Moray Firth, and the town. On this spot, advantageous for strength and survey, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, the walls of which are very massive, and the architecture Saxon. Tradition declares that before this castle was built the fort stood there in which King Duffus was murdered in 965 or 966. It is probable that this fort was the residence of

Duncan, and afterwards of Macbeth, when the court or royal army was at Forres. The imagination of the student of the chroniclers or of Shakspeare fixes on this green mound as the spot where Macbeth bent the knee to his sovereign, while internally occupied with the greetings which had just met him on the Harmuir.

### SCENE V.—“*Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*”

Boece declares that Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on a

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

eminence to the south-east of the town of Inverness. It is certain that the building, called a castle, which stood there, was razed to the ground by Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who built another on a different part of the hill. It was this last, dismantled in the war of 1745, which Dr. Johnson and Boswell entered in 1773, apparently without any suspicion that it was not the identical place in which Duncan was received by Lady Macbeth. Boswell not only recognises the "pleasant seat" of the building, but looks up with veneration to the battlements on which the raven croaked. He declares—"I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it." It appears, however, from the researches of antiquarians, that the castles of Macbeth's days were not built of stone and mortar at all. The "vitrified forts," whose vestiges are found scattered over Scotland, and which are conjectured to be the work of the primitive Celtic inhabitants, remain a mystery, both as to their construction and purposes; but, with the exception of these, there are no traces of erections of stone of so early a date as the reign of Duncan. The forts and castles of those days appear to have been composed of timber and sods, which crumbled and dissolved away ages ago, leaving only a faint circle upon the soil, to mark the place where they stood. It is thus that the site of Lunfanan Fort (the supposed scene of Macbeth's death) has been ascertained. This fact about the method of

building in that age settles the question of Duncan's murder at Cawdor Castle, or Glamis, or any other to which that event has been assigned. It could not have taken place in any building now in existence.

It is now believed by some that Duncan was not assassinated at all, but slain in battle. Later historians follow Boece in his declaration that the king was murdered in Macbeth's castle at Inverness; but the register of the Priory of St. Andrew's says, "Doncath interfectus est in *Bothgonanan*." Fordun says that, being wounded, he was conveyed to Elgin, and died there. The meaning of *Bothgonanan* being "the smith's dwelling," it has been conjectured that the king was murdered by ambushed assassins, at or near a smith's dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

Supposing the murder to have taken place, however, at Macbeth's castle at Inverness, the abode might well be said to have "a pleasant seat." The hill overhangs the river Ness, and commands a fine view of the town, the surrounding levels, and the mountains which enclose Loch Ness to the west. The eminence is at present crowned with the new castle, which contains the courts and the offices connected with them. No vestiges remain of Malcolm's castle, visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell as the Macbeth's castle of Boece and Shakspeare.



[Scene.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE with a torch.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 't is later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry<sup>a</sup> in heaven,  
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

<sup>a</sup> *Husbandry*—frugality.

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's  
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices:<sup>a</sup>  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

<sup>a</sup> *Offices*.—This is the original word. Malone would read *officers*; but it is of little consequence, whether the largess was sent to the servants or the servants' hall.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All 's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that  
business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,<sup>a</sup>—  
when 't is,  
It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none,  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear;  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose, the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[*Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink  
is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.  
[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon<sup>b</sup> gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such  
thing.

It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep:<sup>c</sup> witchcraft celebrates

<sup>a</sup> *Consent*—union. Macbeth covertly says, If you will unite yourself to my fortunes. Malone proposes to read *content*. Tieck says that Macbeth here purposely uses an obscure form of words.

<sup>b</sup> *Dudgeon*—the handle of the dagger.

<sup>c</sup> After sleep we find *now* in several editions. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play, added the word, which subsequent editors adopted. We have no doubt that Shakspeare introduced the long pause to add to the solemnity of the description.

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides,<sup>a</sup> towards his  
design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure<sup>b</sup> and firm-set  
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,<sup>c</sup> for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he  
lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. — *The same.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk  
hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire:—  
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,  
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good  
night.

He is about it:<sup>d</sup> The doors are open;

<sup>a</sup> *Strides*. *Sides* is the word of the old copies; but Pope changed it to *strides*. A doubt then arises whether this word is compatible with "stealthy pace." Johnson says that a ravishing *stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult. This is denied; and we have examples given of a "leisurable stride" and "an easy stride." The word, in its usual acceptation, and looking at its etymology, does not convey the motion of stealthy and silent movement. We receive it as Milton uses it:—

"Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode."

Can we reconcile then the word *sides* with the context? Tieck contends that *sides* has been received as the seat of the passions, and is so here poetically used. We have some doubt of this; although we do not reject the opinion. Might we not receive *sides* as a verb, and read the passage thus?—

"Wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace  
(Which Tarquin's ravishing *sides*) towards his design,  
Moves like a ghost."

To *side* is to match, to balance, to be in collateral position  
Thus, in Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus,'

"Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,  
Hath rais'd from excrement to *side* the god's!"

In the passage before us, "murder" "with his stealthy  
pace," which pace *sides*, matches, "Tarquin's ravishing,"  
'ravishing' a noun, moves like a ghost towards his design.  
This conjecture has been noticed by the Cambridge editors,  
but they adopt *strides*, as do most other recent commentators.  
Although a conjectural emendation, *strides* gives a clear  
meaning, however imperfect.

<sup>b</sup> *Sure*.—The original has *sovere*.

<sup>c</sup> The original has "which they may walk." Tieck de-  
fends the original reading, as ungrammatical, singular, and  
perfectly dream-like. Is not this to refine somewhat over-  
much?

<sup>d</sup> Here we follow the metrical arrangement of the original,  
with a slight deviation in the subsequent lines.

And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge  
with snores :

I have drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live, or die.

*Macb.* [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!'

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have  
awak'd,

And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not the  
deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers  
ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept I had done't—My hus-  
band!

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not  
hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the  
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry  
sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep,  
And one cried, 'murther!' that they did wake  
each other;

I stood and heard them: but they did say their  
prayers,

And address'd them again to sleep.\*

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried, 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,'  
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's  
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce,  
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

\* Here again we follow the original regulation of the  
lines.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep  
no more!

Macbeth does murther sleep,—the innocent  
sleep;

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve<sup>a</sup> of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's  
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second  
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.<sup>b</sup>

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all  
the house:

'Glamis hath murther'd sleep: and therefore  
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no  
more!'

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
Why did you bring these daggers from the  
place?

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and  
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the  
dead,

Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals  
me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out  
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will  
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine

Making the green, one red.\*

*Macb.* *Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine  
Making the green, one red.\**

<sup>a</sup> Sleeve—unwrought silk—the *filicezza* of the Italians.  
<sup>b</sup> There are differences of opinion as to where the 'voice  
ends. Hammer carried it to the end of Macbeth's speech.  
Johnson made it stop at 'murther sleep;' the remainder of  
the speech being Macbeth's comment.

\* Heywood has this passage:

"The multitudes of seas dyed red with blood."

This gives us, we think, the meaning of *multitudinous*



*Re-enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but  
I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a  
knocking  
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark!  
more knocking:  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 't were best not  
know myself. [*Knock.*]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I<sup>a</sup> would thou  
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter a Porter.* [*Knocking within.*]

*Porter.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a  
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old  
turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock,  
knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub?  
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the ex-  
pectation of plenty: Come in time; have nap-  
kins enough about you; here you'll sweat for 't.  
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there,  
i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equi-  
vocator, that could swear in both the scales  
against either scale; who committed treason  
enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate  
to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*]  
Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith,  
here's an English tailor come hither, for steal-  
ing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here  
you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock,  
knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this  
place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no  
further: I had thought to have let in some of all  
professions, that go the primrose way to the ever-

Upon the mode of reading the following line the commen-  
tators are at variance. In the original it stands

"Making the green one, red."

This Malone adopts. The reading,

"Making the green, one red,"

was suggested by Murphy in the 'Gray's Inn Journal,' and  
adopted by Steevens. There can be little doubt, we apprehend,  
of the propriety of the alteration. We have a similar  
expression in Milton's 'Comus,'

"And makes one blot of all the air."

\* Steevens reads "Ay, would thou couldst." He is prob-  
ably right, for *ay* is invariably written *I* in the old copy.  
† The pronoun appears to us more emphatic.

lasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I  
pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to  
bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the  
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker  
of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink espe-  
cially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-  
vokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away  
the performance: Therefore, much drink may be  
said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes  
him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it  
takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens  
him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in  
conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and,  
giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last  
night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me:  
But I requited him for his lie; and, I think,  
being too strong for him, though he took up my  
legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?—  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir!

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both!

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on  
him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to  
you;

But yet 't is one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,

For 't is my limited<sup>a</sup> service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does:—he did appoint so.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Limited—appointed.

<sup>b</sup> Steevens writes the passage thus:—

"Goes the king

From hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does:—he did appoint so."

We reject such forced attempts to get rid of the hemistich  
and the Alexandrine.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death:

And, prophesying with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time,  
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:  
Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.\*

*Macb.* 'T was a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror!  
Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee!

*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is 't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy  
your sight  
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake!  
awake!

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.<sup>b</sup>

[*Bell rings.*]

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,

\* We here follow the regulation of the original. But we have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird" with "prophesying."

<sup>b</sup> The words "ring the bell" form part of the original text; and the stage direction, "bell rings," immediately follows. Theobald and other commentators strike out "ring the bell," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried "ring the alarum-bell," should repeat the order!

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!  
*Macd.* O, gentle lady,  
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.—

*Enter BANQUO.*

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's murderer'd!

*Lady M.* Woe, alas! what, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,

There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't,  
The spring, the head: the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murderer'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found

Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,  
and furious,

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love

Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach  
nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,  
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.\*

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort  
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy: I'll to Eng-  
land.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in  
blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* This speech in the original belongs to *Macduff*; but, without any explanation, it is given by the variorum editors to *Macbeth*.

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

*Enter ROSSE and an old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember  
well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this  
sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's  
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is  
day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling  
lamp:

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'T is unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday  
last,

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most  
strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung  
out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

*Old M.* 'T is said, they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of  
mine eyes,  
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good  
Macduff:—

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known who did this more than  
bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?\*

*Macd.* They were suborn'd:  
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:  
Thrifless ambition, that wilt rav'n up  
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

\* *Pretend*—propose.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd; and gone to  
Scone,  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill;  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done  
there:—adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Rosse.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with  
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of  
foes!

[*Exeunt.*]



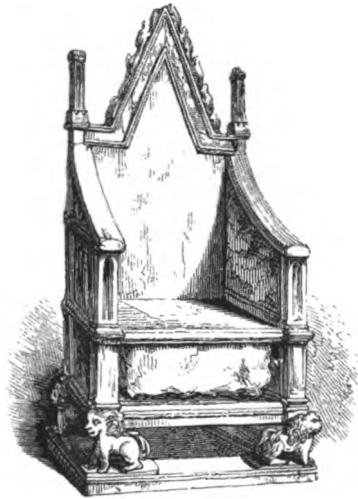
[101 a.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*Who's there?—what, ho!*”

AFTER “That summons thee to heaven or to hell,” Tieck inserts—“*he ascends*,”—and says, “we learn afterwards that he descends. I have inserted this stage direction that the reader may the better understand the construction of the old theatre.” Again, when Macbeth calls out “*Who's there!*” he inserts, before the exclamation, “*he appears above*,” and after it, “*he again withdraws*.” Tieck says, “I have also added these directions for the sake of perspicuity. The editors make him say this without being seen—‘*within*,’—which is an impossibility. To whom should he make this inquiry *within* the chambers, where all are sleeping? The king, besides, does not sleep in the first, but in the second chamber; how loud then must be the call to be heard from within the second chamber in the court-

yard below! The original at this passage has ‘*Enter Macbeth*.’ I explain this peculiar direction thus:—Macbeth lingers yet a moment within: his unquiet mind imagines it hears a noise in the court below, and thoughtlessly, bewildered, and crazed, he rushes back to the *balcony*, and calls beneath, ‘*Who's there?*’ in his agony, however, he waits for no answer, but rushes back into the chambers to execute the murder. Had Fleance, or Banquo, or even any of the servants of the house, whom he had but just sent away, been beneath, the whole secret deed would have been betrayed. I consider this return, which appears but a mere trifle, as a striking beauty in Shakspeare's drama. He delights (because he always sets tragedy in activity through passion as well as through intrigue) in suspending success and failure on a needle's point.”



[Coronation Chair.]

### LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE IV.—“*And gone to Scone,  
To be invested.*”

THE ancient royal city of Scone, supposed to have been the capital of the Pictish kingdom, lay two miles northward from the present town of Perth. It was the residence of the Scottish monarchs as early as the reign of Kenneth M'Alpin, and there

was a long series of kings crowned on the celebrated stone enclosed in a chair, now used as the seat of our sovereigns at coronations in Westminster Abbey. This stone was removed to Scone from Dunstaffnage, the yet earlier residence of the Scottish kings, by Kenneth II., soon after the founding of the abbey of Scone by the Culdees in 838, and

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

was transferred by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey in 1296. This remarkable stone is reported to have found its way to Dunstaffnage from the plain of Luz, where it was the pillow of the patriarch Jacob while he dreamed his dream.

An aisle of the abbey of Scone remains. A few poor habitations alone exist on the site of the ancient royal city.

SCENE IV.—  
"Where is Duncan's body?  
Carried to Colme-kill."

*Colme-kill* (St. Columba's Cell). *Icolm-kill*. *Hyona*. *Iona*.—The island of Iona, separated only by a narrow channel from the island of Mull, off the western coast of Argyle, was the place of sepulture of many Scottish kings; and, according to tradition, of several Irish and Norwegian monarchs. This little island, only three miles long and one and a half broad, was once the most important spot of the whole cluster of British Isles. It was inhabited by Druids previous to the year 563, when Colum M'Felim M'Fergus, afterwards called St. Columba, landed with twelve companions, and began to preach Christianity. A monastery was soon established on the spot, and others afterwards arose in the neighbouring isles, and on the mainland. A noble cathedral was built, and a nunnery at a short distance from it, the ruins of both of which still remain. The reputation of the learning, doctrine, and discipline of these establishments extended over the whole Christian world for some centuries; devotees of rank or other eminence strove for admission into them; missionaries of the highest qualifications issued from them; the records of royal deeds were preserved there; and there the bones of kings reposed. Historians seem to agree that all the monarchs of Scotland, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth, inclusive—that is, from 973 to 1040—were buried at Iona; and some suppose that the cathedral was a place of royal sepulture from the time of its erection. The island was several times laid waste by the Danes and by pirates; and the records which were saved were removed to Ireland in consequence

of the perpetual peril; but the monastic establishments survived every such attack, and remained in honour till the year 1561, when the Act of the Convention of Estates was passed, by which all monasteries were doomed to demolition. Such books and records as could be found in Iona were burnt, the tombs were broken open, and the greater number of its host of crosses thrown down or carried away.

The cathedral of Iona, as seen afar off from the outside of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, standing out against the western sky, is a singular object in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of the ocean,—the only token of high civilization—the solitary record of an intellectual world which has passed away. It presides over a wide extent of stormy waters, with their scattered isles; and the stone crosses of its cemetery, and the lofty walls and Saxon and Gothic arches of its venerable buildings, form a strange contrast with the hovels of the fishermen which stand upon the shore.

In the cemetery, among the monuments of the founders and of many subsequent abbots, are three rows of tombs, said to be those of the Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings, in number reported to be forty-eight. For statements like these, however, there is no authority but tradition. Tradition itself does not pretend to individualize these tombs; so that the stranger must be satisfied with the knowledge that within the enclosure where he stands lie Duncan and Macbeth.

Corpach, two miles from Fort William, retains some distinction from being the place whence the bodies of the Scottish monarchs were embarked for the sacred island. While traversing the stormy waters which surround these gloomy western isles, the imagination naturally reverts to the ancient days when the funeral train of barks was tossing amidst the waves, and the chant of the monks might be heard from afar welcoming the remains of the monarch to their consecrated soil.

Some of the Irish and Norwegian kings buried in Iona were pilgrims, or had abdicated their thrones and retired to the monastery of St. Columba.



[Forres.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis,  
all,  
As the weird women promis'd; and I fear  
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady  
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,  
Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten

It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing<sup>a</sup> unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good  
advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and pros-  
perous,)

In this day's council; but we'll take<sup>b</sup> to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

<sup>a</sup> *All-thing.*—So the original—not *all things*, as sometimes printed.

<sup>b</sup> *Take.*—This is the word of the original, which Steevens has very properly retained; although Malone changes it to

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the  
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are be-  
stow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with  
you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call  
upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of  
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with  
you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*  
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our  
pleasure?

*Attend.* They are, my lord, without the palace  
gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*]  
To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much  
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark<sup>a</sup> Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the  
sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon  
me,

*talk.* It is difficult to imagine a more unnecessary change.  
Who could doubt our meaning if we were to say, "Well,  
sir, if you cannot come this afternoon, we will take to-  
morrow!"

<sup>a</sup> Steevens proposed to omit *Mark*, "for the sake of  
metre." Johnson would have gone farther, and would have  
omitted the whole allusion to Mark Antony, writing the  
passage thus:—

"My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters."

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And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-  
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd<sup>a</sup> my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!<sup>b</sup>—Who's  
there?—

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*1 Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with  
you,

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the  
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,  
that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

*1 Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

*1 Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are  
cleped

All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

<sup>a</sup> *Fil'd*—defiled.

<sup>b</sup> *Utterance*.—The French *combat-à-outrance*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III., Scene I.

<sup>c</sup> *Borne in hand*—encouraged by false hopes.



The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not in the worst rank\* of manhood, say it;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody dis-  
tance,

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: And though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For<sup>b</sup> certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. With-  
in this hour, at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,<sup>c</sup>

\* In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the *catalogue* and the *valued file*. The catalogue contains the names of all; the valued file select names. So in these lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "worst rank." The rank, then, is the row,—the *file* those set apart from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use?

<sup>b</sup> For—on account of—because of.

<sup>c</sup> We understand this passage as follows. Macbeth has said,

"I will advise you where to plant yourselves:"

he then adds, "Acquaint you"—"Inform yourselves—" with the perfect spy"—with a most careful inquiry—"o' the time"—the expected time of Banquo's return;—

"The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night."

And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness: And with him,  
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;  
I 'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I 'll call upon you straight; abide  
within.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. *Exit.*

*Lady M.* Nought 's had, all 's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have  
died

With them they think on? Things without all<sup>a</sup>  
remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd  
it;

She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor  
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the  
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace,<sup>b</sup> have sent to peace,

<sup>a</sup> Steevens omits *all*.

<sup>b</sup> Peace.—For this word of the original the editor of the second folio substituted *place*. The repetition of the word *peace* seems very much in Shakspeare's manner; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth proposes to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace,—as the very promptings to the crime disturb his peace,—we think there is something much higher in his

Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor  
poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!

*Lady M.* Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-  
night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be  
you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and  
tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.  
*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear  
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,  
lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's<sup>a</sup> not  
eternè.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assail-  
able;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-  
mons,

The shard-borne beetle,<sup>b</sup> with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal,  
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Mac.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,

sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of  
*place*. In the very contemplation of the murder of Banquo,  
Macbeth is vainly seeking for peace. Banquo is the object  
that makes him eat his meal in fear and sleep in terrible  
dreams. His death, therefore, is determined; and then  
comes the fearful lesson,

"Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy."

There is no peace with the wicked.

<sup>a</sup> *Nature's copy*.—Johnson explains this as *the copy*, the  
lease, by which they hold their lives from nature; and Rit-  
son says it is *the copy of court roll*. Is not this very forced?  
Although the expression may be somewhat obscure, does  
not every one feel that the *copy* means the individual,—the  
particular cast from nature's mould,—a perishable copy of  
the prototype of man?

<sup>b</sup> *Shard-borne beetle*—the beetle borne on its shards, or  
scaly wing-cases. See *Cymbeline*; Illustration of Act III.,  
Scene 111.

<sup>c</sup> We print these lines as in the original. In modern  
editions they are "regulated" thus:—

"Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note."

D 2

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling<sup>a</sup>  
night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the  
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood;  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do  
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee  
still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:  
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn,  
with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he  
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [*Within*.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then 't is he; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.  
[*Assaults BANQUO.*]

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,  
fly, fly;

Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies. FLEANCE escapes.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Seeling*—blinding. The expression is taken from the  
practice of closing the eyelids of hawks.

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3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?  
 1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?  
 3 *Mur.* There 's but one down; the son is fled.  
 2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.  
 1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much  
 is done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of Slate in the Palace.  
 A Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,  
 Lords, and Attendants.

*Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down:  
 at first  
 And last, the hearty welcome.  
*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.  
*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society,  
 And play the humble host.  
 Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,  
 We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
 friends;  
 For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their  
 hearts' thanks:  
 F' th sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:  
 Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure  
 The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There's  
 blood upon thy face.  
*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.  
*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he  
 within.  
 Is he dispatch'd?  
*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did  
 for him.  
*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:  
 Yet he's good,  
 That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
 Thou art the nonpareil.  
*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
 Fleance is 'scap'd.  
*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else  
 been perfect;  
 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:  
 As broad and general as the casing air:  
 But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound  
 in  
 To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?  
*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he  
 bides,  
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
 The least a death to nature.  
*Macb.* Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies, the worm, that's  
 fled,  
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-  
 morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*  
*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
 You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold  
 That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,  
 'T is given with welcome: To feed, were best at  
 home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,  
 Meeting were bare without it.  
*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—  
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
 And health on both!

*Len.* May it please your highness sit?  
 Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MAC-  
 BETH'S place.<sup>1</sup>

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
 roof'd,  
 Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;  
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
 Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,  
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your  
 highness

To grace us with your royal company?  
*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.  
*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What  
 is 't that moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?  
*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never  
 shake  
 Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not  
 well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is  
 often thus,  
 And hath been from his youth: 'pray you,  
 keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
 He will again be well: If much you note him,  
 You shall offend him, and extend his passion;  
 Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on  
 that

Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff!

<sup>1</sup> We understand, that 't is given with welcome.

This is the very painting of your fear :  
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,  
 (Impostors to true fear,) would well become  
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
 You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
 how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak  
 too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
 Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
 Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears.]

*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him,

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the  
 olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
 Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
 That when the brains were out the man would  
 die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,  
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
 And push us from our stools: This is more  
 strange

Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
 Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget:—  
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
 To those that know me. Come, love and health  
 to all;

Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill  
 full:—

*Re-enter Ghost.*

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
 And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge,

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the  
 earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
 But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;  
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
 Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Ghost disappears.]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being  
 gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke  
 the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
 Without our special wonder? You make me  
 strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,  
 When now I think you can behold such sights,  
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
 When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows  
 worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—  
 Stand not upon the order of your going,  
 But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
 Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!  
 [Exeunt Lords and Attendants.]

*Macb.* It will have blood; they say, blood  
 will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
 speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have  
 By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought  
 forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which  
 is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies  
 his person,

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
 There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow  
 (And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:  
 More shall they speak; for now I am bent to  
 know,

<sup>a</sup> *Inhabit then.*—This is the original reading, which has been changed into *inhibit thee*. Home Tooke was the first to denounce this alteration; contending that the true meaning is, that if he were dared to the desert he would not skulk within his house.

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own  
good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no  
more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to  
hand;

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures,  
sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and  
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

*Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.*

*1 Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look  
angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done,  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and everything beside:  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.\*  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that, distill'd by magic slights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

\* So the original. This noble line, by which the metre  
is so beautifully varied, has been changed to—

"Unto a dismal—fatal end."

And you all know, security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. *[Within.]* 'Come away, come away,' &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. *[Exit.]*

*1 Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon  
be back again. *[Exeunt:]*

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LENOX, and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts,

Which can interpret farther: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—  
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;  
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance  
kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of  
sleep:

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think,  
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they  
should find

What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause  
he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.*

The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work,) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—

All which we pine for now: And this report  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

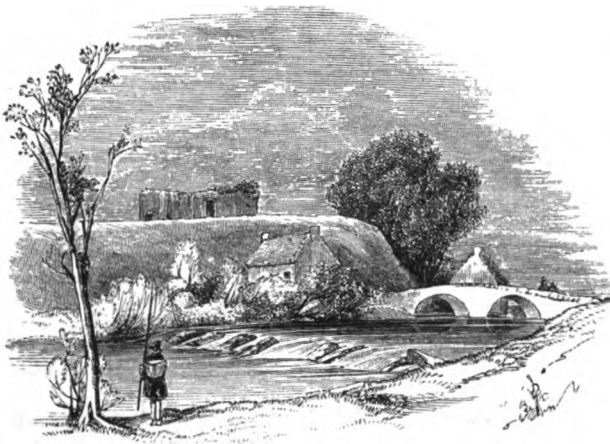
*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute, 'Sir,  
not I,'

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, 'You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer.'

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accours'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him!  
[*Exeunt.*]



[Forres—Eminence at the Western Extremity.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE IV.—“*Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.*”

THIS is the stage direction of the original; and nothing can be more precise. It presents the strongest evidence that, in the representation of this tragedy within sixteen years of its original production, and only seven years after the death of its author, the ghost of Banquo was exhibited to the audience.\* It has been maintained, however, and the opinion was acted upon by John Kemble, that the ghost of Banquo ought not to be visible to the audience; and that, as it was visible only to Macbeth of all the company assembled at the solemn supper, it can only be regarded as

“A false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,”

like the dagger which he saw previous to the murder of Duncan. This opinion is, of course, supported by the argument that the visible introduction of the ghost is to be ascribed to an injudicious stage direction of the players, and was not intended by the poet. Tieck, in his translation of this tragedy, receives, though unwillingly, the stage direction; and he explains that the banquet takes place on the secondary stage (see *Othello*, Illustration of Act v.), and that the ghost enters from behind the curtain of that stage. There cannot, we think, be any hesitation about the acceptance of the stage direction as evidence how the play was acted by Shakspeare's “fellows;” and this is the best evidence we can have of Shakspeare's own conception of the thing. But there is another point, to which our attention has been drawn by the communication of a gentleman personally unknown to us, which cannot be dismissed with such certainty. This gentleman states that, having recently attended a meeting of a Society for Literary Discussion, one, who called himself an actor, “among other dramatic criticisms boldly propounded the following, somewhat to the astonishment of the audience, viz. that the first apparition which Macbeth beholds in the celebrated banquet scene is that of Duncan—the *second only* that of Banquo.” Our correspondent favours us with some of the arguments by which this proposition was supported at the literary meeting; and he adds some of his own, which appear to us equally ingenious. But we are met on the threshold of the argument by the original stage direction. We should be inclined, with Kemble, and Capell Lofft, and Tieck, to reject any visible ghost *altogether*, but

\* Forman's account confirms this. (See Introductory Notice.)

for this stage direction; and it equally compels us to admit in this place *the ghost of Banquo*. Is there anything, then, in the text inconsistent with the stage direction? When Macbeth has hypocritically said, in his consciousness of the murder,—

“Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,”

it is a piece of consummate art that he should see the table full, and his own chair occupied by the vision of him whose presence he has just affected to desire. His first exclamation is

“Thou canst not say I did it.”

The hired murderers had done it,—the common evasion of one perpetrating a crime through the instrumentality of another. If it be *Duncan's* ghost we must read,

“Thou canst not say I did it.”

But we have afterwards the expression,—

“If chamel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.”

This must apply, it is said, to Duncan:—“Duncan is in his grave.” Of Banquo, Macbeth has just heard, “safe in a ditch he bides.” But the same species of argument is equally strong against the proposed change. If the second ghost is to be the ghost of Banquo, how can it be said of him,—“Thy bones are *marrowless*”? There can be no doubt that these terms, *throughout the scene*, must be received as general expressions of the condition of death as opposed to that of life; and have no more direct reference to Duncan than to Banquo. There is a coincidence of passages pointed out by our correspondent which strongly makes, as admitted by him, against the opinion which he communicates to us. The murderer has said,—

“Safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.”

The idea seized upon Macbeth's mind; and it embodied itself in this echo:—

“The times have been,  
That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end: but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murderers on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.”

We have no doubt of the correctness of the original stage direction.

But there is *no* direction in the original copy for the disappearance of the ghost before Macbeth exclaims “If I stand here I saw him.” The direc-

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

tion which we find is modern; but the ghost is unquestionably gone, as far as Macbeth is conscious of its presence. Macbeth recovers his self-possession. After "Give me some wine, fill full," we have in the original the stage direction,

*Enter Ghost.*

Now, then, arises the question, Is this the ghost of Banquo? To make the ghost of Banquo return a second time at the moment when Macbeth wishes for the presence of Banquo is not in the highest style of art. The stage direction does not prevent us arguing that here it may be the ghost of Duncan. The terror of Macbeth is now more intense than on the first appearance; it becomes desperate and defying. In the presence of the ghost of Banquo, when he is asked, "Are you a man," he replies,—

"Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil."

Upon the second apparition it is, "Avant! and quit my sight,"—"Take any shape but *that*"—"Hence, horrible shadow!" Are not these words applied to some object of *greater* terror than the former? Have there not been *two* spectral appearances, as implied in the expressions

"Can such *things* be?"

and

"You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such *sights*!"

We of course place little confidence in this opinion, though we confess to a strong inclination towards it. At any rate we have discharged a duty which we owed to our kind correspondent, in examining the question somewhat fully.

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

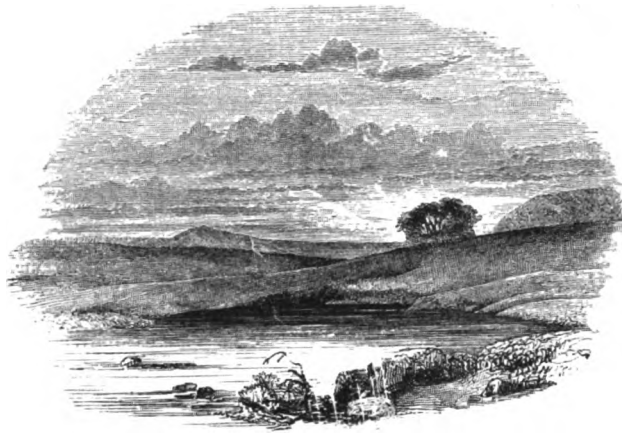
The murder of Banquo is thus told by Holinshed:—

"These and the like commendable laws Macbeth caused to be put as then in use, governing the realm for the space of ten years in equal justice. But this was but a counterfeit zeal of equity showed by him, partly against his natural inclination, to purchase thereby the favour of the people. Shortly after, he began to show what he was,—instead of equity, practising cruelty: for the prick of conscience (as it chanceth ever in tyrants, and such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means) caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which, as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posterity of Banquo. He willed therefore the same Banquo, with his son, named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared

for them, which was indeed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certain murderers whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with the same Banquo and his son without the palace as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slay them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself if anything were laid to his charge upon any suspicion that might arise.

"It chanced yet by the benefit of the dark night that, though the father were slain, the son, yet by the help of Almighty God, reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger; and afterwards having some inkling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no less than his father's, who was slain not by chance-medley (as by the handling of the matter Macbeth would have had it to appear), but even upon a devise; whereupon, to avoid further peril, he fled into Wales."





(The Harnair.)

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

*Enter the three Witches.*

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.  
 2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig  
 whin'd.  
 3 *Witch.* Harpier cries: — 'T is time, 't is  
 time.  
 1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;  
 In the poison'd entrails throw.  
 Toad, that under cold<sup>a</sup> stone,  
 Days and nights hast thirty-one  
 Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!  
*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn, and caldron bubble.  
 2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
 In the caldron boil and bake:  
 Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

<sup>a</sup> This is the reading of the original—*cold*. The line is certainly defective in rhythm, for a pause here cannot take the place of a syllable, unless we pronounce *cold*—*co-old*. There is no natural retardation. We do not, however, alter the text. The emendation of Steevens is

"Toad, that under *coldest* stone."

Rowe has,

"Toad, that under *the cold* stone."

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
 Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,  
 For a charm of powerful trouble;  
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

- All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn, and caldron bubble.  
 3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;  
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;  
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
 Make the gruel thick and slab;  
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>a</sup>  
 For the ingredients of our caldron.  
*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
 Fire burn, and caldron bubble.  
 2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
 Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE.*

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your pains;  
 And every one shall share i' the gains,

<sup>a</sup> *Chaudron*—entrails.

And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, 'Black spirits,' &c.*<sup>a</sup>

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes :—  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and mid-  
night hags,  
What is 't you do ?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you pro-  
fess,

(How'er you come to know it,) answer me :  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches : though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the  
treasure

Of nature's germins<sup>b</sup> tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from  
our mouths,  
Or from our masters' ?

*Macb.* Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow ; grease, that 's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high, or low ;  
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of an armed Head*  
*rises.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

<sup>a</sup> This is the original stage-direction. The variorum editors inserted four lines of a song, which they found in Middleton's 'Witch,' but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage-direction. In the Witch scene of Act III. we have mention of a song, "Come away." These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third act? See Illustration.

<sup>b</sup> *Germins*—the original is *germaine*, which Tieck would retain. *Germins* are seeds; *germaine*, kindred, something closely related to another. We cannot see whence he derives his opinion that "natures *germaine*" means the sun and moon.

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware  
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—  
Enough. [*Descends.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word  
more :—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : Here's  
another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of a bloody Child*  
*rises.*

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to  
scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.<sup>a</sup> [*Descends.*

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff : What need I fear  
of thee ?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of a Child crowned,*  
*with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty ?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to 't.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no  
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

*Macb.* That will never be ;  
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements !  
good !

Rebellious head,<sup>b</sup> rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

<sup>a</sup> In the desire to make their own metrical arrangement, the variorum editors shut their eyes to the fact that we have here a rhyming couplet. They write,

"Be bloody, bold,  
And resolute ; laugh to scorn the power of man,  
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

<sup>b</sup> *Head*.—The old copy has *dead*. The correction of *head*, which is evidently required, was made by Theobald. Hammer reads *Rebellion's head*.

To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me  
know:—

Why sinks that caldron? and what noise<sup>a</sup> is  
this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.*  
Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in  
order; the last with a Glass in his hand;  
BANQUO following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy  
hair,<sup>b</sup>

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—  
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,  
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I see,  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:  
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;

For the blood-bolter'd<sup>c</sup> Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antique round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musical. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this  
pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

<sup>a</sup> *Noise.*—This is the music of the hautboys, the word noise being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under his management a shriek was here heard.

<sup>b</sup> *Hair.*—This is the original word, which Warburton changed to *air*. Monck Mason acutely defends the old reading: "It implies that their hair was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*, which depends on habit."

<sup>c</sup> *Blood-bolter'd.* *Bolter'd* is a word of the midland counties, meaning begrimed, besmeared.

*Enter LENOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did  
hear

The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

*Len.* 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring  
you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-  
ploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought  
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in<sup>a</sup> his line. No boasting like a  
fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:  
But no more sights!—Where are these gentle-  
men?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's  
Castle.*

*Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.*

*Lady Macd.* What had he done to make him  
fly the land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:  
His flight was madness: When our actions do  
not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave  
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

<sup>a</sup> Steevens omits *him* *in*.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much  
further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold  
rumour

From what we fear; yet know not what we fear;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of  
you :

Shall not be long but I 'll be here again :  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb  
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you !

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay  
longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :  
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*]

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father 's dead;  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do  
they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the  
net, nor lime,  
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they  
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do  
for a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any  
market.

*Son.* Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and  
yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor,  
and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear  
and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools :  
for there are liars and swearers enow to beat  
the honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey !  
But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you 'd weep for him :  
if you would not, it were a good sign that I  
should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talkest.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you  
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.  
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-  
serve you !

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,  
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,  
Accounted dangerous folly: Why, then, alas!  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say, I have done no harm? What are these  
faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

*Mur.* He 's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd<sup>a</sup> villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*]  
Young fry of treachery!

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother :  
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying 'Murder,'  
and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's  
Palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade,  
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

<sup>a</sup> *Shag-ear'd.*—This should be probably *shag-hair'd*, a form  
of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.

*Macd.* Let us rather,  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new  
morn,  
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sor-  
rows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him  
well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but  
son: thing  
You may deserve<sup>a</sup> of him through me; and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry God.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge. But I shall<sup>b</sup> crave your  
pardon;  
That which you are my thoughts cannot trans-  
pose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of  
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find  
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of  
love,)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly  
just,

Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou  
thy wrongs,

The title is affer'd.<sup>c</sup>—Fare thee well, lord:

<sup>a</sup> *Deserve*.—The original reads *discerne*.

<sup>b</sup> *I shall*.—Steevens omits these words, for the old reason.

<sup>c</sup> The original reads, *the Title is affer'd*. A modern reading is *thy Title is affer'd*. We have first to consider how Shakspeare uses the word *title*. In a subsequent passage of this play, Angus, speaking of Macbeth, says,

"Now does he feel his *title*  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief."

In each of these passages *title* is printed with a capital *T*.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended;  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet, my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name: But there 's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daugh-  
ters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-  
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there can-  
not be

That vulture in you, to devour so many

Does Macduff then mean to say, hurt and indignant at the doubts of Malcolm, the *title* (personifying the regal title) is *affer'd*—frighted;—and therefore, "poor country," "wear thou thy wrongs;" or, continuing to apostrophise "great tyranny," "wear thou thy wrongs"—enjoy thy usurpation; *wrong* being here opposed to rights: the title is *affer'd*—confirmed—admitted—as asseors decide upon a claim, and terminate a dispute? We hold to the latter interpretation.

As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath foysons<sup>a</sup> to fill up your will  
Of your mere own: All these are portable,<sup>b</sup>  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none: The king-becoming  
graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I  
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uprou the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland! Scotland!

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal  
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore  
thee,

Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth

<sup>a</sup> *Foysons*—abundant provision.

<sup>b</sup> *Portable*.—The word is used in the same sense in Lear:  
"How light and portable my pain seems now."

By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: But God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow; and delight  
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point,<sup>a</sup> was setting forth:  
Now we'll together: And the chance, of good-  
ness,

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you  
silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things  
at once,

'T is hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king  
forth, I pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched  
souls

That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

*Macd.* What 's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'T is called the evil;  
A most miraculous work in this good king:  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,<sup>3</sup>  
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange  
virtue,

<sup>a</sup> So the original. Some read "*all ready*;" and it is held that "*at a point*" means fully equipped, as in Hamlet, "*armed at point*." This we know is point-device; but we have no example of the use of the word with the article. Is it not that the "ten thousand warlike men" were already assembled "*at a point*!"—at a particular spot where they had collected—a point of space.

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Rosse.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him  
not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now: Good God, betimes  
remove

The means that make us strangers!

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country;  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where  
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend  
the air,

As made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow  
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's  
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the  
speaker;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Rosse.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their  
peace?

*Rosse.* No; they were well at peace, when I  
did leave them.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: How  
goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the  
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:  
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort,  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* 'Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.\*

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe; though the main  
part

Pertains to you alone.  
*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue  
for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest  
sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humph! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife,  
and babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your  
brows,  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it  
break.

*Macd.* My children too?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could  
be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence! My wife  
kill'd too?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us med'cines of our great re-  
venge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty  
ones?  
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?

\* Latch them—lay hold of them.

b One would imagine that there could be no doubt of whom Macduff was thinking when he says, "He has no children:" but variorum commentators enter into a discussion whether Macbeth had any children, or not; and upon the whole they consider that Macduff points at Malcolm, reproaching him for saying "Be comforted." Look at the whole course of the heart-stricken man's sorrow. He is first speechless; he then ejaculates "my children too!" then "my wife kill'd too!" And then, utterly insensible to the words addressed to him,

"He has no children.—All my pretty ones?"

He has no children.—All my pretty ones? to

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me.—Did heaven  
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them  
now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword:  
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine  
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle  
heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front,

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.*

*Time*  
This *time*<sup>a</sup> goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer  
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Time*.—Rowe changed this to *time*. Gifford has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term.

*Time was right.*



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Black spirits,*” &c.

IN Act III Scene V. we have the stage-direction, “*Sing within, Come away, come away, &c.*” In the same manner we have in this scene “*Music and a song, Black spirits, &c.*” In Middleton's ‘*Witch*’ we find two songs, each of which begins according to the stage-direction. The first is,

“Come away, come away;  
Hecate, Hecate, come away.” } *in the air.*  
*Hec.* I come, I come, I come,  
With all the speed I may,  
With all the speed I may.”

The second is called ‘*A Charm Song about a Vessel:*’—

“Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.  
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;  
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it lucky;  
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.

Round, around, around, about, about;  
All ill come running in, all good keep out!”

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“*Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.*”

Holinshed thus describes the gift of curing the evil which was alleged to exist in the person of Edward the Confessor:—“As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm.” The golden stamp is stated to be the coin called an *angel*; for the origin of which name, as given by Verstegan, see the *Merchant of Venice*, Illustrations of Act II.

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

We continue our extracts from Holinshed:—

“Neither could he afterwards abide to look upon the said Macduff, either for that he thought his puissance over great; either else for that he had learned of certain wizards, in whose words he put great confidence, (for that the prophecy had happened so right which the three fairies or weird sisters had declared unto him,) how that he ought to take heed of Macduff, who in time to come should seek to destroy him.

“And surely hereupon had he put Macduff to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told that he should never be slain with man born of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. By this prophecy Macbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would without any fear to be punished for the same; for by the one prophecy he believed it was impossible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other impossible to slay him. This vain hope caused him to do many outrageous things, to the grievous oppression of his subjects. At length Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to pass into England, to procure Malcolm Cammore to claim the crown of Scotland. But this was not so secretly devised by Macduff but that Macbeth had knowledge given him thereof; for kings (as is said) have sharp sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like unto Midas: for Macbeth had in every nobleman's house one sly fellow or other in fee with him, to reveal all

that was said or done within the same, by which flight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realm.

“Immediately then, being advertised whereabouts Macduff went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castle where Macduff dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without any resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evil. But nevertheless Macbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduff, with all other whom he found in that castle, to be slain. Also he confiscated the goods of Macduff, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realm; but Macduff was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England unto Malcolm Cammore, to try what purchase he might make by means of his support to revenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends.

“Though Malcolm was very sorrowful for the oppression of his countrymen the Scots, in manner as Macduff had declared; yet, doubting whether he were come as one that came unfeignedly as he spake, or else as sent from Macbeth to betray him, he thought to have some further trial; and thereupon, dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:—

“I am truly very sorry for the misery chanced to my country of Scotland, but, though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason

## MACBETH.

of certain incurable vices which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensuality (the abominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that, if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to destroy your maids and matrons, in such wise that mine intemperancy should be more importable unto you than the bloody tyranny of Macbeth now is. Hereunto Macduff answered, This surely is a very evil fault, for many noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdoms for the same; nevertheless there are women enough in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsel: make thyself king, and I shall con the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolm, I am also the most avaricious creature on the earth, so that if I were king I should seek so many ways to get lands and goods that I would slay the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by furnished accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods, and possessions; and therefore, to show you what mischief may ensue on you through my unsatiable covetousness, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarm of flies that continually sucked out his blood: and when one that came by, and saw this manner, demanded whether he would have the flies driven beside him, he answered, No; for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof suck not very eagerly, should be chased away, other that are empty and an hungered should light in their places, and suck out the residue of my blood, far more to my grievance than these, which now being satisfied, do not much annoy me. Therefore, said Malcolm, suffer me to remain where I am, lest, if I attain to the regiment of your realm, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such that ye would think the displeasures which now grieve you should seem easy in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might ensue through my coming amongst you.

"Macduff to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other; for avarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slain and brought to their final end. Yet, notwithstanding, follow my counsel, and take upon thee the crown. There is gold and riches

enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greedy desire. Then said Malcolm again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kind of deceit, so that I naturally rejoice in nothing so much as to betray and deceive such as put any trust and confidence in my words. Then, sith there is nothing that more becometh a prince than constancy, verity, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those fair and noble virtues which are comprehended only in soothfastness, and that lying utterly overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to govern any province or regiment; and, therefore, sith you have remedies to cloak and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloak this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Macduff, This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore say, Oh ye unhappy and miserable Scotchmen, which are thus scourged with so many and sundry calamities, each one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you without any right or title, oppressing you with his most bloody cruelty. This other, that hath the right to the crown, is so replete with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthy to enjoy it; for, by his own confession, he is not only avaricious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withal, that no trust is to be had unto any word he speaketh. Adieu, Scotland! for now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation. And with those words the brackish tears trickled down his cheeks very abundantly.

"At the last, when he was ready to depart, Malcolm took him by the sleeve, and said, Be of good comfort, Macduff, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner only to prove thy mind: for diverse times heretofore hath Macbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands; but the more slow I have showed myself to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same. Incontinently hereupon they embraced each other, and, promising to be faithful the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best provide for all their business, to bring the same to good effect."

## LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

SCENE II.—*"Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle."*  
ON the Fifeshire coast, about three miles from Dysart, stand two quadrangular towers, supposed to be the ruins of Macduff's castle. These are not

the only remains in Scotland, however, which claim to have been the abode of Macduff's wife and children when they were surprised and slaughtered by Macbeth.



[Dunkeld.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field,\* I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

\* Steevens says, "this is one of Shakspeare's oversights: he forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers." We may reply, this is one of Steevens's presumptuous assertions. In the next scene the Scotchmen say "the English power is near." When an enemy is advancing from another country is it not likely that the commander about to be attacked would first go "into the field" before he finally resolved to trust to his "castle's strength?"

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gen.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

*Gen.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then't is time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gen.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gen.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gen.* 'Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit *Lady M.* MACBETH.]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gen.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets  
More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:  
My mind she has mated,<sup>a</sup> and amaz'd my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gen.* Good night, good doctor.  
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortified man.<sup>b</sup>

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate  
him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where't is truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

\*

<sup>a</sup> *Mated*—amated—dismayed.

<sup>b</sup> *Mortified man*.—We think, with Warburton, that the poet here means a hermit or religious ascetic,—one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such "causes" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the  
weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the  
Castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them  
fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-  
colm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that  
know  
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me  
thus:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of  
woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,  
false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sagg<sup>a</sup> with doubt, nor shake with  
fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd  
loon;  
Where gott'st thou that goose look?  
*Serv.* There is ten thousand—  
*Macb.* Geese, villain?  
*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.  
*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?  
*Serv.* The English force, so please you.  
*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am  
sick at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will cheer<sup>b</sup> me ever, or dis-seat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Sagg* is to droop or sink down; probably from *ic sigē*, the first person present of the irregular Anglo-Saxon verb, *sigan*, to fall, or sink down; to fail.

<sup>b</sup> *Cheer* is the word of the original folio, but Percy suggested *chair*, which is also the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector.

<sup>c</sup> Dr. Johnson proposed to read "*Way of life.*" If the poet intended to represent Macbeth as a young man,—one in the

"*Way of youth, and bloom of lustyhood,*"—who had by his crimes and their consequent anxieties

"*Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,*"—

the emendation would be just and beautiful. But we doubt if the poet had any such intention. The expression "*way*

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and  
dare not.

Seyton!—

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh  
be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'T is not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir<sup>a</sup> the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine  
armour:—

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd:  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of  
it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from  
me:—

Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou couldst, doctor,  
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—  
What rhubarb, senna,<sup>c</sup> or what purgative drug,

of life" appears to us equivalent with "time of year," in the seventy-third Sonnet:—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Gifford says, "*way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life.*"

<sup>a</sup> *Skir*—*scur*—*scur*.

<sup>b</sup> *Senna*.—This is the reading of the fourth folio. The original reads *cyme*.

Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: *A Wood in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,

That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

*Mal.* 'T is his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less<sup>a</sup> have given him the revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macb.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

<sup>a</sup> *More and less.*—Shakspeare uses these words, as Chaucer and Spenser use them, for *greater and less.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, 'They come.' Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might have met them daresful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noise? [*A cry within, of women.*]

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty<sup>a</sup> death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Dusty.*—Warburton would read *dusky*. In Trolius and Cressida we have "dusty nothing." Douce has the following valuable illustration of the passage: "Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand lines in 'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a work which Shakspeare might have seen:—

<sup>b</sup> *Death* came drivynge after, and all to *dust* pashed  
Kynges and kaysers, knightes and popes."

*Mac.* Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so ;  
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pull in resolution ;\* and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane ;'—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and  
out !—

If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now  
undone.—

Ring the alarum-bell :—Blow wind ! come wrack !  
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the  
Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with  
boughs.*

*Mal.* Now, near enough ; your leavy screens  
throw down,  
And show like those you are :—You, worthy  
uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.—  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak ; give  
them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the  
Plain.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake ; I can-  
not fly,

a Monk Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which  
explains the use of *pull in* :—

" All my spirits  
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,  
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny."

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But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's  
he  
That was not born of woman ? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.\*

*Enter Young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name ?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No ; though thou call'st thyself a  
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pro-  
nounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with  
my sword

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is :—Tyrant, show  
thy face :

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me  
still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Mac-  
beth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst  
be ;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruted. Let me find him, fortune !

And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently  
render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;

\* We have again the small critics discovering oversights  
in Shakspeare. Mrs. Lenox, the queen of fault-finders, says,  
"Shakspeare seems to have committed a great oversight in  
making Macbeth, after he found himself deceived in the  
prophecy relating to Birnam wood, so absolutely rely on the  
other, which he had good reason to fear might be equally  
fallacious." If Mrs. Lenox had known as much of human  
nature as Shakspeare knew, she would have understood that  
one hope destroyed does not necessarily banish all hope ;—  
that the gambler who has lost thousands still believes that  
his last guinea will redeem them ;—and that the last of a  
long series of perishing delusions is as firmly trusted as if  
the great teacher, Time, had taught nothing.

The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool,  
and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the  
gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

*Macb.* Thou loscest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me  
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells  
me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with  
thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.* I will not yield,<sup>a</sup>  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's  
feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

<sup>a</sup> *I will not yield.*—This is sometimes minced into "I'll not yield."

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Holla,  
enough.' [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and  
colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE,  
LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and  
Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe  
arriv'd.

*Siw.* Some must go off; and yet, by these  
I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble  
son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's  
debt:  
He only liv'd but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess con-  
firm'd,

In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field: your  
cause of sorrow  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why, then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more;  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:  
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer  
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,  
where stands

The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, king of Scotland!  
[*Flourish.*]

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of  
time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and  
kinsmen,



Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad  
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
 Producing forth the cruel ministers  
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands  
 Took off her life;—this, and what needful else  
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
 We will perform in measure, time, and place:  
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*]



[The Dunsinane Range.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

HOLINSHED thus narrates the catastrophe :—

“ He had such confidence in his prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished till Bernane wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slain with any man that should be or was born of any woman.

“ Malcolm, following hastily after Macbeth, came the night before the battle unto Bernane wood, and, when his army had rested awhile there to refresh them, he commanded every man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might bear, and to march forth therewith in such wise that on the next morrow they might come closely and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow, when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter meant, but in the end remembered himself that the prophecy which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Bernane wood to Dunsinane Castle, was likely to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly; howbeit, his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betook him straight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Macbeth, perceiving that Mac-

duff was hard at his back, leaped beside his horse, saying, Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldst thus in vain follow me, that am not appointed to be slain by any creature that is born of a woman? Come on, therefore, and receive thy reward, which thou hast deserved for thy pains: and therewithal he lifted up his sword, thinking to have slain him.

“ But Macduff, quickly avoiding from his horse ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand), saying, It is true, Macbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelty have an end, for I am even he that thy wisards have told thee of; who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped unto him, and slew him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm. This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many worthy acts, very profitable to the commonwealth (as ye have heard); but afterwards, by illusion of the devil, he defamed the same with most terrible cruelty. He was slain in the year of the Incarnation 1057, and in the sixteenth year of King Edward's reign over the Englishmen.”

### LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENE IV.— “ *What wood is this before us?*  
*The wood of Birnam.*”

BIRNAM HILL is distant about a mile from Dunkeld; and the two old trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam Wood, grow by the river-side, half a mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1040 feet, and exhibits, amidst the heath, ferns, and mosses, which clothe its sides, dis-

tinged traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinane hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side. Birnam Hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinane, would be likely to pause, to survey the plain which he must cross; and from this spot would the “leavy screen” devised by Malcolm become necessary to conceal the amount of the hostile force from the watch on the Dunsinane heights :—

“ Thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.”

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

SCENE V.—“*As I did stand my watch upon the hill.*”

It is not ascertained on which hill of the Dunsinane range, in Perthshire, Macbeth's forces were posted. Behind Dunsinane House there is a green hill, on the summit of which are vestiges of a vitrified fort, which tradition has declared to be the remains of Macbeth's castle.

The country between Birnam and Dunsinane is level and fertile, and from several parts of the Dun-

sinane range the outline of Birnam Hill is visible; but, as the distance is twelve miles in a direct line, no sentinel on the Dunsinane hills could see the wood at Birnam begin to move, or even that there was a wood. We must suppose either that the distance was contracted for the poet's purposes, or that the wood called Birnam extended from the hill for some miles into the plain:—

“Within this three mile may you see it coming.”



[In Birnam Wood.]

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

In Coleridge's early sonnet 'to the Author of the Robbers,' his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessaries by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable:—

“ Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent  
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent  
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—  
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean  
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout  
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout  
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!”

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspeare's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons:—“It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of *Lady Macbeth*. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I can never forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep: I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes.”\* This most interesting passage appears to us to involve the consideration of the principles upon which the examination of such a work of art as *Macbeth* can alone be attempted. To analyse the conduct of the plot, to exhibit the obvious and the latent features of the characters, to point out the proprieties and the splendours of the poetical language,—these are duties which, however agreeable they may be to ourselves, are scarcely demanded by the nature of the subject; and they have been so often attempted, that there is manifest danger of being trite and wearisome if we should enter into this wide field. We shall, therefore, apply ourselves as strictly as possible to an inquiry into the nature of that poetical Art by which the horrors of this great tragedy are confined within the limits of pleasurable emotion.

\* Memoranda by Mrs. Siddons, inserted in her 'Life' by Mr. Campbell.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

If the drama of *Macbeth* were to produce the same effect upon the mind of an imaginative reader as that described by Mrs. Siddons, it would not be the great work of art which it really is. If our poet had resolved, using the words of his own *Othello*, to

"abandon all remorse,  
On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

the midnight terrors, such as Mrs. Siddons has described, would have indeed been a tribute to *power*,—but not to the power which has produced *Macbeth*. The paroxysm of fear, the panic-struck fancy, the prostrated senses, so beautifully described by this impassioned actress, were the result of the intensity with which she had fixed her mind upon that part of the play which she was herself to act. In the endeavour to get the words into her head, her own fine genius was naturally kindled to behold a complete vision of the wonderful scene. Again and again were the words repeated, on that night which she could never forget,—in the silence of that night when all about her were sleeping. And then she heard the owl shriek, amidst the hurried steps in the fatal chamber,—and she saw the bloody hands of the assassin,—and, personifying the murderess, she rushed to dip her own hands in the gore of Duncan. It is perfectly evident that this intensity of conception has carried the horrors far beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion, and has produced all the terrors of a real murder. No reader of the play, and no spectator, can regard this play as Mrs. Siddons regarded it. On that night she, probably for the first time, had a strong though imperfect vision of the character of *Lady Macbeth*, such as she afterwards delineated it; and in that case, what to all of us must, under any circumstances, be a work of art, however glorious, was to her almost a reality. It was the isolation of the scene, demanded by her own attempt to conceive the character of *Lady Macbeth*, which made it so terrible to Mrs. Siddons. We have to regard it as a part of a great whole, which combines and harmonizes with all around it; for which we are adequately prepared by what has gone before; and which,—even if we look at it as a picture which represents only that one portion of the action, has still its own repose, its own harmony of colouring, its own *chiaro-scuro*,—is to be seen under a natural light. There was a preternatural light upon it when Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The assassination scene of the second act is dimly shadowed out in the first lines of the drama, when those mysterious beings,—

"So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on 't,"—

have resolved to go

"Upon the heath.  
There to meet with *Macbeth*."

— We know there is to be evil. One of the critics of the last age has observed, "The Witches here seem to be introduced for no other purpose than to tell us they are to meet again." If the Witches had not been introduced in the first scene,—if we had not known that they were about "to meet with *Macbeth*,"—the narrative of *Macbeth's* prowess in the second scene, and the resolution of Duncan to create him Thane of Cawdor, would have been comparatively pointless. The ten lines of the first Witch-scene give the key-note of the tragedy. They take us out of the course of ordinary life; they tell us there is to be a "supernatural soliciting;" they show us that we are entering into the empire of the unreal, and that the circle of the magician is to be drawn about us. When the Witches "meet again" their agency becomes more clear. There they are, again muttering of their uncouth spells, in language which sounds neither of earth nor heaven. Fortunate are those who have never seen the stage-witches of *Macbeth*, hag-like forms, with beards and brooms, singing D'Avenant's travestie of Shakspeare's lyrics to music, fine and solemn indeed, but which is utterly inadequate to express the Shaksperian idea, as it does not follow the Shaksperian words. Fortunate are they; for, without the stage recollections, they may picture to themselves beings whose "character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without

## MACBETH.

sex or kin."\* The *stage-witches* of Macbeth are not much elevated above the 'Witch of Edmonton,' of Rowley and Dekker—"the plain traditional old-woman witch of our ancestors; poor, deformed, and ignorant; the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice." Charles Lamb (from whom we quote these words) has, with his accustomed discrimination, also shown the essential differences between the witches of Shakspeare and the witches of Middleton: "These (Middleton's) are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches hurt the body; those have power over the soul."† But the witches of the stage Macbeth are Middleton's witches, and not Shakspeare's; and they sing Middleton's lyrics, as stolen by D'Avenant, but they are not Shakspeare's lyrics. The witches of Shakspeare essentially belong to the action. From the moment they exclaim

" A drum, a drum;  
Macbeth doth come,"

all their powers are bent up to the accomplishment of his ruin. Shakspeare gives us no choruses of

" We dance to the echoes of our feet; "

and

" We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits."

He makes the superstition tell upon the action of the tragedy, and not a jot farther; and thus he makes the superstition harmonize with the action, and prepare us for its fatal progress and consummation. It was an effect of his consummate skill to render the superstition essentially poetical. When we hear in imagination the drum upon that wild heath, and see the victorious generals in the "proper temperament for generating or receiving superstitious impressions,"‡ we connect with these poetical situations the lofty bearing of the "imperfect speakers," and the loftier words of the "prophetic greeting:"—

" All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!  
All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!  
All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter."

It is the romance of this situation which throws its charm over the subsequent horrors of the realization of the prophecy, and keeps the whole drama within the limits which separate tragedy from the 'Newgate Calendar.' If some Tate had laid his hand upon Macbeth, as upon Lear (for D'Avenant, who did manufacture it into something which up to the time of Quin was played as Shakspeare's, had yet a smack of the poet in him)—if some matter-of-fact word-monger had thought it good service to "the rising generation" to get rid of the Witches, and had given the usurper and his wife only their ambition to stimulate their actions, he would have produced a George Barnwell instead of a Macbeth.

It is upon the different reception of the supernatural influence, proceeding out of the different constitution of their minds, by which we must appreciate the striking differences in the characters of Macbeth, Banquo, and Lady Macbeth. These are the three who are the sole recipients of the prophecy of the Witches; and this consideration, as it appears to us, must determine all that has been said upon the question whether Macbeth was or was not a brave man. There can be no doubt of his bravery when he was acting under the force of his own will. In the contest with "the merciless Macdonwald" he was "valour's minion." In that with "Norway himself" he was "Bellona's bridegroom." But when he encountered the Witches, and his will was laid prostrate under a belief in destiny, there was a new principle introduced into his mind. His self-possession and his self-reliance were gone:—

" Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair!"

\* Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' vol. II., p. 238.

† 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,' vol. I., p. 187.

‡ Coleridge.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

But he yet depended upon his reason With marvellous art Shakspeare at this moment throws on the straw which is to break the camel's back :—

“ The thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor.”

In a few minutes he knows he is Cawdor :—

“ Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :  
The greatest is behind.”

But Banquo receives the partial consummation of the prophecy with an unsubdued mind :—

“ Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.”

The will of Banquo refuses to be mixed up with the prophecy. The will of Macbeth becomes the accomplice of the “instruments of darkness,” and is subdued to their purposes :—

“ Why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature?”

And then comes the refuge of every man of unfirm mind upon whom temptation is laid :—

“ If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.”

↘ If he had opposed the chance he would have been safe; but his will was prostrate before the chance, and he perished. It is perfectly clear that the faint battle had been fought between his principle and his “black and deep desires” when he saw something to “o'erleap” even beyond the life of Duncan,—“the prince of Cumberland.” In the conflict of his mind it is evident that he communicates to his wife the promises of those who “have more in them than mortal knowledge,” not only that she might not lose the “dues of rejoicing,” but that he might have some power to rely upon stronger than his own will. He was not deceived there. It is clear that Lady Macbeth had no reliance upon the prophecy working out itself. She had no belief that chance would make him king without his stir :—

“ Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd.”

( It was not thou mayst be, or thou wilt be, but thou *shalt* be. The only fear she had was of his nature. She would “catch the nearest way.” She instantly saw that way. The prophecy was to her nothing but as it regarded the effect to be produced upon him who would not play false, and yet would wrongly win. All that is coming is clear before her through the force of her will :—

“ The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements.”

↘ Upon the arrival of Macbeth, the breathless rapidity with which she subjects him to her resolve is one of the most appalling things in the whole drama. Her tremendous will is the real destiny which subjugates his indecision. Not a word of question or explanation! She salutes him as Glamis and Cawdor, and

“ Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter.”

This is the sole allusion to the weird sisters. “We will speak further,” seals his fate.

## MACBETH.

Here then, up to this point, we have the supernatural influence determining the progress of the action with a precipitation which in itself appears almost supernatural; and yet it is in itself strictly consonant to nature. It works in and through human passions and feelings. It works through unbelief as well as through belief. It pervades the entire action, whether in its repose or in its tumult. When "the heavens' breath smells wooingly" in Macbeth's castle, we feel that it is as treacherous to the "gentle senses" of Duncan as the blandishments of his hostess; and that this calm is but the prelude to that "unruly" night which is to follow, with its "lamentings" and its "strange screams of death." But this is a part of the poetry of the action, which keeps the horror within the bounds prescribed by a high art. The beautiful adaptation of the characters to the action constitutes a higher essential of the poetry. The last scene of the first act, where Macbeth marshals before him the *secondary* consequences of the meditated crime, and the *secondary* arguments against its commission,—all the while forgetting that the real question is that of the one step from innocence into guilt,—and where all these prudential considerations are at once overwhelmed by a guilty energy which despises as well as renounces them,—that scene is indeed more terrible to us than the assassination scene; for it shows us how men fall through their own weakness and the bad strength of others. But in all this we see the deep philosophy of the poet,—his profound knowledge of the springs of human action, derived perhaps from his experience of everyday crime and folly, but lifted into the highest poetry by his marvellous imagination. We know that after this the scene of the murder must come. All the preparatory incidents are poetical. The moon is down; Banquo and Fleance walk by torch-light; the servants are moving to rest; Macbeth is alone. He sees "the air-drawn dagger" which leads him to Duncan; he is still under the influence of some power stronger than his will; he is beset with false creations; his imagination is excited; he moves to bloodshed amidst a crowd of poetical images, with which his mind dallies, as it were, in its agony. Half frantic he has done the deed. His passion must now have vent. It rushes like a torrent over the calmness which his wife opposes to it. His terrors embody themselves in gushing descriptions of those fearful voices that rang in the murderer's ears. Reproaches and taunts have now no power over him:—

" I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not."

It is impossible, we think, for the poet to have more clearly indicated the mode in which he meant to contrast the characters of Macbeth and his wife than in the scene before us. It is a mistake to characterise the intellect of Lady Macbeth as of a higher order than that of her husband. Her force of character was stronger, because her intellect was less. She wanted that higher power which he possessed—the power of imagination. She hears no noises in that terrible hour but the scream of the owl and the cry of the crickets. To her,

" The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures."

In her view

" A little water clears us of this deed."

We believe that, if it had not been for the necessities of a theatrical representation, Shakspeare would never have allowed it to have been supposed that a visible ghost was presented in the banquet-scene. It is to him who saw the dagger, and heard the voices cry "sleep no more," and who exclaimed

" Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand! "

it is to him alone that the spectral appearances of that "solemn supper" are visible. Are they not then the forms only of his imagination? The partner of his guilt, who looked upon the great crime only as a business of necessity,—who would have committed it herself but for one touch of feeling (confessed only to herself,—

*You can't say that the spectral appearances are so...  
the horror...  
a practical...  
Digitized by Google*



## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

" Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't,"—

who had before disclaimed even the tenderest feelings of a mother if they had stood between her and her purpose,—she sees no spectre, because her obdurate will cannot co-exist with the imagination which produces the terror and remorse of her husband. It is scarcely the "towering bravery of her mind,"\* in the right sense of the word: it is something lower than courage; it is the absence of impressibility: the tenacious adherence to one dominant passion constitutes her force of character.

As Macbeth recedes from his original nature under the influence of his fears and his superstitions, he becomes, of necessity, a lower creature. It is the natural course of guilt. The "brave Macbeth" changes to a counterfeiter of passions, a hypocrite,—

" O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them."

He descends not only to the hire of murderers, but to the slander of his friend to stimulate their revenge. But his temperament is still that of which poets are made. In his murderous purposes he is still imaginative:—

" Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons,  
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal,  
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note."

It is this condition of Macbeth's mind which, we must again repeat, limits and mitigates the horror of the tragedy. After the tumult of the banquet-scene the imagination of Macbeth again overbears (as it did after the murder) the force of the will in Lady Macbeth. It appears to us that her taunts and reproaches are only ventured upon by her when his excitement is beginning. After it has run its terrific course, and the frightened guests have departed, and the guilty man mutters "it will have blood," then is her intellectual energy utterly helpless before his higher passion. Mrs. Jameson says of this remarkable scene, "A few words of submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and tenderness in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression." Is it submission? Is it tenderness? Is it not rather the lower energy in subjection to the higher? Her intellect has lost its anchorage; but his imagination is about to receive a new stimulant:—

" I will to-morrow  
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst."

"He has by guilt torn himself live-asunder from nature, and is therefore himself in a preternatural state: no wonder, then, that he is inclined to superstition, and faith in the unknown of signs and tokens, and superhuman agencies." Coleridge thus notices the point of action of which we are speaking. But it must not be forgotten that Macbeth was inclined to superstition before the guilt, and that his faith in superhuman agencies went far to produce the guilt. From this moment, however, his guilt is bolder, and his will more obdurate; his supernatural knowledge stands in the place of reflection and caution. He believes in it, and yet he will do something beyond the belief. He is told to "beware Macduff;" but he is also told that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth." How does he reconcile this contrary belief?—

" Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder."

\* Mrs. Jameson.

## MACBETH.

And then comes the other prophecy of safety :—

“ Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.”

Does it produce tranquillity? All beyond is desperation :—

“ *Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?  
*Len.* No, my lord.  
*Macb.* Came they not by you?  
*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.  
*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?  
*Len.* 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word,  
*Macduff*'s fled to England.  
*Macb.* Fled to England?  
*Len.* Ay, my good lord.  
*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise;  
Seize upon *Fife*; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line.”

The retribution which falls upon Lady Macbeth is precisely that which is fitted to her guilt. The powerful will is subjected to the domination of her own imperfect senses. We cannot dwell upon her terrible punishment. There can be nothing beyond the agony of

“ Here's the smell of the blood still: all the  
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little  
hand.”

The vengeance falls more gently on Macbeth; for he is in activity; he is still confident in prophetic securities. The contemplative melancholy which, however, occasionally comes over him in the last struggle is still true to the poetry of his character :—

“ *Seyton*!—I am sick at heart,  
When I behold—*Seyton*, I say!—This push  
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.”

This passage, and the subsequent one of

“ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.”—

tell us of something higher and better in his character than the assassin and the usurper. He was the victim of “the equivocation of the fiend;” and he has paid a fearful penalty for his belief. The final avenging is a compassionate one, for he dies a warrior's death :—

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

“ I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last : Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield.”

The principle which we have thus so imperfectly attempted to exhibit, as the leading characteristic of this glorious tragedy, is, without doubt, that which constitutes the essential difference between a work of the highest genius and a work of mediocrity. Without *power*—by which we here especially mean the ability to produce strong excitement by the display of scenes of horror—no poet of the highest order was ever made; but this alone does not make such a poet. If he is called upon to present such scenes, they must, even in their most striking forms, be associated with the beautiful. The pre-eminence of his art in this particular can alone prevent them affecting the imagination beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion. To keep within these limits, and yet to preserve all the energy which results from the power of dealing with the terrible apart from the beautiful, belongs to few that the world has seen : to Shakspeare it belongs surpassingly.







[Chaucer.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE original quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, bears the following title:—'The famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the Beginning of their Loues, with the Conceited Wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the Spred Eagle in Paules Churchyeard, ouer against the great North Doore, 1609.' In the same year a second edition was put forth by the same publishers, in the title-page of which appears, "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe." There was a preface to the first edition, which is omitted in the second, in which are these words:—"You have here a new play, never staled with the stage." We shall have occasion more fully to notice this preface. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623. Its position in this collection has given rise to a singular hypothesis. Steevens says, "Perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his (Shakspere's) construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off." If the play had been *unknown* to Hemings and Condell, the notion that, for this reason, it might not be entirely of Shakspere's construction, would be a most illogical inference. But how is it shown that the play was *unknown* to Shakspere's associates? Farmer tells us, "It was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *Histories* and the *Tragedies*, without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think on one leaf only." If these critics had carried their

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inquiries one step farther, they would have found that *Troilus and Cressida* was neither unknown nor forgotten by the editors of the first folio. It is more probable that they were only doubtful how to classify it. In the first quarto edition it is called a famous *History*, in the title-page; but in the preface it is repeatedly mentioned as a *Comedy*. In the folio edition it bears the title of '*The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida*.' In that edition the Tragedies begin with *Coriolanus*; and the paging goes on regularly from 1 to 76, that last page bringing us within a hundred lines of the close of *Romeo and Juliet*. We then skip pages 77 and 78, *Romeo and Juliet* concluding with 79. Now the leaf of *Troilus and Cressida* on which Farmer observed an enumeration of pages includes the second and third pages of the play, and those are marked 79, 80. If the last page of *Romeo and Juliet* had been marked 77, as it ought to have been, and the first page of *Troilus and Cressida* 78, we should have seen at once that this *Tragedy* was intended by the editors to follow *Romeo and Juliet*. But they found, or they were informed, that this extraordinary drama was neither a *Comedy*, nor a *History*, nor a *Tragedy*; and they therefore placed it between the *Histories* and the *Tragedies*, leaving to the reader to make his own classification. This is one solution of the matter which we have to offer; and it is a better one, we think, than the theory that so remarkable a production of Shakspeare's later years should be unknown or forgotten by his "fellows." But there is another view of the matter, to be presently noticed, which involves a curious point in literary history.

The first quarto edition of 1609 contains the following very extraordinary preface:—

"A never writer to an ever reader.

"News.

"Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeas'd with plays are pleas'd with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such favoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth *Venus*. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your *testern* well bestowed), but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in *Terence* or *Plautus*. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank *Fortune* for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wit's healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

In 1609, then, the reader is told, "You have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" and he is farther exhorted—"refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." The reader is also invited to spend a sixpence upon this play:—"Had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your *testern* well bestowed." Never was one of Shakspeare's plays set forth during his life with such commendation as here abounds. His Comedies "are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives." The passage towards the conclusion is the most remarkable:—"Thank *Fortune* for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." We have here, then, first, a most distinct assertion that, in 1609, *Troilus and Cressida* was a new play, never staled with the stage. This, one might think, would be decisive as to the chronology of this play; but in the Stationers' books is the following entry:—"Feb. 7, 1602. Mr. Roberts. The booke of *Troilus and Cressida*, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men." Malone assumes that the *Troilus and Cressida* thus acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men



## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

(the players at the Globe during the reign of Elizabeth) was the same as that published in 1609. Yet there were other authors at work upon the subject besides Shakspeare. In Henslowe's manuscripts there are several entries of moneys lent, in 1599, to Dekker and Chettle, in earnest of a book called *Troilus and Cressida*. This play, thus bargained for by Henslowe, appears to have been subsequently called *Agamemnon*. The probability is, that the rival company at the Globe had, about the same period, brought out their own *Troilus and Cressida*; and that this is the play referred to in the entry by Roberts in 1602; for if that entry had applied to the *Troilus and Cressida* of Shakspeare, first published in 1609, how are we to account for the subsequent entry in the same registers made previously to the publication of that edition? "Jan. 28, 1608. Richard Bonian and Hen. Walley. A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressuda." According to Malone's theory, the copyright in 1602 was in Roberts; but in 1608 a new entry claims it for Bonian and Walley. In that case there must have been an assignment from Roberts to Bonian and Walley. Roberts was a printer. His name appears as printer to the second edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to the second edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, and to two editions of *Hamlet*; but nowhere as a publisher. Altogether the evidence of the date of the play, derived from the entry of 1602, appears to us worth very little. Malone most gratuitously assumes that the statement in the preface to the edition of 1609, that it was a new play never staled by the stage, was altogether false: "Mr. Pope, in his 'Table of Editions of Shakspeare's Plays,' having mentioned one of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, subjoined a notice of a second copy—'as acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe;' not thinking it necessary to repeat the year. But in fact both these copies are one and the same edition. The truth is, that in that edition, where no mention is made of the theatre in which the play was represented, we find a preface, in which, to give an additional value to the piece, the booksellers assert that it never had been acted. That being found a notorious falsehood, they afterwards suppressed the preface, and printed a new title-page, in which it is stated to have been acted at the Globe Theatre by his Majesty's Servants. The date of this, as of the other title-page, is 1609."\* According to this theory, a preface is written which sets out with a lie, known to be such by every person who buys the book; and then, because the lie is found out, a new title-page is printed, acknowledging the truth that the play had been acted, and the lying preface is withdrawn. Is not all this the most forced interpretation of two very simple facts, which are perfectly consistent with each other? *Troilus and Cressida* was a new play, and it had not been publicly acted, when the original edition appeared. The editor does not state this to give an "additional value to the piece," for he evidently thinks that the circumstance may be injurious to the sale of the book: "Refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." After the piece has thus been published, it is publicly acted; and then the preface which states that it has not been acted is naturally suppressed, in a new edition of which the title-page bears the additional recommendation of, "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe."

And here arises the question, whether the expressions, "never staled with the stage,"—"never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar,"—"not sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude," mean that the play had not been acted at all, or that it had not been acted on the public stage. There is a good deal of probability in the conjecture of Tieck upon this subject:—

"In the palace of some great personage, for whom it was probably expressly written, it was first represented,—according to my belief for the King himself, who, weak as he was, contemptible as he sometimes showed himself, and pedantic as his wisdom and shortsighted as his politics were, yet must have had a certain fine sense of poetry, wit, and talent, beyond what his historians have ascribed to him. But whether the King, or some one else of whom we have not received the name, it is sufficient to know that for this person, and not for the public, Shakspeare wrote this wonderful comedy."

We have already noticed the remarkable passage in the conclusion of the preface of 1609 in the Introductory Notice to Henry V. We there stated that the copy of *Troilus and Cressida* was acknowledged by the editor to have been obtained by some artifice; that we learn that the copy had an escape from some powerful possessors; and that those possessors were probably the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But another view of this matter may be taken without any glaring inconsistency.

\* Note in Malone's edition of Dryden's Prose Works, vol. I., part II., p. 261.



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The proprietors of the Globe Theatre were clearly hostile to the publication of Shakspeare's later plays; and, in fact, with the exception of *Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, no play was published between 1603 and Shakspeare's death. Now, in the title-page of the original *Lear*, published in 1608, there is the following minute particularity:—"As it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe, on the Bank's side." From this statement it appears to us highly probable that in the instances both of *Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, the plays were performed, for the first time, before the King; that the copies so used were out of the control of the players who represented these dramas; and that some one, authorized or not, printed each play from the copy used on these occasions. Let us look again at the passage in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida* under this impression:—"Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." There is an obscurity in this passage which we cannot attempt to clear up if we receive "the grand possessors" as the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But suppose the grand possessors to be, as Tieck has conjectured, some great personage, probably the King himself, for whom the play was expressly written, and a great deal of the obscurity of the preface vanishes. By the grand possessors' wills you should have prayed for them (as subjects publicly pray for their rulers) rather than been prayed (as you are by players who solicit your indulgence in prologues and epilogues).

We have bestowed more attention upon this inquiry than it may appear at first intrinsically to deserve; but it must be borne in mind that the original quarto edition, upon the credibility of which these questions have been raised, is not, like several of the early quartos, a mutilated and imperfect copy. From whatever secondary source it proceeded, there can be no doubt that it was printed from the genuine copy of the great poet. The slight variations between the text of the quarto and of the folio, which we have indicated in our foot-notes, sufficiently show that the original was most accurately printed. The alterations of the folio are not corrections of errors in the original; but, for the most part, slight changes of expression. We have no doubt that each text was printed from a different but a genuine copy. The consideration of the genuineness of the original edition brings us back to the point from which we started. *Troilus and Cressida* might, as we have shown, have been placed between the *Histories* and *Tragedies* of the folio collection, on account of the difficulty of classification. But suppose another probable case. The proprietors of this first-collected edition of Shakspeare's works entered upon the Stationers' registers, in 1623, a claim to the copyright of sixteen plays, "not formerly entered to other men." The proprietors of that edition were four booksellers, in whom, for the most part, the copyright of the original quartos had merged by assignment. But it is not difficult to imagine that Bonian and Walley, or their representatives, the possessors of the copy of this single play, might have refused to come to terms with the proprietors of the folio, and that the printing of this play was necessarily suspended till the final settlement of the matter in dispute. In the mean time the printing of the volume had gone on to its completion; and *Troilus and Cressida* was finally inserted, out of its order, but having two pages numbered which show where it was intended to have been placed.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

### SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

"THE original story," says Dryden, "was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name Cressida once mentioned. Shakspeare (as I hinted), in *the apprenticeship of his writing*, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of Troilus and Cressida." We shall have occasion to revert to Dryden's opinion of this play, and to his transmutation of it into what he considered his own fine gold. Chaucer himself speaks of "Myne Auctor Lollius;" and in his address to the Muse, in the beginning of the second book, he says,—

"To every lover I me excuse  
That of no sentiment I this endite,  
But out of Latin in my tongue it write."

Without entering into the question who Lollius was, or believing more than that "Lollius, if a writer of that name existed at all, was a somewhat somewhere,"\* we at once receive the 'Troilus and Creseide' of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspeare's play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspeare. The Rape of Lucrece is written precisely in the same versification as Chaucer's 'Troilus and Creseide.' When Lorenzo, in *The Merchant of Venice*, exclaims,—

"In such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents  
Where Cressid lay that night,"—

we may be sure that Shakspeare had in his mind the following passages of Chaucer:—

"Upon the wallés fast eke would he walk,  
And on the Greeké's host he would ysee,  
And to him self right thus he would ytalk:  
'Lo! yonder is mine owné lady free,  
Or ellés yonder there the tentés be,  
And thence cometh this air that is so sote,  
That in my soul I feel it doth me bote.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The day goth fast, and after that came eve,  
And yet came not to Troilus Creseid:  
He looketh forth by hedge, by tree, by grove,  
And far his head over the wall he laid."

Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shaksperian commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play:—

"It would be extremely unjust to quit the consideration of Chaucer's poem of 'Troilus and Creseide' without noticing the high honour it has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakspear. There seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy in the commentators upon Shakspear against the glory of our old English bard. In what they have written concerning this play, they make a very slight mention of Chaucer; they have not consulted his poem for the purpose of illustrating this admirable drama; and they have agreed, as far as possible, to transfer to another author the honour of having supplied materials to the tragic artist. Dr. Johnson says, 'Shakspeare has in his

\* Coleridge. 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 130.

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story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular ; but the character of *Thersites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.' Mr. Stevens asserts that 'Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troy Boke of Lydgate*.' And Mr. Malone repeatedly treats the 'History of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton,' as 'Shakspeare's authority' in the composition of this drama. \* \* \* \* The fact is, that the play of Shakspeare we are here considering has for its main foundation the poem of Chaucer, and is indebted for many accessory helps to the books mentioned by the commentators. \* \* \* \* \*

"We are not, however, left to probability and conjecture as to the use made by Shakspeare of the poem of Chaucer. His other sources were Chapman's translation of Homer, the '*Troy Book*' of Lydgate, and Caxton's '*History of the Destruction of Troy*.' It is well known that there is no trace of the particular story of '*Troilus and Creseide*' among the ancients. It occurs, indeed, in Lydgate and Caxton ; but the name and actions of Pandarus, a very essential personage in the tale as related by Shakspeare and Chaucer, are entirely wanting, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, and that with an express reference to Chaucer as his authority. Shakspeare has taken the story of Chaucer with all its imperfections and defects, and has copied the series of its incidents with his customary fidelity ; an exactness seldom to be found in any other dramatic writer."\*

Although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress are followed with little deviation, yet, independent of the wonderful difference in the characterization, the whole story under the treatment of Shakspeare becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy ; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true :—

"I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurally*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer."†

Without attempting to exhibit all the materials which Shakspeare has thus made his own, we shall, in the Illustrations to each act, give some passages from Chaucer's poem, Chapman's '*Homer*,' Caxton's '*Destruction of Troy*,' and Lydgate's '*Troy Book*,' in which the reader may trace the resemblances which, however obvious or minute, equally manifest the same power in the dramatic poet of fashioning a perfect whole out of the most incongruous parts.

\* '*Life of Chaucer*,' vol. i. (4to.), p. 315

† '*Literary Remains*,' vol. ii., p. 183

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

### COSTUME.

IN our notice of the costume for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we have given a description of the dress and arms of the Greeks during the heroic ages, illustrated by engravings from the frieze of the Parthenon. To the information there collected may be added on the present occasion that afforded to us by the *Iliad* of Homer, and the vases and statues possessed or described by the late Mr. Hope. According to the latter authorities, the Trojans and other Phrygians appear to have worn the tunic with sleeves to the wrist, the tight trousers or pantaloons, and the cap with the point bending forwards, in the form of which their helmets were made. In war the tunic of mail



[A Trojan.]



[Phrygian Helmets.]

composed of rings sewn flat upon leather or cloth, like those of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans of the 11th century, would seem to have distinguished them in general from the Greeks, who wore the cuirass and the greaves. Homer, however, by his descriptions of the armour of the Trojan heroes, would induce us to believe that it did not always so essentially differ from that of the Greeks. He describes Paris, when arming for the combat with Menelaus, as putting on greaves,\* fastened with silver buttons, a thorax, or breast-plate, and a helmet with a horse-hair crest.† On an old Sicilian vase too, in the Hope collection, Eneas is represented in complete Grecian armour.‡ Again, we gather from the vases that the Phrygian shield, like that of the Amazons, was the Pelta, or small semi-lunar shield, and their favourite weapon the bi-pennis, or double axe. Yet Homer does not make this distinction, but arms the Trojans with the large orbicular shield of the Greeks, the two spears, the sword, &c. He also describes the warriors of both armies as wearing occasionally the skins of beasts over their armour. Is it that some of the poets and painters of Greece, like all those of the middle ages, represented persons of every nation and period in the costume of the country and time in which they themselves wrote or painted; or was there really little or no difference between the Greeks and Trojans when armed for battle?§ In the latter case, are we to look upon the interesting figures of Paris and other Phrygians represented on the ancient vases, &c., as things of no authority? These are questions the discussion of which would require much more time and space than can be afforded to us in the present instance, and we must content ourselves with submitting to our readers the engravings from the antique which are scattered throughout this play, with the avowal that we lean, as in duty bound, to the *pictorial* side, and consider that there *was* that remarkable difference between the Grecian armour and that of the Trojans which may be observed in the specimens given. The Phrygians are represented in shoes, the Greeks in sandals, or with naked feet, when wearing the greaves.

\* Ridiculously rendered by Pope as "*purple cushions*."

† Phrygian helmets, with crests, both of horse-hair and metal, in imitation of the Greek, appear in Hope's collection, and so far bear out the poet's description.

‡ Mr. Hope, however, does not give us his authority for so designating the figure, which in the edition of 1806 is termed "*a Greek warrior*."

§ Then wherefore "*the well-greaved Greeks*?" Does not that designation imply a peculiarity distinguishing them from their Asiatic or other opponents?

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The arms of Achilles, worn by Patroclus, are said by Homer to have been of brass ornamented with gold. Those made for Achilles, by Vulcan, were of various metals,—the greaves of tin, the coralet of gold, the sword of brass, the helmet with a four-fold crest of gilded horse-hair, the shield of the most elaborate workmanship. The arms of Diomed were all brass; those of Ajax steel. Agamemnon's cuirass was composed of steel, tin, and gold, and ornamented with dragons. The hilt of his sword was gold, the sheath silver. His buckler was defended by ten circles and twenty bosses of brass, and in the centre had a Gorgon's head. The helmet was surmounted by a four-fold crest of horse-hair.



[Homer.]

**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

**PRIAM, King of Troy.**

**HECTOR,**

**TROILUS,**

**PARIS,**

**DEIPHOBUS,**

**HELENUS,**

**ÆNEAS,**

**ANTENOR,**

} *his sons.*

} *Trojan commanders.*

*CALCHAS, a Trojan priest taking part with the Greeks.*

*PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.*

*MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.*

*AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.*

*MENELAUS, his brother.*

**ACHILLES,**

**AJAX,**

**ULYSSES,**

**NESTOR,**

**DIOMEDES,**

**PATROCLUS,**

} *Grecian commanders.*

*THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

*ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.*

*Servant to Troilus.*

*Servant to Paris.*

*Servant to Diomedes.*

*HELEN, wife to Menelaus.*

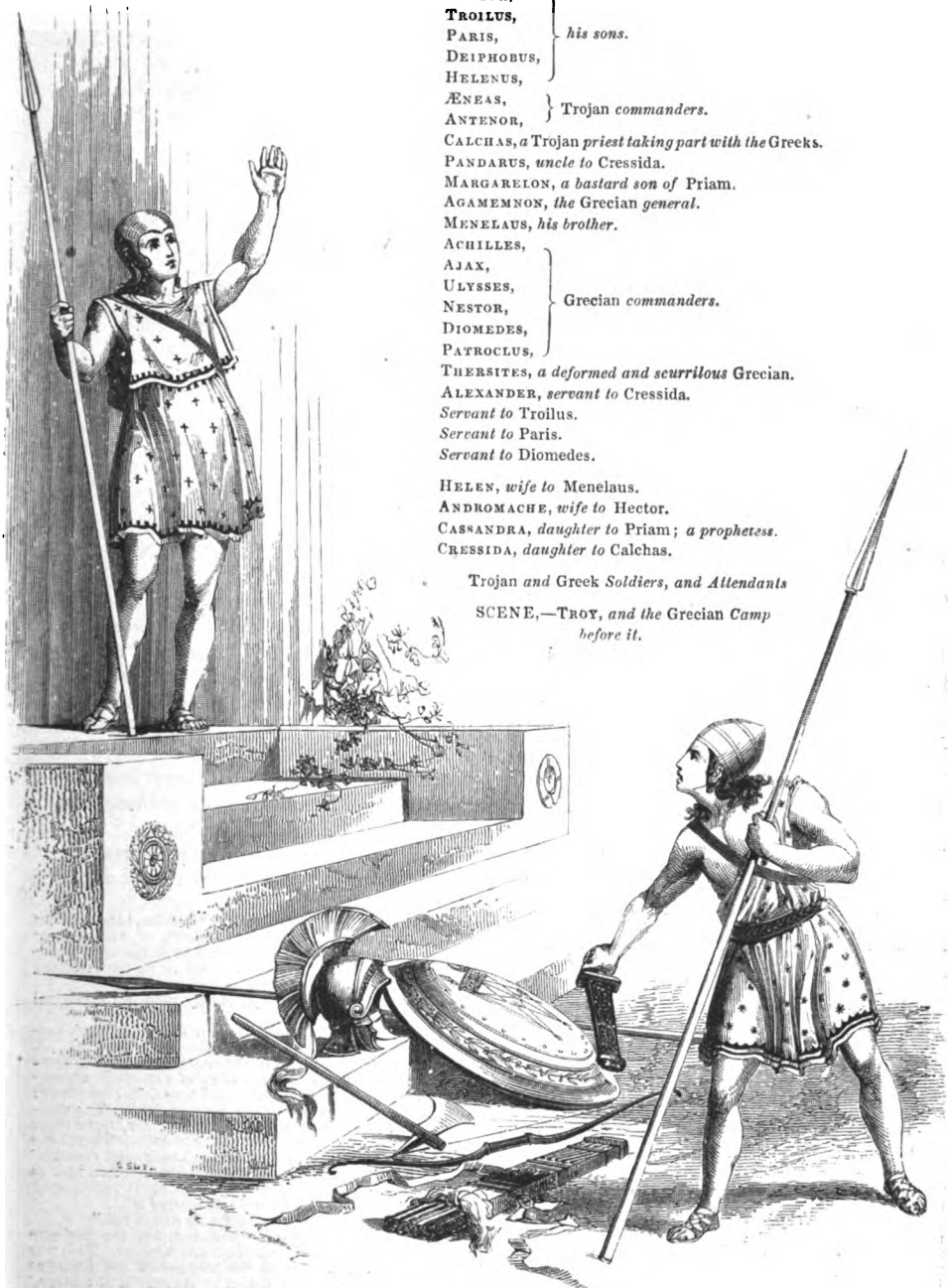
*ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.*

*CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

*CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.*

*Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants*

**SCENE,—TROY, and the Grecian Camp  
before it.**





[" To Tenedos they come." ]

## PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous,<sup>a</sup> their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that's the quarrel.

To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there discharge  
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan  
plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides,<sup>b</sup> with massy staples,

<sup>a</sup> *Orgulous*—proud—the French *orgueilleux*. Lord Berners, in his translation of Froissart, several times uses the word: as, "The Flemings were great, fierce, and orgulous."

<sup>b</sup> The names of the gates thus stand in the folio of 1623:—  
"Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
And Antenorides."

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare had before him Caxton's translation of the 'Recuyel of the Historiyes of Troy,' and there the names of the gates are thus given: "In this cittle were sixe principall gates: of which the one was named Dardane, the second Tymbria, the thyrd Helias, the fourth, Chetas, the fifth Trojan, and the sixt Antenorides." But he was also familiar with the 'Troy Boke' of Lydgate, in which the six gates are described as Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helyas, Cethess, Trojana, Anthonydes. It is difficult

And corresponsive and fulfilling<sup>a</sup> bolts,  
Sperr up<sup>b</sup> the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come  
A prologue arm'd,<sup>c</sup>—but not in confidence  
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,—  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>d</sup> and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

to say whether Shakspeare meant to take the *Antenorides* of Caxton, or the *Anthonydes* of Lydgate: or whether, the names being pure inventions of the middle age of romance-writers, he deviated from both. As it is, we have retained the *Antenorides* of the modern editors.  
<sup>a</sup> *Fulfilling*. The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*.

<sup>b</sup> *Sperr up*. The original has *stirre up*, which Tieck considers preferable to Theobald's substitution of *sperr up*. Desirous as we are to hold to the original, we cannot agree with Tieck. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. The commentators give us examples of the use of *sperr*, in the sense of to fasten, by Spenser and earlier writers. They have overlooked a passage in Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida' (book v.), which Shakspeare must have had before him in the composition of his play:—

"For when he saw her dorés *sperr*ed all,  
Wei nigh for sorrow adoun he gan to fall."

<sup>c</sup> *Arm'd*. Johnson has pointed out that the prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak. (See Collier's 'Annals of the Stage,' (vol. iii., p. 442.)

<sup>d</sup> *Vaunt*—the van.



[SCENE III. Before Agamemnon's Tent.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

*Tro.* Call here my varlet,<sup>a</sup> I'll unarm again:  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

*Pan.* Will this gear ne'er be mended?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful to  
their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness  
valiant;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,

<sup>a</sup> *Varlet*—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *valet* are the same; and that, as well as *harb-b*, they mean *hiring*.

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Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this:  
for my part I'll not meddle nor make no farther.  
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must  
needs<sup>a</sup> tarry the grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry the  
bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the  
leavening.

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in  
the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of

<sup>a</sup> *Needs* is not found in the quarto, and is consequently  
omitted in all modern editions.



the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking : nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, traitor ! when she comes !—When is she thence ?<sup>a</sup>

*Pan.* Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain ;  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :  
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit ; but—

*Tro.* O, Pandarus ! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In Cressid's love : Thou answer'st, she is fair ;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice ;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach ;<sup>b</sup> to whose soft seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense<sup>c</sup>  
Hard as the palm of ploughman ;—this thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

<sup>a</sup> This line as it stands is an ingenious and tasteful correction by Rowe. The line in both the originals appears thus :—

“So (traitor) then she comes when she is thence.”

<sup>b</sup> We do not receive this passage as an interjection beginning “O ! that her hand ;” for what does Troilus desire ?—the wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather,—in thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

<sup>c</sup> Johnson explains *spirit of sense* as the most exquisite sensibility of touch.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is : if she be fair 't is the better for her ; an she be not she has the mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ?

*Pan.* I have had my labour for my travail ; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you : gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus ? what, with me ?

*Pan.* Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen : an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I ? I care not an she were a black-a-moor ; 't is all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair ?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father ; let her to the Greeks ; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her : for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me ; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*]

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours ! peace, rude sounds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.  
I cannot fight upon this argument ;  
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me !  
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar ;  
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,  
As she is stubborn-chaste, against all suit,  
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?  
Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :  
Between our Ilium and where she resides,  
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood ;  
Ourself, the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar,  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

*Alarum.* *Enter* ÆNEAS.

*Æne.* How now, prince Troilus ? wherefore not affild ?

*Tro.* Because not there : This woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, *Æneas*?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarm.*]

*Æne.* Hark! what good sport is out of town  
to-day!

*Tro.* Better at home, if 'would I might'  
were 'may.'—

But to the sport abroad:—Are you bound  
thither?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they?

*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the  
vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:  
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?

*Alex.* The noise goes, this: There is among  
the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;  
They call him Ajax.

*Cres.* Good; and what of him?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,  
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men; unless they are drunk,  
sick, or have no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many  
beasts of their particular additions; he is as  
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as  
the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so  
crowded humours, that his valour is crushed  
into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there  
is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a  
glimpse of; nor any man an attain but he  
carries some stain of it: he is melancholy with-  
out cause, and merry against the hair: He hath  
the joints of everything; but everything so out  
of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands

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and no use; or purblinded<sup>c</sup> Argus, all eyes and  
no sight.

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes  
me smile, make Hector angry?

*Alex.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in  
the battle, and struck him down; the disdain  
and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector  
fasting and waking.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do  
you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How  
do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?<sup>1</sup>

*Cres.* This morning, uucle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came?  
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to  
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

*Cres.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not  
up.

*Pan.* E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his  
anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too;  
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:  
and there's Troilus will not come far behind  
him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell  
them that too.

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better  
man of the two.

*Cres.* O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector?  
Do you know a man if you see him?

*Cres.* Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew  
him.

*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for I am sure he  
is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some  
degrees.

*Cres.* 'T is just to each of them; he is him-  
self.

*Pan.* Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would  
he were.

*Cres.* So he is.

<sup>a</sup> Purblinded in the folio—the quarto purblind.

*Pan.* 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit<sup>a</sup> this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities;—

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'T would not become him, his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 't is, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,<sup>b</sup>—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Wit*.—This is Rowe's correction: both the old copies have *will*.

<sup>b</sup> *Compassed window*—a bow-window.

<sup>c</sup> *Lifter*—thief. We still say a *skopifiter*.

*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cres.* O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—Did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that, 'Two and fifty hairs,'<sup>a</sup> quoth he, 'and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these

<sup>a</sup> So the quarto and folio. Some modern copies read *one and fifty*. "How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?" says Theobald. This is an exactness which Priam and his chroniclers would equally have spurned. The Margareton of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in Act v., is one of the additions to the old classical family. We leave the text as we find it.

hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck it out, and give it him.' But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.\*

*Cres.* So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May.

[*A retreat sounded.*]

*Pan.* Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

*ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.*

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*Pan.* That's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Hector,<sup>2</sup> that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O, a brave man!

*Pan.* Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look

you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's laying on; tak 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*PARIS passes over.*

*Pan.* Swords? anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece. Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*HELENUS passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROIILUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'T is Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

*Forces pass over the stage.*

*Cres.* Here come more.

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

\* *Passed*—was excessive. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,—"Why, this *passes*, master Ford." *Cressida* retorts in the common acceptation of the word.

*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth,<sup>a</sup> the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

*Pan.* You are such another<sup>b</sup> woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROIILUS' Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; [there he unarms him.<sup>c</sup>]

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.* I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle,—

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token—you are a bawd.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts,<sup>d</sup> tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:  
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not  
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

<sup>a</sup> So forth in the folio—the quarto, such like.

<sup>b</sup> Another in the folio—the quarto, a.

<sup>c</sup> The words in brackets are not in the folio.

<sup>d</sup> Gifts is the reading of all the old copies. Grievs crept into some of the earlier modern editions.

That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:  
Then though my heart's content firm love doth  
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before  
Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Senet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
MENECLAUS, and others.*

*Agam.* Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your  
cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-  
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,  
That we come short of our suppose so far,  
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls  
stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you  
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;  
And call<sup>e</sup> them shames, which are, indeed,  
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persistive constancy in men?  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad<sup>b</sup> and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

<sup>e</sup> Call is the reading of the quarto—the folio has *think them shames.*

<sup>b</sup> Broad in the quarto—the folio, *loud.*

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being  
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk !  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy  
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,  
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and bright-  
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize<sup>a</sup>  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing  
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
Returns to chiding fortune.<sup>b</sup>

*Ulyss.*

*Agamemnon.*—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of  
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—most mighty for thy place and  
sway,— [To AGAMEMNON.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out  
life,— [To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree  
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears.<sup>c</sup>  
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please  
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

*Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of  
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

<sup>a</sup> *Brize*—the gad-fly.

<sup>b</sup> The original has an obvious misprint:—

“*Retires* to chiding fortune.”

Pope suggested *returns*. Hammer and Mr. Collier's folio  
Corrector have *replies*, which is better, although *returns*  
gives the meaning. Mr. Dyce suggests *retorts*, which might  
well be adopted. <sup>c</sup> This is the reading of the quarto.

When rank Thersites opes his mastick<sup>a</sup> jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been  
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a  
master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:  
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-  
tions.

When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets and this  
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order:  
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the  
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!  
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!  
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, hor-  
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is  
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?

<sup>a</sup> *Mastick*.—We retain the word of the original. *Mas-  
ticke* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking  
something emphatic. In Boswell's edition the word is  
rendered *masstive*. We are inclined to think that *mastick* is  
not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of  
Prynne's celebrated book, “*Historio-Mastix: The Player's  
Scourge*,” but it is not so generally known that this title  
was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first  
printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is  
a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last.  
We attach little importance to the circumstance that the  
author of that satire has introduced a dialogue between  
Troilus and Cressida; for the subject had most probably  
possession of the stage before Shakspere's play. But it  
appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet  
should be applied to the “rank Thersites” which should  
pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make  
himself obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing  
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or, rather, right and  
wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
Should lose their names, and so should justice  
too.

Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,  
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree is it,  
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below; he, by the next;  
That next, by him beneath: so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness lives,\* not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found,  
Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, whom opinion  
crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,  
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action  
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on;  
And like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'T wixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-  
age,

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
'T is like a chime a mending; with terms un-  
squad,

Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
dropp'd

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries—'Excellent!—'T is Agamemnon just.—  
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy  
beard,

As he, being 'dress'd to some oration.—  
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
Yet god<sup>a</sup> Achilles still cries, 'Excellent;  
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit.  
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport,  
Sir Valour dies; cries, 'O!—enough, Patroclus;  
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain  
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites  
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)  
To match us in comparisons with dirt;  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cow-  
ardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on; and know, by  
measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

<sup>a</sup> God in the old copies. It is frittered down by the  
moderns into god.

\* Lives in the folio—in the quarto, stands.

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :  
So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great spring and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine ;  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Tucket sounds.]

*Agam.* What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Men.* From Troy.

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent ?

*Æne.* Is this  
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you ?

*Agam.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one that is a herald, and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles'  
arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one  
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

*Agam.* How ?

*Æne.* Ay ;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of  
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have  
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and,  
Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,  
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :

But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,  
transcends.

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself  
Æneas ?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you ?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's  
ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes  
from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper  
him :

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind ;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy  
tents ;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,  
lords !<sup>3</sup>

If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his  
peril ;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,  
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :  
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;  
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not  
worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, lord  
Æneas ;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !

If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I'll be he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man



When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old  
now;

But, if there be not in our Grecian mould<sup>a</sup>  
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;  
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste  
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,  
I'll pawn<sup>b</sup> this truth with my three drops of  
blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of  
youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your  
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you first.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

*Ulyss.* Nestor!

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my  
brain,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is 't?

*Ulyss.* This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how?

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector  
sends,

However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as  
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of  
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think  
you?

*Nest.* Yes,

It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,  
That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me,  
Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd  
In this wild action: for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,  
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd  
Out of our virtues; who, miscarrying,  
What heart from hence receives the conquering  
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working, than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech;—  
Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better yet to show  
Shall show the better.<sup>a</sup> Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honour and our shame, in this,  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes; what  
are they?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear<sup>b</sup> with  
him:

But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,  
Why, then we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort to fight with Hector: Among our-  
selves

Give him allowance as the worthier man,<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The quarto reads—

"The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
By showing the worse first."

<sup>b</sup> Wear in the folio.—In the quarto, share.

<sup>c</sup> So the folio.—in the quarto, for the better man.

<sup>a</sup> Mould in the folio.—in the quarto, host.

<sup>b</sup> Pawn in the folio.—in the quarto prove.

For that will physio the great Myrmidon,  
Who broils in loud applause; and make him  
fall

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,  
Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy  
advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone  
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Ulysses.]



[Phrygian Lady, with Casket.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*When were you at Ilium?*”

ILIAM, according to the romance-writers, was the palace of Priam. The author of ‘The Destruction of Troy’ thus describes it:—“In the most open place of the city, upon a rock, the king Priamus did build his rich palace, which was named Ilium: that was one of the richest palaces and the strongest that ever was in all the world.”

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*That’s Hector,*” &c.

This scene, in which Pandarus so characteristically describes the Trojan leaders, is founded upon a similar scene in Chaucer, in which the same personage recounts the merits of Priam’s two valiant sons:—

“Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell;  
In all this world there n’is a better knight  
Than he, that is of worthiness the well,  
And he well more of virtue hath than might;  
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:  
And the same praise of Troilus I say:  
God help me, so I know not suché tway.

“Pardie, quod she, of Hector there is soth,  
And of Troilus the same thing trow I,  
For dredéless \* men telleth that he doth  
In armés day by day so worthily,  
And bear’th him here at homé so gently  
To ev’ry wight, that allé praise hath he  
Of them that me were levest praised be. †

\* Doubtless.

† Whose praise I should most desire.

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“Ye say right soth, I wis, quod Pandarus,  
For yesterday whoso had with him been  
Mighten have wonder’d upon Troilus;  
For never yet so thick a swarm of been \*  
Ne flew, as Greekés from him ’gonnen seen,  
And through the field in every wightés ear  
There was no cry but ‘Troilus is there!’

“Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast,  
There n’as but Greekés blood and Troilus;  
Now him he hurt, and him all down he cast;  
Aye where he went it was arrayéd thus:  
He was their death, and shield and life for us,  
That as that day there durst him none withstand  
While that he held his bloody sword in hand.”

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—“*Kings, princes, lords,*” &c.

Stevens says the challenge thus sent “would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis than Hector or Æneas.” Precisely so. And this was not only the language of romance, but of real life, almost up to the days of Shakspeare. In a challenge of the reign of Mary, four Spanish and English knights will maintain a fight on foot at the barriers against all comers, that “they may show their great desires to serve their ladies by the honourable adventure of their person.” But would Stevens assert that Shakspeare did not purposely make the distinction between the Homeric and the feudal ages? He found the challenge of Hector in Homer; he invested it with its Gothic attributes in accordance with a principle. The commentators sneer at

\* Bees.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Shakspeare's violation of chronology, in the mention of Aristotle: what do they say to Chaucer's line in the 'Troilus and Cressida'—

"He sung, she play'd, he told a tale of *Wade*"?

Wade was a hero of the same fabulous school as Bevis and Launcelot. The challenge of Hector is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd  
Through all my spirits, commands me speak; Saturnius hath not us'd  
His promis'd favour for our truce, but, studying both our ills,  
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills  
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.  
Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,

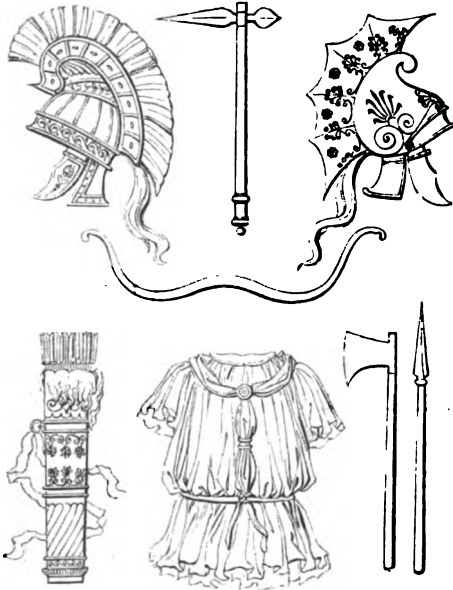
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive mind

Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;  
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife,  
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,

Spolling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;  
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent  
May waste it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,  
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,  
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine  
I'll hang them as my trophies due: his body I'll resign  
To be disposed by his friends in flaming funerals,  
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls  
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road;  
That, when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,  
Survivors sailing the Black Sea may thus his name renew,  
This is his monument whose blood long since did fates  
embrace,

Whom passing fair in fortitude illustrate Hector slew.  
This shall posterity report, and my fame never die."

Book vii.



Phrygian Tunic, Bi-pennes, Bow, Quiver, Helmets, &c.



[SCENE II. 'Enter Cassandra, raving.']

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Theraites,—

*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils?  
full, all over, generally?

*Ajax.* Theraites,—

*Ther.* And those boils did run?—Say so,—  
did not the general run? were not that a botchy  
core?

*Ajax.* Dog,—

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from  
him; I see none now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not  
hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou  
mongrel beef-witted lord!<sup>1</sup>

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinew'dest<sup>a</sup> leaven,  
speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

<sup>a</sup> *Vinew'dest* — vinewed — vinny — signifies decayed,

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and  
holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con  
an oration, than thou learn a prayer without  
book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red  
murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sence, thou  
strik'st me thus?

*Ajax.* The proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers  
itch.

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to  
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would  
make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.  
[When thou art forth in the incursions, thou  
strikest as slow as another.\*]

mouldy; the word in the text is the superlative of *vinewed*.  
In the preface to our translation of the Bible we have  
"renewed traditions."

\* These words are not in the folio.

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would pun\* thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*]

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego<sup>b</sup> may tutor thee: Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord!

*Ajax.* You cur! [*Beating him.*]

*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What?

\* *Pun*—pound.

<sup>b</sup> *Assinego*—an ass.

<sup>c</sup> *But*.—Both the quarto and folio so read; but *pat* was substituted by Steevens.

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*]

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool!

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur! I shall—

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

*Achil.* What, what?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace.

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth<sup>a</sup> hour of the sun,  
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,  
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare  
Maintain—I know not what; 't is trash: Fare-  
well.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?

*Achil.* I know not, it is put to lottery; other-  
wise,

He knew his man.

*Ajax.* O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more  
of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROIILUS, PARIS, and  
HELENUS.*

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches  
spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-  
sum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to 't?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks  
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread  
Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out—'Who knows what fol-  
lows?'

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-  
tion,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,<sup>b</sup>  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten;  
What merit's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother!  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king  
So great as our dread father, in a scale

<sup>a</sup> *Fifth*.—So the folio; the quarto has *first*, which obtained  
in most modern editions. The knights of chivalry did not  
encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth* of a  
summer's morning the lists would be set, and the ladies in  
their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play.

<sup>b</sup> *Dimes*—tenths.

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
The past-proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at  
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our  
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
Because your speech hath none, that tells him  
so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother  
priest,<sup>2</sup>

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your  
reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,  
And reason flies the object of all harm:  
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels;  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of  
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and  
honour

Should have hare<sup>a</sup> hearts, would they but fat  
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect  
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth  
cost

The holding.

*Tro.* What's aught but as 't is valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 't is precious of itself  
As in the prizer; 't is mad idolatry  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes that is inclinable<sup>b</sup>

To what infectionally itself effects,  
Without some image of the affected merit.

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

<sup>a</sup> *Hare* in the quarto; by a typographical error, *hard* in  
the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *Inclinable* in the folio; the quarto, *attributive*.

When we have spoil'd them : nor the remainder  
viands

We do not throw in unrespectful sieve,<sup>a</sup>  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :  
Your breath of full consent<sup>b</sup> bellied his sails ;  
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;  
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held  
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.  
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :  
Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
If you'll vouch 't was wisdom Paris went,  
(As you must needs, for you all cried—' Go, go,')If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,  
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your  
hands,

And cried—' Inestimable !') why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ;  
And do a deed that fortune never did,  
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base,  
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !  
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
That in their country did them that disgrace,  
We fear to warrant in our native place !

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

*Pri.* What noise ? what shriek is this ?

*Tro.* 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans !

*Hect.* It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand  
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace.

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid age, and wrinkled  
eld,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Sieve.* The quarto has *sive*, the old mode of spelling *sieve*. The first folio has *sams*; the second folio *placc*. *Sams* is held to be a misprint. The commentators explain that *sieve* is a basket, and that the term is well known in Covent Garden and other markets for fruit and vegetables. The original notion of *sieve* implies separation, and we therefore held, in our first edition, that a *sieve* of fruit was a basket of sorted fruit. But domestic observation might have shown us that the "unrespectful" sieves into which any "remainder" is thrown has subsequently to perform the office of separation. This consideration reconciles us to the adoption of *sieve*.

<sup>b</sup> How forcible is "your breath of full consent,"—compared with the reading of the quarto, "your breath, with full consent."

<sup>c</sup> *Old* in the folio—the quarto, *elders*. Theobald substituted *old*.

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes.  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand ;  
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.  
Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :  
Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Erit.*]

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these  
high strains

Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood  
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same ?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it ;  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds  
Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick rap-  
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel  
Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
'T am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :  
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst  
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain !

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings as your counsels :  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :  
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this



Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,  
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much  
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:  
 The reasons you allege do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
 Than to make up a free determination  
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and re-  
 venge,

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves  
 All dues be render'd to their owners: Now  
 What nearer debt in all humanity  
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,  
 To curb those raging appetites that are  
 Most disobedient and refractory.  
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—  
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws  
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud  
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist  
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
 Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,  
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
 In resolution to keep Helen still;  
 For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She is a theme of honour and renown;  
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;  
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:  
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
 For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.*

I am yours,  
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:  
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,  
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;  
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Ther.* How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter* PATROCLUS.

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

*Ther.* Ay: the heavens hear me!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?—Come; what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell that knowest.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool; I have not done.

*Achil.* He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*]

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent\* our messengers, and we lay by

\* *Shent.*—The quarto reads *sate*, the folio *smt*. Theobald made the change to *shent*, meaning to *rebuke*.

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think  
We dare not move the question of our place,  
Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*]

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent;  
He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, it is pride: But why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*]

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who? Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: But it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Re-enter* PATROCLUS.

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:

His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.\*

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry  
If anything more than your sport and pleasure  
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,  
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,  
But, for your health and your digestion sake,  
An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus;—  
We are too well acquainted with these answers:  
But his evasion, wing'd thus with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,  
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;  
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him  
We come to speak with him: And you shall not  
sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud,  
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater  
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier  
than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;

Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And underwrite in an observing kind  
His humorous predominance; yea, watch  
His pettish lines,<sup>a</sup> his ebbs, his flows, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,  
That, if he overhold his price so much,  
We 'll none of him; but let him, like an engine  
Not portable, lie under this report—  
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

*Agam.* In second voice we 'll not be satisfied,  
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter  
you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

*Ajax.* What is he more than another?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think he  
thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say  
he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as  
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,  
and altogether more tractable.

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How  
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and  
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats  
up himself: pride is his own glass, his own  
trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever  
praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed  
in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the  
engendering of toads.

*Nest.* Yet he loves himself: Is 't not strange?

[*Aside.*

*Re-enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;  
But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why, will he not, upon our fair request,  
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's  
sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with great-  
ness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

<sup>a</sup> *Lines* in the folio. Hamner changed the word, the  
meaning of which is clear enough, into *lines*.

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters 'gainst itself.<sup>b</sup> What should I say?  
He is so plaguy<sup>b</sup> proud, that the death-tokens of it  
Cry—'No recovery.'

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,  
At your request, a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud  
lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles;

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;  
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.  
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;  
And say in thunder—'Achilles go to him.'

*Nest.* O, this is well; he rubs the vein of  
him.

[*Aside.*

*Dio.* And how his silence drinks up this ap-  
plause!

[*Aside.*

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I 'll  
pash him

Over the face.

*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his  
pride:

Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our  
quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nest.* How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?

*Ulyss.* The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

*Ajax.* I 'll let his humours blood.

*Agam.* He will be the physician, that should  
be the patient. [*Aside.*

<sup>a</sup> *'Gainst itself* is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *down*  
*himself*.

<sup>b</sup> *Plaguy*.—Stevens, in his horror of a line of more than  
ten syllables, calls plaguy a "vulgar epithet,—the wretched  
interpolation of some foolish player." Malone, with good  
sense, says, "the very word explains what follows,—the  
death-tokens."

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind!

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* An't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.* He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

*Nest.* He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To AGAMEMNON.*]

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face;  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?  
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud—

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise—

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne—

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected!

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature  
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

*Ulyss.* Ay, my good son.\*

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

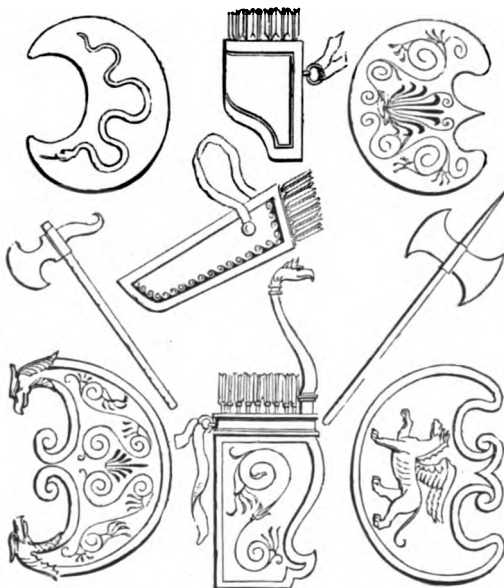
*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*]

\* The folio gives this line to Ulysses; the quarto to Nestor. We believe that the folio, in this instance, is not to be hastily superseded, because Nestor was an old man. In Shakspeare's time it was the highest compliment to call a man whose wit or learning was revered, *father*. Ben Jonson had thus his sons. The flattery of Ulysses has won the heart of Ajax; Nestor has said nothing.



[Cassandra.]



[Phrygian Shields, Quivers, and Battle Axes.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—*“The plague of Greece upon thee,” &c.*

THESSITES has been termed by Coleridge “the Caliban of demagogic life;” and he goes on to describe him as “the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse; just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist, of his betters.” This is the Thersites of Shakspeare; he of Homer is merely a deformed jester. The wonderful finished portrait is made out of the slightest of sketches:—

“All sat, and audience gave;  
Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder’d store  
Of words he foolishly pour’d out; of which his mind held more  
Than it could manage; anything with which he could procure  
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure  
To touch no kings. T’ oppose their states becomes not jesters’ parts.  
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts

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In Troy’s brave siege: he was squint-eyed, and lame of either foot:

So crook-back’d that he had no breast: sharp-headed, where did shoot

(Here and there spert) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied

Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;  
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,  
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,

(Being angry for Achilles’ wrong,) he cried out, railing thus:—

‘Atrides, why complain’st thou now? what wouldst thou more of us?

Thy tents are full of brass, and dames; the choice of all are thine:

With whom we must present thee first, when any towns resign

To our invasion. Wan’st thou then (besides all this) more gold

From Troy’s knights, to redeem their sons? whom, to be dearly sold,

I, or some other Greek, must take? or wouldst thou yet again

Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lusts that reign

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

In thy encroaching appetite! It fits no prince to be  
 A prince of ill, and govern us; or lead our progeny  
 By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,  
 And ill eternal! Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are: Come,  
 fly  
 Home with our ships; leave this man here, to perish with  
 his preys,  
 And try if we help'd him, or not: he wrong'd a man that  
 weighs  
 Far more than he himself in worth: he forc'd from Thetis'  
 son,  
 And keeps his prize still: nor think I that mighty man  
 hath won  
 The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft, he's too remiss,  
 Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of injuries.  
 Thus he the people's pastor child; but straight stood up to  
 him  
 Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,  
 This bitter check gave: 'Cease, vain fool, to vent thy  
 railing vein  
 On kings thus, though it serve thee well; nor think thou  
 canst restrain  
 With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree,  
 For not a worse, of all this host, came with our king than  
 thee  
 To Troy's great siege: then do not take into that mouth of  
 thine  
 The names of kings, much less revile the dignities that  
 shine  
 In their supreme states; wresting thus this motion for our  
 home  
 To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves yet know not  
 what will come  
 Of these designments,—if it be our good to stay or go:  
 Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou revil'st our general  
 so;  
 Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,  
 But by our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes me  
 vow  
 (Which shall be curiously observ'd), if ever I shall hear  
 This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear  
 This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,  
 If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus  
 Whip thee to fleet from council; send, with sharp stripes,  
 weeping hence,  
 This glory thou affect'st to rail.' This said, his insolence

He settled with his sceptre, strook his back and shoulders so  
 That bloody wales rose: he shrunk round, and from his  
 eyes did flow  
 Moist tears; and, looking sithly, he sat, fear'd, smarted;  
 dried  
 His blubber'd cheeks; and all the press (though griev'd to  
 be denied  
 Their wish'd retreat for home) yet laugh'd delightsomely,  
 and spake  
 Either to other." (Chapman's 'Homer,' Book II.)

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*You are for dreams and slumbers,  
 brother priest.*”

From his 'Homer' Shakspeare turned to the old  
 Gothic romancer, and there he found the reproach  
 of Troilus to Helenus, in the following very char-  
 acteristic passage:—

“Then arose up on his feet Troilus, the youngest  
 son of King Pryamus, and began to speak in this  
 manner:—O nobleman and hardy, how be ye  
 abashed for the words of this cowardly priest here?  
 \* \* \* If Helenus be afraid, let him go into the  
 Temple, and sing the divine service, and let the  
 other take revenge of their injurious wrongs by  
 strength and force of arms. \* \* \* All they that  
 heard Troilus thus speak allowed him, saying  
 that he had very well spoken. And thus they  
 finished their parliament, and went to dinner.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—“*The elephant hath joints,*” &c.

Up to the time when Sir Thomas Brown wrote  
 his 'Vulgar Errors' (about 1670), there was a pre-  
 vailing opinion that the elephant had no joints,  
 and that it could not lie down. Its joints, accord-  
 ing to the passage before us, were not “*for flexure.*”  
 Sir T. Brown refutes the error by appealing to the  
 experience of those who had “*not many years  
 past*” seen an elephant in England, “*kneeling,  
 and lying down.*”



[Head of Paris.]



[SCENE I. Helen unarming Hector.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

*Pan.* Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean.

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* 'Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

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*Serv.* You are in the state of grace

[*Music within.*

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

*Pan.* Know you the musicians?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

*Pan.* Who, my coosin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

*Serv.* Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir,—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

*Pan.* Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Par.* Well sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he

desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* [I'll lay my life,\*] with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, pritheee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!  
For, oh, love's bow  
Shoots buck and doe:  
The shaft confounds,  
Not that it wounds,  
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!  
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!  
So dying love lives still:  
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

\* The words in brackets are not in the folio.



*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. [Exit.

*[A retreat sounded.]*

*Par.* They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,  
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'T will make us proud to be his servant,  
Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;  
Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee.\*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.*

*Pan.* How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Serv.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter TROIILUS.*

*Pan.* O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

\* The reading of the quarto is "Sweet, above thought I love her," and the speech is there correctly given to Paris. *Thee* is the reading of the folio, and the words incorrectly conclude the speech of Helen.

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off! [Exit Servant.]

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields  
Where I may wallow in the lily beds  
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid!

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit PANDARUS.]

*Tro.* I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,  
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice repured<sup>a</sup> nectar? death, I fear me;  
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit PANDARUS.]

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there,

<sup>a</sup> *Thrice repured* in the quarto of 1609—that is thrice repurified. The folio has *thrice repured*.

carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

*Cres.* Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst

shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;  
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!  
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my  
tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My soul of counsel from me: \* Stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues  
thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:  
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:  
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I  
done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid?

\* So the folio; the quarto, *my very soul of counsel.*

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you :  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone :—I speak I know not what.\*

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love :

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;  
Or else you love not : For to be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* O, that I thought it could be in a woman,  
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !  
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnowed purity in love ;  
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most right !

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want smiles, truth tir'd with iteration,—  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be !  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,

\* We follow the reading of the folio. The sentences are transposed in the quarto.

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing ; yet let memory  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood ! when they have said, as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son ;  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
As false as Cressid.

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made : seal it, seal it ;  
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand :  
here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one  
to another, since I have taken such pains to bring  
you together, let all pitiful goers-between be  
called to the world's end after my name, call  
them all—Pandars ; let all constant men be  
Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all  
brokers-between Pandars ! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a  
chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak  
of your pretty encounters, press it to death :  
away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,  
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this  
gear ! [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done  
you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your  
mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things to love,\*  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes ;<sup>1</sup> sequest'ring from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :

\* The meaning appears to us sufficiently clear—through my presence in knowing what things I should love. The conjectural reading, unsupported by any authority, is—

“ That, through the sight I bear in things, to love I have abandon'd Troy.”

This is the favourite reading of Mr. Dyce.

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?  
make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)  
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,  
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake; and 't is a  
burthen

Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their  
Tent.

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of his  
tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
I will come last: 'T is like, he 'll question me,  
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd  
on him:

If so, I have derision medicinable,  
To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;  
It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We 'll execute your purpose, and put  
on

A form of strangeness as we pass along;—  
So do each lord; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him  
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak with  
me?

You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst  
Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles? would he aught  
with us?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the  
general?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus?

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha?—

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know they  
not Achilles?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd  
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,  
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and  
favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find  
out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;  
I 'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,<sup>a</sup>  
How much in having, or without, or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,<sup>b</sup>  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
Salutes each other with each other's form.  
For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd, and is married<sup>c</sup> there  
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,  
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,  
That no man is the lord of anything,  
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; who, like an arch,  
reverberates  
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in  
this;

And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.  
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what  
things there are,  
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-  
morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!  
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
While others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

<sup>a</sup> Parted—endowed with parts, talents.  
<sup>b</sup> The lines in brackets are not in the folio.  
<sup>c</sup> Married. So the quarto and folios. Mr. Collier's corrected folio has *mirror'd*.

*Achil.* I do believe it: for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me  
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds  
forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his  
back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great sized monster of ingritudes:  
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are  
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant  
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the  
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: If you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do  
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top  
yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the  
hand;

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue  
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world  
kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born  
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things  
past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete  
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,

And still it might; and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,

And drove great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical:  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

*Achil.* Ha! known?

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?  
The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;  
Which hath an operation more divine  
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,  
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much,  
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—  
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'  
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;  
They think, my little stomach to the war,  
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:  
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton  
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
(Be shook to airy air.\*

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

\* *Airy air* is the reading of the folio; the quarto has *air*.

*Patr.* Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

*Achil.* I see, my reputation is at stake;  
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O, then beware;  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,  
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;<sup>2</sup>  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* A wonder!

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, an't would out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, 'Good-morrow, Ajax;' and he replies, 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very laud fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will

put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to 't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]



[Achilles.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

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<sup>1</sup> SCENE III.—“*Expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes.*”

The 'Troy Book' gives a different version of the motives of Calchas in going over to the Greeks. Apollo appeared to the priest,—

“ And said Calchas twice by his name ;  
Be right well 'ware thou ne turn again  
To Troy town, for that were but in vain ;  
For finally learn this thing of me,  
In short time it shall destroyed be.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“*I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.*”

In the 'Destruction of Troy' we have the same conception worthy to be received into the poetry of Shakspeare :—

“The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greeks, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent ; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before.”





[Æneas meeting Paris.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who's that there?

*Dei.* 'Tis the lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too.—Good morrow,  
lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce:<sup>a</sup>  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can think or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:  
But, when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

<sup>a</sup> The sentence scarcely requires explanation: Æneas wishes Diomedes health, whilst there is no question, argument, between them but what arises out of the truce.

*Dio.* We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,

With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despitefull'st<sup>a</sup> gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—  
What business, lord, so early?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you: 'T was to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,  
For the unfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,  
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you;  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,<sup>b</sup>  
Myself, or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:  
He merits well to have her that doth seek her  
(Not making any scruple of her soileure)  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;

But he as he; which heavier for a whore?<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> This, the reading of the folio, is a common construction of the age of Shakspeare: the quarto reading is *despi'eful*.

<sup>b</sup> *Most* is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *best*.

<sup>c</sup> This is the reading of the folio.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.<sup>a</sup>  
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of PANDARUS.*

*Enter TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not;  
Go to bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* Prithee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you aweary of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys<sup>b</sup> no longer,  
I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,  
As tediously<sup>c</sup> as hell; but flies the grasps of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Prithee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

*Pan.* [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

<sup>a</sup> Warburton proposed to read *not sell*, which is evidently the meaning,—antithetically opposed to *buy*. Tieck and Voss support the change of reading; but our principle is not to alter the text. In this respect it is the same in both editions, the quarto and the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *Joy* in the quarto; the folio, *eyes*.

<sup>c</sup> *Tediously* in the quarto; the folio, *hideously*.

*Tro.* It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:  
I shall have such a life,—

*Pan.* How now, how now? how go maiden-heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!  
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll ne'er be good, Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!<sup>a</sup> hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*]

*Cres.* Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

[*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in; I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROIILUS and CRESSIDA*]

*Pan.* [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware: You'll be so true

to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

*As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIILUS.*

*Tro.* How now? what's the matter?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.<sup>1</sup>

*Tro.* Is it concluded so?

*Æne.* By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROIILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

*Pan.* Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now? what's the matter? Who was here?

*Pan.* Ah, ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods?—what's the matter?

*Pan.* Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death! 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

<sup>a</sup> *Capocchia*.—Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, explains *capocchio* as "a shallow skonce, a loggerhead."

I know no touch of consanguinity;  
 No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near  
 me,  
 As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!  
 Make Cressid's name the very crown of false-  
 hood  
 If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and  
 death,  
 Do to this body what extremity<sup>a</sup> you can;  
 But the strong base and building of my  
 love  
 Is as the very centre of the earth,  
 Drawing all things to it.—I will go in, and  
 weep;—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my  
 praised cheeks;  
 Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my  
 heart  
 With sounding Troilus. I will not go from  
 Troy. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus'  
 House.*

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,  
 ANTENOR and DIOMEDES.*

*Par.* It is great morning; and the hour pre-  
 fix'd  
 Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
 Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,  
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
 And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk in to her house;  
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
 And to his hand when I deliver her,  
 Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus  
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart. *[Exit.]*

*Par.* I know what 't is to love;  
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
 Please you walk in, my lords. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus'  
 House.*

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
 And no less in a sense as strong as that  
 Which causeth it: <sup>b</sup> How can I moderate it?

<sup>a</sup> *Extremity* in the folio; the quarto, *extremes*.

<sup>b</sup> This is the reading of the folio; the quarto has,

"And violenteth in a sense as strong  
 As that which causeth it."

If I could temporize with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
 The like allayment could I give my grief:  
 My love admits no qualifying cross: <sup>a</sup>  
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes, a sweet  
 duck!

*Cres.* O Troilus! Troilus!

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! Let  
 me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly say-  
 ing is,—

O heart, heavy heart,  
 Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,  
 By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast  
 away nothing, for we may live to have need of  
 such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now,  
 lambs?

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a  
 purity,

That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,  
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from  
 me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from  
 Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy, and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is 't possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of chance  
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:  
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-  
 selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
 Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to  
 them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

<sup>a</sup> *Cross* in the folio; *cross* in the quarto. The folio gives  
 as clear a meaning, without a mixed metaphor.

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasting<sup>a</sup> with the salt of broken tears.

*Ene.* [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the  
Genius so

Cries, 'Come!' to him that instantly must  
die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this  
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry  
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of  
heart,—<sup>b</sup>

*Cres.* I true! how now? what wicked deem  
is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to  
dangers

As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear  
this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see  
you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens!—be true, again?

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Distasting* in the folio; the quarto, *distasted*.

<sup>b</sup> These are three fine lines, perfectly intelligible:—their loving is well composed with the gift of nature, which gift (natural quality) is flowing, and swelling over, with arts and exercise. The second line is not found in the quarto, which reads,

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,  
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

The poet appears to have strengthened the image in his last copy. In the variorum editions we have—

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,  
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,  
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

Mr. Staunton reads—

"They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,  
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise:"

How novelties may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin.)  
Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.  
*Tro.* Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and  
pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not:  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

*Ene.* [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss, and let us part.

*Par.* [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;  
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper  
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit

Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach  
of it.

*Enter* ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DRIPHOBUS,  
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,

Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;

And, by the way, possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-  
pects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleas'd your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Cressid, thou dost not use me courte-  
ously,

To shame the seal<sup>a</sup> of my petition to thee,  
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.  
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:  
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,  
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,  
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth  
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be 't so,  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

*Tro.* Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—  
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.]

[*Trumpet heard.*]

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him in the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field  
with him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter* AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,  
and others.

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh  
and fair,  
Anticipating time. With starting courage,  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

<sup>a</sup> *Seal* is the reading of all the old copies. Warburton changed this to *zeal*, which is commonly adopted. The strong meaning attached to *seal* in Shakspeare's age is expressed in the line of the well-known song

"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain."

<sup>b</sup> Our text is pointed as the first folio (which is also the punctuation of the quarto). This is the modern punctuation:—

"Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
Anticipating time with starting courage.  
Give with thy trumpet," &c.

The variation was first introduced by Theobald.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek  
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.

*Agam.* Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas'  
daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter* DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

*Agam.* Is this the lady Cressid?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,  
sweet lady.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular;  
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—  
So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips,  
fair lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing  
now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;  
[And parted thus you and your argument.<sup>a</sup>]

*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our  
scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,  
mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim!

*Patr.* Paris, and I, kiss ever more for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your  
leave.

*Cres.* In kissing, do you render or receive?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I'll make my match to live,  
The kiss you take is better than you give;  
Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three  
for one.

*Cres.* You're an odd man; give even, or give  
none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

<sup>a</sup> The line in brackets is not in the folio.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.  
*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.  
*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.  
*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.—  
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?  
*Cres.* You may.  
*Ulyss.* I do desire it.  
*Cres.* Why, beg then.  
*Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,  
When Helen is a maid again, and his.  
*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.  
*Ulyss.* Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.  
*Dia.* Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.  
*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.  
*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her!  
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.  
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every tickling<sup>a</sup> reader! set them down  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,  
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.  
*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.  
*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.  
  
*Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROIILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.*  
*Æne.* Hail, all you state<sup>b</sup> of Greece! what shall be done  
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,  
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity  
Pursue each other, or shall be divided  
By any voice or order of the field?  
Hector bade ask.  
*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it?  
*Æne.* He cares not, he'll obey conditions.  
*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing<sup>c</sup>  
The knight oppos'd.

<sup>a</sup> Tickling in the folio; the quarto, ticklish.

<sup>b</sup> You state in the folio; the quarto, the state.

<sup>c</sup> Disprizing in the folio; the quarto, misprizing.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,  
What is your name?  
*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.  
*Æne.* Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er,  
know this;—  
In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:  
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.  
*Achil.* A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

*Re-enter DIOMEDES.*

*Agam.* Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it; either to the uttermost,  
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,  
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam; a true knight;<sup>a</sup>

Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;  
For what he has he gives; what thinks he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair<sup>b</sup> thought with breath:  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindicative than jealous love:  
They call him Troilus; and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[ALARUM. HECTOR and AJAX fight.

<sup>a</sup> We take the reading of the quarto. The folio has,  
"The youngest son of Priam;  
A true knight; they call him Troilus."

These words, they call him Troilus, are found below; and their introduction here is probably a clerical or typographical error.

<sup>b</sup> Impair. Johnson conjectured that *impure* was the proper word. In adopting this, Mr. Dyce contends that there is no precedent for the use of this word adjectively. The Cambridge editors retain *impair*, considering that etymologically it may have the sense "unsuitable."

*Agam.* They are in action.  
*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!  
*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st;  
 Awake thee!  
*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd:—there,  
 Ajax!  
*Dio.* You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*  
*Ene.* Princes, enough, so please you.  
*Ajax.* I am not warm yet, let us fight again.  
*Dio.* As Hector pleases.  
*Hect.* Why then, will I no more:—  
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,<sup>3</sup>  
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
 The obligation of our blood forbids  
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
 That thou couldst say—'This hand is Grecian  
 all,  
 And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood  
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
 Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,  
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish  
 member  
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
 Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,  
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
 Cousin, all honour to thee!  
*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:  
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:  
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
 A great addition earned in thy death.  
*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable  
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st  
 O yes  
 Cries, 'This is he,') could promise to himself  
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.  
*Ene.* There is expectance here from both the  
 sides,  
 What further you will do.  
*Hect.* We'll answer it;  
 The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.  
*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success,  
 (As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire  
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.  
*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great  
 Achilles  
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.  
*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:  
 And signify this loving interview  
 To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my  
 cousin;  
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.  
*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us  
 here.  
*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name by  
 name;  
 But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.  
*Agam.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one  
 That would be rid of such an enemy;  
 But that's no welcome: Understand more clear  
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with  
 husks  
 And formless ruin of oblivion;  
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,  
 From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-  
 come.\*  
*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Aga-  
 memnon.  
*Agam.* My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to  
 you. [*To TROIILUS.*  
*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's  
 greeting;—  
 You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.  
*Hect.* Whom must we answer?  
*Ene.* The noble Menelaus.<sup>b</sup>  
*Hect.* O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,  
 thanks!  
 Mock not, that I affect the untraded<sup>c</sup> oath;  
 Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:  
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to  
 you.  
*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly  
 theme.  
*Hect.* O, pardon; I offend.  
*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee  
 oft,  
 Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have  
 seen thee,  
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
 And seen thee scorning forfeits and subdue-  
 ments,<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The quarto has only the two first lines, and the last line, of this noble address; and yet Steevens and Malone talk about the additions and substitutions of "the player-actors."

<sup>b</sup> In the quarto, and the folio, this answer to the question of Hector is given by *Æneas*; in the variorum editions it is assigned to *Menelaus*; and then, without looking at the originals, Reed and M. Mason discuss whether it is proper for Menelaus to call himself "noble."

<sup>c</sup> *Untraded*—unused—uncommon.

<sup>d</sup> So the folio; the quarto,

"Despising many forfeits and subduements"



When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the  
air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;  
That I have said unto my standers-by,  
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !'  
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy  
breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee  
in,

Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I seen ;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him : he was a soldier  
good ;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Nest.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chrono-  
nicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with  
time :—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in  
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-  
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time.

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
in Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would  
ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the  
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you :  
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, wel-  
come :

After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,  
thou !—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles ?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on  
thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief ; I will the second  
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me  
o'er ;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of  
his body

Shall I destroy him ?<sup>a</sup> whether there, or there, or  
there ?

That I may give the local wound a name ;  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods,  
proud man,

To answer such a question : Stand again :  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture  
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee  
well ;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin ;—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :  
You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field ;  
We have had pelting<sup>a</sup> wars, since you refus'd  
The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;  
To-night, all friends.

<sup>a</sup> *Pelling*—petty.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive you :<sup>a</sup> afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.

Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

*Tro.* My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely  
Troilus :

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;  
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> You in the folio ; the quarto, *we*.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio ; the quarto,

" Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth."

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so  
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither ?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover  
there,

That wails her absence ?

*Tro.* O, sir, to such as boasting show their  
scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Hector.]



[Phrygian attired in Coat of Mail.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

### 1 SCENE II.—“*We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.*”

This part of the story is thus told in the ‘Destruction of Troy’:—

“Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Troyans, had a passing fair daughter, and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cressida—for which daughter he prayed to King Agamemnon, and to the other princes, that they would require the King Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to King Priamus at the instance of Calcas, but the Troyans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthy to die, that had left his own land and his natural lord, for to go into the company of his mortal enemies: yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greeks, the King Priamus sent Briseyda to her father.”

### \* SCENE IV.—“*Be thou but true of heart.*”

The parting of Troilus and Cressida is very beautifully told by Chaucer; but as Shakspeare's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, we see little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought

to have preserved her faith. Shakspeare has made her consistent:—

“And o'er all this, I pray you, quod she tho,\*  
Mine owné heartés sothfast suffisance!  
Sith I am thine all whole withouten mo,  
That while that I am absent, no pleasance  
Of other do me from your rémembrance,  
For I am e'er aghast; for why? men rede †  
That love is thing aye full of busy drede.

“For in this world there liveth lady none,  
If that ye were untrue, as God defend!  
That so betrayéd were or woe begone  
As I, that allé truth in you intend:  
And doubtéless, if that I other ween'd,  
I n'ere but dead, and ere ye cause yfind,  
For Goddés love, so be me nought unkind.

“To this answeréd Troilus, and said,  
Now God, to whom there is no cause awry,  
Me glad, as wis I never to Cressid',  
Sith thilké day I saw her first with eye,  
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:  
At short wordés, well ye may me believe;  
I can no more; it shall be found at preve. ‡

“Grand mercy, good heart mine! iwis, (quod she,)  
And, blissful Venus! let me never starve §  
Ere I may stand of pleasance in degree  
To quite him well that so well can deserve;  
And while that God my wit will me conserve  
I shall so do, so true I have you found,  
That aye honour to me-ward shall rebound:

\* Then. † Say. ‡ Proof. § Die.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

"For trusteth well that your estate royal,  
Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness  
Of you in war or tourney martial,  
Nor pomp, array, nobley,\* or eke riches,  
Ne maden me to rue on your distress,  
But moral virtue, grounded upon truth;—  
That was the cause I first had on you ruth:

"Eke gentle heart, and manhood that ye had,  
And that ye had (as me thought) in despite  
Every thing that souned into † bad,  
As rudeness, and peoplish ‡ appetite,  
And that your reason bridled your delight;  
This made aboven ev'ry creature  
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure."—Book iv.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE V.—"*Thou art, great lord, my father's  
sister's son.*"

This incident, which is one of the occasions in which Shakspeare, following the old romance-writers, desires to exhibit the magnanimity of Hector, is found in the 'Destruction of Troy:—

"As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt: and then Hector, for courtesy, embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired anything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side: but the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but to his best ad-

\* Nobility. † Verged towards. ‡ Vulgar.

vantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, that he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Troyans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

<sup>4</sup> SCENE V.—"*Tell me, you heavens, in which part  
of his body  
Shall I destroy him?*"

It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspeare to borrow the Homeric incident of Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him, not using it in the actual scene of the conflict, but more characteristically in the place which he has given it. The passage of Homer is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"His bright and sparkling eyes  
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all  
that prize  
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one  
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding  
bone  
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where  
there lay  
The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could  
display  
The place it sought,—even through those arms his friend  
Patroclus wore  
When Hector slew him." (Book xxii.)



[Hector.]



[SCENE IX. Death of Hector.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy?  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,  
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!\*

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

\* This is the reading of the quarto. The folio shortens the enumeration of loathsome diseases, with, "and the like."

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;  
A token from her daughter, my fair love;  
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, banging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

[*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with lights.]

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 't is;  
There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

[*Enter* ACHILLES.]

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* Follow his torch, he goes  
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside* to TROILUS.]

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.* And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES, and TRO. following.]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL., HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

[*Enter* DIOMEDES.]

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho? speak.

*Cal.* [*Within.*] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

*Cal.* [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.*

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge?

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cres.* Remember? yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember?

*Ulyss.* List!

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what:

*Dio.* Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a forsworn—

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

*Ther.* A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience!

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?

*Cres.* Diomed,—

*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear.

*Tro.* O plague and madness!

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous; The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction, come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come.

*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell torments,

I will not speak a word.

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*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord?

*Tro.* By Jove,

I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!

*Dio.* Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

*Dio.* But will you then?

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*]

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge; now, now, now!

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.<sup>1</sup>

*Tro.* O beauty! where's thy faith?

*Ulyss.* My lord,—

*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

*Dio.* Whose was't?

*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* Ay, that.

*Cres.* O all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.\*

*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.

*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith  
you shall not ;

I'll give you something else.

*Dio.* I will have this : whose was it ?

*Cres.* 'Tis no matter.

*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.

*Cres.* 'T was one's that loved me better than  
you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it ?

*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy  
horn,

It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 't is done, 't is past :—And  
yet it is not ;

I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why then, farewell ;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go :—One cannot speak  
a word,

But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes  
not you pleases me best.

*Dio.* What, shall I come ? the hour ?

*Cres.* Ay, come :—O Jove !  
Do come :—I shall be plagued.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night. I prithee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;  
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah ! poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind :

What error leads must err ; O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.]

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not  
publish more,

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we then ?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of mad-  
ness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here  
but now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !

Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,

For depravation, to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can  
soil our mothers ?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on's own  
eyes ?

*Tro.* This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against thyself !

Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt ; this is, and is not, Cressid !

Within my soul there doth conduce\* a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven !

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and  
loos'd ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy  
reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express ?

\* This is the line of the quarto. The folio has  
" He that takes that takes my heart withal."

\* Conduce in both copies ; in the Latin sense of lead to.



*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man  
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;  
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,  
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O, contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my  
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince:—My courteous  
lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROIUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

*Ther.* 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!  
I would croak like a raven; I would bode,  
I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing  
for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will  
not do more for an almond than he for a com-  
modious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and  
lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning  
devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently  
temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you  
gone:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

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*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to  
the day.<sup>2</sup>

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in in-  
tent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
slaughter.

*Cas.* O, it is true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother.

*Hect.* 'Begone, I say: the gods have heard me  
swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish  
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorrd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to count violent  
thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.\*

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the  
vow:

But vows to every purpose must not hold:  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

*Enter TROIUS.*

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-  
day?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

\* This is one of the very few obscure passages in this play.  
The lines are not in the quarto. In the folio we find,

"Do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful:

For we would count give much to as violent thefts,  
And rob," &c.

The ordinary reading is,

"For we would give much, to use violent thefts."

To use thefts is clearly not Shaksperean. Perhaps count, or  
give, might be omitted, supposing that one word had been  
substituted for another in the manuscript, without the  
erasure of that first written; but this omission will not give  
us a meaning. We have ventured to transpose count, and  
omit as:—

"For we would give much, to count violent thefts."

We have now a clear meaning:—it is as lawful, because we  
desire to give much, to count violent thefts as holy,

"And rob in the behalf of charity."

*Hect.* No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,  
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise and live.

*Hect.* O, 't is fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!

*Hect.* How now? how now?

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Tro.* Hector, then 't is wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword  
drawn,

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:  
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had  
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* *Æneas* is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith.

K 2

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell, dear Hector.  
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns  
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!  
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,

And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

*Tro.* Away!—Away!

*Cas.* Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take  
my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.[*Exit.*]

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-  
claim:

Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand  
about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.*  
*Alarums.*]

*Tro.* They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,  
believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other  
side, PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Tro.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter from you' poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally  
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune  
of this girl; and what one thing, what another,  
that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I  
have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an  
ache in my bones, that, unless a man were  
cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What  
says she there?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter  
from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]

The effect doth operate another way.—  
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to-  
gether.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;  
But edifies another with her deeds.

*Pan.* Why! but hear you.

*Tro.* Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and  
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.\*

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian  
Camp.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter THEBSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the eleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the eur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t' other.

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the  
river Styx,

I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:  
Have at thee!

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for  
thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the  
sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek, art thou for  
Hector's match?

\* This couplet, which we here find in the folio, is again used by Troilus towards the conclusion of the play—the last words which Troilus speaks. Following the quarto, the lines are usually omitted in the close of the third scene. Steevens says, "the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner." The Cambridge editors think that the repetition is an indication that the play has been tampered with by another hand than Shakspeare's.

Art thou of blood and honour?

*Ther.* No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse!<sup>3</sup>

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.*

I go, my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus  
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner;  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings  
Epistrophus and Cediüs: Polixenes is slain;  
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;  
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers; \* haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,<sup>a</sup>  
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,  
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls<sup>a</sup>  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy<sup>b</sup> Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and  
takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite  
That what he will he does; and does so much  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

<sup>a</sup> *Sculls*—shoals of fish. We have the word in Milton (*Paradise Lost*, book vii.):—

"Fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea."

<sup>b</sup> *Strawy*. This beautiful epithet is found in the quarto; the folio has *straying*.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,  
Come to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution;  
Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
With such a careless force, and forceless care,  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Erit.*  
*Dio.* Ay, there, there.  
*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Where is this Hector?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.  
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but  
Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy  
head!

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?  
*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?  
*Dio.* I would correct him.  
*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst have  
my office  
Fre that correction:—Troilus, I say! what,  
Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,  
thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!  
*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?  
*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.  
*Dio.* He is my prize. I will not look upon.  
*Tro.* Come both you cogging Greeks; have  
at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my  
youngest brother!

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at  
thee, Hector.

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy that my arms are out of use:  
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Erit.*

*Hect.* Fare thee well:—  
I would have been much more a fresher man  
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,  
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Erit.*

*Enter one in sumptuous armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a  
goodly mark:—  
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;  
I'll frush\* it, and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,  
abide?  
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

*Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmi-  
dons;  
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in  
breath;  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your arms.<sup>b</sup>  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—  
It is decreed Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then  
THERSITES.*

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker  
are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,  
'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,

\* Frush—break to pieces.    b Capell suggested aims.

Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt* PARIS and MENELAUS.]

*Enter* MARGARELON.

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:

Rest, sword: \* thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*]

*Enter* ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the veil and darking \* of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike; † this is the man I seek. [*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou; now, Troy, sink down; Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.— On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain, 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler-like, ‡ the armies separate.

\* *Darking*—so the folio; the common reading is *dark'ning*  
 † *Stickler-like*.—A stickler was an arbitrator, or sidesman; one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.— [*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nest.* Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

*Dio.* The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along:—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* ÆNEAS and Trojans.

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter* TROIUS.

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector?—The gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy! I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me not that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl eye be call'd

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:  
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.  
Stay yet:—You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
I'll through and through you!—And thou,  
great-siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS and Trojans.]

*As* TROIILUS is going out, enter, from the other  
side, PANDARUS.

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!

*Tro.* Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and  
shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[*Exit* TROIILUS.]

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine aching  
bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the  
poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds,

how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill  
requited! Why should our endeavour be so  
desired, and the performance so loathed? what  
verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me  
see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:  
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—  
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted  
cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:  
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be  
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;  
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]



[*Diomedes.*]



[Parting of Hector and Andromache.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*”

THE story of Cressida's falsehood is prettily told by Chaucer. Shakspeare has literally copied one of the incidents:—

“She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.”

But we still trace the inconsistency of character in Chaucer's Cressida. Mr. Godwin laments that Shakspeare has not interested us in his principal female, as Chaucer has done. Such an interest would have been bought at the expense of truth. The passages which we give will enable the reader to compare the two characters:—

“The morrow came, and ghostly for to speak,  
This Diomed is come unto Crescid;  
And, shortly, lest that ye my talé break,  
So well he for himselfen spake and said  
That all her sighés sore adown he laid;  
And, finally, the sothé for to sain,  
He reft her of the great of all her pain.

“And after this the story telleth us  
That she unto him gave the fair bay steed  
The which she onés won of Troilus,  
And eke a brooch (and that was little need)  
That Troilus' was, she gave this Diomed;  
And eke the bet from sorrow him to relieve,  
She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.

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“I find eke in the story ellés where,  
When through the body hurt was Diomed  
Of Troilus, then wept she many a tear  
When that she saw his widé woundés bleed,  
And that she took to keepen him good heed,  
And for to heal him of his woundés smart:  
Men say,—I n'ot,—that she gave him her heart.

“But truély the story telleth us  
There maden never women moré woe  
Than she when that she falsed Troilus;  
She said, Alas! for now is clean ago  
My name in truth of love for evermo,  
For I have falsed one of the gentiltest  
That ever was, and one of the worthiest.”

(Book v.)

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“*My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*”

Chaucer has mentioned the presaging dreams of Andromache in the ‘*Canterbury Tales*.’ We find the same relation in ‘*The Destruction of Troy*’:—

“Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slain. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying

## TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore. When it was in the morning, Andromeda went to the King Priamus and to the queen, and told to them the verity of her vision; and prayed them with all her heart that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle, &c. It happened that day was fair and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troilus issued first into the battle; after him Æneas. \* \* And the King Priamus sent to Hector that he should keep him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. \* \* At this instant came the Queen Hecuba, and the Queen Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and they humbled themselves and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed and desired him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and unarm him, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace thus armed as he was, and took his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the King Priamus came running anon, and took him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise he would be made to unarm him."

<sup>3</sup> SCENE V.—"Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse."

This circumstance is also minutely copied from 'The Destruction of Troy:—

"And of the party of the Trojans came the King Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troilus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troilus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troilus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

<sup>4</sup> SCENE V.—"—The dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers."

In 'The Destruction of Troy' we have an account of "a marvellous beast that was called Sagittary." The qualities of this beast are more circumstantially related by Lydgate:—

"And with him Guido saith that he had  
A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,  
Of form and shape in manner monstrous:  
For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,  
From the navel upward he was man,

And lower down like a horse yshaped:  
And thilke part that after man was maked  
Of skin was black and rough as any bear,  
Cover'd with hair fro cold him for to wear.  
Passing foul and horrible of sight,  
Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright  
As is a furnace with his red leven,  
Or the lightning that falleth from the heaven;  
Dreadful of look, and red as fire of cheer,  
And, as I read, he was a good archer;  
And with his bow both at even and morrow  
Upon Greeks he wrought much sorrow."

<sup>5</sup> SCENE V.—"Now here he fights on Galathe his horse."

"Then when Hector was richly arrayed, and armed with good harness and sure, he mounted upon his horse named Galathe, that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world." ('Destruction of Troy.')

<sup>6</sup> SCENE IX.—"Rest, sword."

Shakspeare borrowed the circumstance which preceded the death of Hector from the Gothic romancers:—

"When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that, if Hector were not slain, the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously, \* \* but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh: and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered: and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."

<sup>7</sup> SCENE IX.—"Strike, fellows, strike."

From the same authorities Shakspeare took the incident of Achilles employing his Myrmidons for the destruction of a Trojan chief; but they tell the story of Troilus, and not of Hector:—

"After these things the nineteenth battle began with great slaughter; and afore that Achilles entered into the battle he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to enelope Troilus, and to hold him without flying till he came, and that he would not be far from them. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged into the battle. And on the other side came Troilus, that began to flee and beat



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

down all them that he caught, and did so much, that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight: then the Myrmidons (that were two thousand fighting men, and had not forgot the commandment of their lord) thrust in among the Trojans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troylus, they found him that he fought strongly, and was enclosed on all parts, but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to succour him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron, and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troylus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and cast it under the feet of his horse, and took the body and bound

it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

But Shakspeare again goes to his 'Homer,' when Achilles trails Hector "along the field:"—

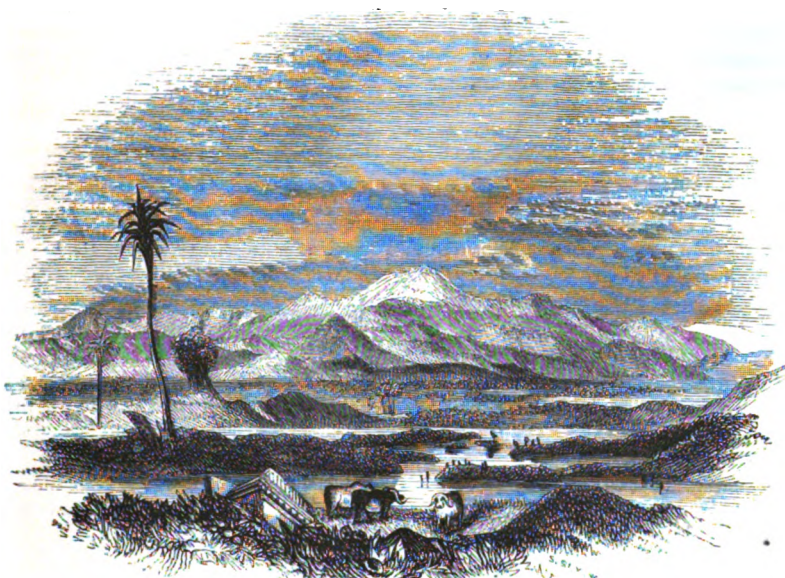
"This said, a work not worthy him he set to: of both feet  
He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th'ankle, and  
then knit

Both to his chariot with a thong of white leather, his head  
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid  
The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that freely  
flew;

A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they  
drew,  
With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heape  
and fill'd,

And there lay Troy's late gracious, by Jupiter exil'd,  
To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen."

(Chapman's Translation, book xxii.)



[Plains of Troy.]

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

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To Dryden's alteration of *Troilus and Cressida* was prefixed a prologue, "spoken by Mr. Betterton representing the Ghost of Shakspera." The Ghost appears to have entirely forgotten what he was on earth; and to present a marvellous resemblance, in his mind at least, to Mr. John Dryden. He says,

"In this my *rough-drawn* play you shall behold  
Some master-strokes."

Dryden, in his elaborate 'Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, containing the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy,' thus speaks of Shakspeare's performance:—

"For the play itself, the author seems to have begun it with some fire; the characters of Pandarus and Thersites are promising enough; but, as if he grew weary of his task, after an entrance or two he lets them fall; and the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms. The chief persons who gave name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished. Yet, after all, because the play was Shakspeare's, and that there appeared in *some places* of it the admirable genius of the author, I undertook to remove that heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly buried."

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The mode in which Dryden got rid of the rubbish, and built up his own edifice, is very characteristic of the age and of the man :—

“ I new-modelled the plot ; threw out many unnecessary persons ; improved those characters which were *begun and left unfinished*,—as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus, and Thersites ; and added that of Andromache. After this I made, with no small trouble, an order and connexion of all the scenes, removing them from the places where they were inartificially set.”

The result of all this is, that the Ghost of Shakspeare, in the concluding lines of the Prologue, thus enlightens the audience as to the dominant idea of the Troilus and Cressida :—

“ My faithful scene from true records shall tell  
How Trojan valour did the Greek excel ;  
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,  
And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain.”

Coleridge says, “ there is no one of Shakspeare's plays harder to characterise.” He has overlooked the circumstance that, when the “ rubbish ” was removed, it became a true record, a faithful chronicle, of the heroic actions of the Trojans,—our “ great forefathers.” With every admiration for “ glorious John ” in his own proper line, we must endeavour to understand what Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida is, by comparing it with what it *is not* in the alteration before us.

The notion of Dryden was to convert the Troilus and Cressida into a regular tragedy. He complains, we have seen, that “ the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive : Cressida is false, and is not punished.” The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have “ a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre.” To this standard, then, is Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. Cressida is *not* to be false ; but she is to die ; and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral :—

“ Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,  
Let subjects learn obedience to their kings.”

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida. They formed no part of the “ rubbish ” he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible ; and what in Shakspeare was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspeare intended by these scenes. Cressida is the exception to Shakspeare's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished,—but she is impure. In her, love is not a sentiment, or a passion,—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is Cressida from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita ! There is nothing in her which could be called love ; no depth, no concentration of feeling,—nothing that can bear the name of *devotion*. Shakspeare would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject ; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her, as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterisation, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew Cressida, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the 129th Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, “ Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont *heureux*.” Shakspeare has described such happiness :—

“ A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;  
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream :  
All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.”

It was this morality that Shakspeare meant to teach when he painted this one exception to the general purity of his female characters. He did not, like the dramatists of the age of the Restora-

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

tion, make purity the exception: his estimate of women was formed upon a truer standard. But when Dryden undertook to remodel Shakspeare, female morality, like every other morality, was merely conventional: virtue was an affair of expediency, and not of principle. With an entire submission, then, to the genius of his age, does Dryden retain and heighten the scenes between Troilus and Cressida until she quits the Trojan camp. But in all this, as we are to see in the sequel, Cressida is a perfectly correct and amiable personage. We are told, indeed, of her frank reception of the welcome of the Grecian chiefs; but there is no Ulysses to pronounce a judgment upon her character. She admits, indeed, the suit of Diomedes, and she gives him pledges of her affection; but this is all a make-believe, for, like a dutiful child, she is following the advice of her father:—

“ You must dissemble love to Diomed still:  
False Diomed, bred in Ulysses' school,  
Can never be deceiv'd  
But by strong arts and blandishments of love.  
Put 'em in practice all; seem lost and won,  
And draw him on, and give him line again.”

Upon this very solid foundation, then, are built up the terror and pity of Dryden's tragedy: and so Troilus, who has witnessed Cressida's endearments to Diomedes, refuses to believe that she is faithful; and then Cressida kills herself; and Troilus kills Diomedes; and Achilles kills Troilus; and all the Trojans are killed: and the Greeks who remain upon the field are very happy; and Ulysses tells us,—

“ Now peaceful Order has resumed, the reins,  
Old Time looks young, and nature seems renew'd.”

Here is a tragedy for you, which “is an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told, but represented; which, by moving us to fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds.” So Dryden quotes Aristotle; and so, not understanding Aristotle, he takes upon himself to mend Shakspeare, “incomparable,” as he calls him, according to the notions of “my friend Mr. Rymer,” and of “Bossu, the best of modern critics.”

The feeling which the *study* of Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida slowly but certainly calls forth, is that of almost prostration before the marvellous intellect which has produced it. But this is the result of study, as we have said. The play cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing eloquence,—their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to himself to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the ‘Iliad,’ and there he reads of “Achilles' baneful wrath.” A little onward he is told of the “high threatening” of “the great cloud-gatherer.” The gods of Homer are made up of human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none,—perfectly cognisant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. He does not stand above men by lowering men. Social life is not made worse than it is, that he who describes it may appear above its ordinary standard. It is not a *travestie* of Homer, or of Nature. The heroic is not lowered by association with the ridiculous. The heroes of the ‘Iliad’ show us very little of the vulgar side of human life,—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, that they cease to be heroic. How this is attained is the wonder. It is something to have got rid of the machinery of the gods,—something to have a Thersites eternally despising and despised. But this is not all. The whole tendency of the play,—its incidents, its characterisation,—is to lower what the Germans call herodom. Ulrici maintains that “The far-sighted Shakspeare most certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality;—as, indeed, if we closely observe the

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character of the 18th century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which penetrated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakspeare wrote this deeply-significant satire upon the Homeric herodom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself. He endeavoured, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the universal truth that everything that is merely human, even when it is glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a pure moral ideality, appears very small." All this may seem as super-refinement, in which the critic pretends to see farther than the poet ever saw. But to such an objection there is a very plain answer. A certain result is produced:—is the result correctly described? If it be so, is that result an effect of principle or an effect of chance? As a proof that it was the effect of principle, we may say that Dryden did not see the principle; and that, not seeing it, he entirely changed the character of the play as a work of art. For example, there is no scene in the drama so entirely in accordance with the principle as that in which Ulysses stirs up the slothful and dogged Achilles into a rivalry with Ajax. It is altogether so Shaksperian in its profundity,—it presents such a key to the whole Shaksperian conduct of this wonderful drama,—that we can scarcely be content merely to refer to it.

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!  
*Achil.* What are you reading?  
*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,  
How much in having, or without, or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Hear them, and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.  
*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,]  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
Salutes each other with each other's form.  
For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd, and is married here  
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.  
*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,  
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,  
That no man is the lord of anything,  
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; who, like an arch, reverberates  
The voice again; or like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.  
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there  
are,  
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!  
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.  
*Achil.* I do believe it: for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me  
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?  
*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: If you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost;—  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,  
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;  
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past;  
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object:

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might; and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
And ease thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
And drave great Mars to faction."

Now, of this scene Dryden has not a word. This was a part of the "rubbish" which he discarded. But in the place of it he gives us an entirely new scene between Hector and Troilus—"almost half the act." He says, "the occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton; the contrivance and working of it was my own." This scene, he admits, was an imitation of the famous scene in Julius Cæsar between Brutus and Cassius. And so Dryden transposes the principle of one play into another; destroys the grave irony of Troilus and Cressida by the introduction of the heroic seriousness which was in its place in Julius Cæsar; and gives us, altogether, a set of mongrel characters, compounded of the commonplace heroic and Shakspeare's reduction of the false heroic to truth and reason. And yet, with all his labour, Dryden could not make the thing consistent. He is compelled to take Shakspeare's representation of Ajax, for example. One parallel passage will be sufficient to show how Dryden and Shakspeare managed these things :—

DRYDEN.

"Thank Heav'n, my lord, you're of a gentle nature,  
Praise him that got you, her that brought you forth ;  
But he who taught you first the use of arms,  
Let Mars divide eternity in two,  
And give him half. I will not praise your wisdom,  
Nestor shall do 't; but pardon, father Nestor,  
Were you as green as Ajax, and your brain  
Temper'd like his, you never should excel him,  
But be as Ajax is."

SHAKSPEARE.

"*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet  
composure;  
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:  
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature  
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:  
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,  
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,  
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,  
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield  
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—  
Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—  
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him,  
But be as Ajax."

One of the most extraordinary subtleties of Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* arises out of the circumstance that the real heroic tragedy is found side by side with the ironical heroic. Cassandra, short as the character is, may be classed amongst the finest creations of art. Dryden omits Cassandra altogether. Was this a want of a real perception of "the grounds" of tragedy; or an instinct which avoided the higher heroic, when it would come into contrast with his own feebler conceptions? The Cassandra of Shakspeare is introduced to heighten the effect of the petty passions, the worldliness, which are everywhere around her. The solemn and the earnest are in alliance with madness.

Ulrici has a curious theory about this drama. Without yielding our assent to it, we give it as a specimen of very ingenious conjecture :—

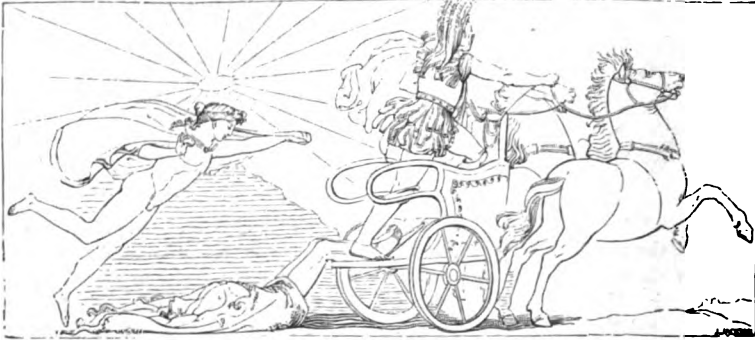
"Shakspeare, in working up these materials, has had another design in the background respecting himself and his art. We know that Ben Jonson, his friend as a man, but his decided opponent as a dramatist, had taken, as the object of his critical and poetical activity, the restoration of the dramatic art in his lifetime to the ancient form according to the (certainly misunderstood) rules of Aristotle; and afterwards, upon that principle, to form the English national drama. Shakspeare, although frequently attacked, has never openly and directly engaged in the advocacy of the contrary principle. He despised the contest; doubtless because nothing was to be decided upon by vague abstract reasoning upon the merits of a theory. But the points of his opponent's arrows were broken off as soon as it was proved, in the most striking manner, that the spirit and character, customs and forms of life, of antiquity were essentially different and distinct from those founded upon Christian opinions and represented in a Christian point of view. It would appear at once as a most contradictory beginning to wish to transfer foreign ancient principles of art into the poetry of Christianity. And how could Shakspeare, the poet, produce a proof more strong, striking,

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and convincing, than to embody his own principles in a poem open to all eyes! But we must not expect to find such a by-end made prominent; the poet, indeed, hedges it round, and scarcely leaves anything palpable. \* \* \* \* Only one single dismembered feature he suffered to remain, perhaps in order to act as a direction to the initiated. I mean the passage where Hector reproaches Troilus and Paris that they had discussed very superficially the controversy as to the delivering up of Helen:—

‘ Not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.’

The words have certainly their value in themselves for their comic effect. Nevertheless, may not this very useless and unfitting anachronism contain a satirical horsewhip for Shakspeare's pedantic adversaries, who everywhere invoked their Aristotle without sense or understanding!”



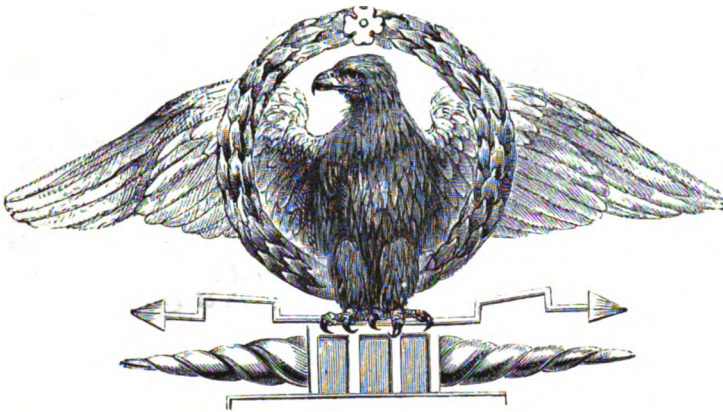
[Hector's Body dragged at the Car of Achilles.]











[Roman Eagle.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF CORIOLANUS.

'THE tragedy of Coriolanus' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. It is entered in the Stationers' registers of that year by the publishers of the folio, as one of the copies "not formerly entered to other men." In this folio edition it stands the first of the tragedies in the order of paging; but this arrangement, as in every other case, was in all likelihood an arbitrary one. The text is divided into acts and scenes, according to the modern editions; and the stage directions are very full and precise. With the exception of some obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text may be received as accurate.

It would be a natural and almost unavoidable consequence of printing blank verse from a post-humous manuscript, that the beginnings and endings of the lines should be occasionally confused, and that therefore the metrical arrangement of the author would not be perfectly represented in the printed copy. In the text of Coriolanus the variorum editors have, in several instances, corrected obvious defects of the original metrical arrangement; but they have as frequently destroyed its harmony and force from their invariable dislike to short lines and alexandrines, and so they piece on and lop off with their usual vigour.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Malone assigns the tragedy of Coriolanus to the year 1610. He has given Julius Cæsar to 1607, and Antony and Cleopatra to 1608. On the 20th of May of that year Edward Blount enters at Stationers' Hall "a book called Anthony and Cleopatra;" but in 1623 Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, enter "Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men." Amongst these is Antony and Cleopatra. All the plays thus entered in 1623 were unpublished; and not one of them, with the exception of Antony and Cleopatra, had been "formerly entered" by name. It is therefore more than probable that the 'Anthony and Cleopatra' entered in 1608 was not Shakspeare's tragedy; and we therefore reject this entry as any evidence that Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra was written as early as 1608. Upon the date of this play depends, according to Malone, the date of Julius Cæsar. We state, unhesitatingly, that there is no *internal* evidence whatever for the dates of any of the three Roman plays. We believe that they belong to the same cycle; but we would place that later in Shakspeare's life than is ordinarily done. Malone places them together, properly enough; but in assuming that they were written in 1607, 1608, and 1610, his theory makes Shakspeare almost absolutely unemployed for the last seven years of his life. We hold that his last years were devoted to these plays. The proof which Chalmers offers that Coriolanus was written in 1609 is one of the many ingenious absurdities with which he has surrounded the question of the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays. The citizens, he says, are resolved rather to die than to famish;—they require corn cheap; there is a dearth. He adds, very gravely, "Now the fact is, that the years 1608 and 1609 were times of great dearth. . . . . And *therefore* the play was probably written in 1609 while the pressure was yet felt." We say, now the fact is, the *original story* turns upon the dearth. In North's 'Plutarch' we have the causes assigned "which made the extreme dearth;" and Plutarch also tells us there was great scarcity of corn within the city. If Shakspeare found the dearth in the original story, what could the dearth of 1608 possibly have to do with the mode in which he dramatized it?

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### SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

'THE Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North,' is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of Plutarch we have,—full of fine robust English,—a book worthy of Shakspeare to read and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of Coriolanus told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Niebuhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. Plutarch, and especially Shakspeare, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity. In the Illustrations to each act we have given the parallel passages from Plutarch. We here subjoin a summary of the story of Coriolanus, which we extract from a work whose articles on classical literature are deservedly valued as authorities.

"Coriolanus was in the Roman camp when the consul Cominius was laying siege to Corioli. The besieged, making a vigorous sally, succeeded in driving back the Romans to their camp; but Coriolanus immediately rallied them, rushed through the gates, and took the place. Meanwhile the Antiates had come to relieve the town, and were on the point of engaging with the consul's army, when Coriolanus commenced the battle, and soon completely defeated them. From this time he was greatly admired for his warlike abilities, but his haughty demeanour gave considerable offence to the commonalty. Not long afterwards his implacable anger was excited by being refused the consulship; and when, on occasion of a severe famine in the city, corn was at last brought from Sicily (some purchased and some given by a Greek prince), and a debate arose whether it should be given gratis or sold to the plebs, Coriolanus strenuously advised that it should be sold. The people in their fury would have torn him in pieces had not the tribunes summoned

## CORIOLANUS.

him to take his trial. He was banished by a majority of the tribes, and retired to Antium, the chief town of the Volsci, where the king, Attius Tullus, received him with great hospitality. Coriolanus promised the Volsci his aid in their war against Rome, and they forthwith granted him the highest civil honours, and appointed him their general. He attacked and took many towns; among others, Circeii, Satricum, Longula, and Lavinium. At last he directed his march to Rome itself, and pitched his camp only a few miles from the city, where he dictated the terms at which the Romans might purchase a cessation of hostilities. Among other things he demanded that the land taken from the Volsci should be restored, that the colonies settled there should be recalled, and that the whole people should be received as allies and citizens with equal rights; and that all those who had enlisted themselves under his banners should be recalled, as well as himself. Coriolanus allowed them two terms, one of thirty and the other of three days, for making up their minds. After thirty days had expired, a deputation of four leading senators came before his tribunal, but were repulsed with threats if they should again offer anything but unreserved submission.

“On the second day the whole body of priests and augurs came in their official garb, and implored him, but in vain. On the third and last day which he had allowed them he intended to lead his army against the city, but another expedient was tried, and succeeded. The noblest matrons of the city, led by Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and his wife Volunnia, who held her little children by the hand, came to his tent. Their lamentations at last prevailed on his almost unbending resolution, and addressing his mother he said, with a flood of tears, ‘Take then thy country instead of me, since this is thy choice.’ The embassy departed; and, dismissing his forces, he returned and lived among the Volsci to a great age. According to another account, he was murdered by some of the Volsci, who were indignant at his withdrawing from the attack.

“After his death, however, the Roman women were mourning for him, as they had done for some former heroes. The public gratitude for the patriotic services of Volunnia was acknowledged by a temple, which was erected to Female Fortune.”\*

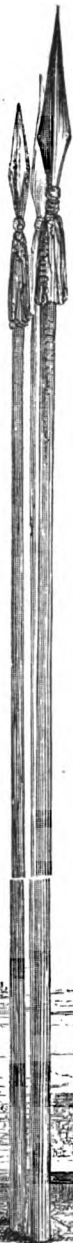
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### SCENERY AND COSTUME.

It would be extremely difficult to represent the Rome of Coriolanus,—its streets, its market-place, its senate-house,—without a violation of historical propriety. The stage may properly take a greater licence in this matter than we can venture to do. We have therefore judged it best to illustrate this tragedy by engravings which show the unchanging natural localities of Rome, and some of the remains of the ancient city. We do not assume that these remains belong to the Rome of Coriolanus: we know the contrary. But they are the nearest associations which we can offer; and they tell a tale of grandeur and of ruin which harmonizes with the leading idea of the drama.

The general subject of Roman *costume* will be more appropriately examined in the succeeding tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

\* English Cyclopædia—Art. Coriolanus.



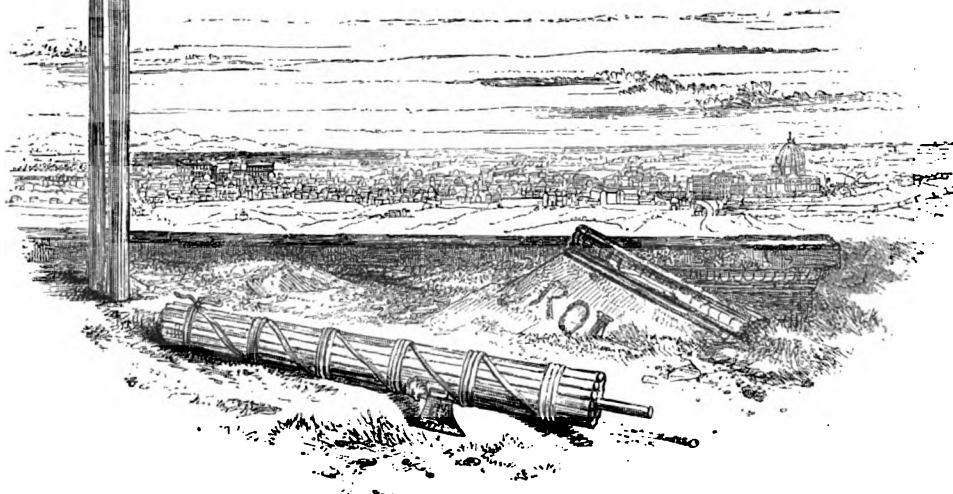
#### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*  
TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volsces.*  
COMINIUS, }  
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*  
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }  
Young MARCIUS, *son to Coriolanus.*  
*A Roman Herald.*  
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volsces.*  
*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*  
*Conspirators with Aufidius.*  
*A Citizen of Antium.*  
*Two Volscian Guards.*

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*  
VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*  
VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*  
*Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,  
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and  
other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*partly in ROME; and partly in the territories of  
the VOLSCIANS and ANTIATES.*





[Site of Rome. Tiburtine Chain in the distance.]

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*Cit.* Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

*Cit.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*Cit.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*Cit.* No more talking on't: let it be done: away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the

patricians, good:<sup>a</sup> What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:<sup>b</sup> for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

<sup>a</sup> *Good*—used in the sense in which Shylock, in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, says, "Antonio is a good man."

<sup>b</sup> *Rakes*. Spenser, in the 'FAIRY QUEEN,' has—  
"His body lean and meagre as a rake."

The allusion, there can be little doubt, is to the tool so called. The simile is very old; we find in Chaucer—

"As lean was his horse as is a rake."

This is the sense, we apprehend, in which the citizens are to "become rakes."

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*All.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*All.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: 'Would all the rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

\* All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the variorum editors to the *First* citizen. Malone thus explains the change:—"This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given by the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus." We adhere to the original copy, for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it. The *first* citizen is a hater of public *men*,—the second of public *measures*; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakspeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head," &c. The speaker is of a higher cast than he who says, "Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price."

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*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain;<sup>1</sup> make edicts for usury, to support usurers;<sup>2</sup> repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale 't a little more.

\* To stale 't. The original has to *scale* 't. We adopted it in previous editions, in the sense of *weight*. Menenius will venture to *weigh*, to try the value, of the "pretty tale," a little more; though they may have heard it, he will again *scale* it. But Steevens says, "to scale is to *disperse*"; though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it still wider, and diffuse it among the rest." Horne Tooke's explanation appears to us somewhat fanciful. To *scale*, he says, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *scylan*, to divide. The tale of Menenius is scaled by being divided into particulars. But Mr. Dyce has referred to a note by Gifford, on a passage in Massinger,

"I'll not stale the Jest  
By my relation."

Gifford gives this explanation of *stale*: "render it flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation;" and then notices the passage of the text. "This is one of a thousand instances which might be brought to prove that the true reading in Coriolanus, Act I., Sc. I., is

"To stale 't a little more."

The old copies have *scale*, for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects, petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so, indeed, it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens, too, prefers *scale*, which he proves, from a variety of authorities, to mean, "scatter, disperse, spread." Mr. Dyce adds, "There is, indeed, no end of passages in our early dramatists where *stale* occurs in the sense of 'make stale, familiar,' &c." Upon these authorities we adopt *stale* 't.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time when all the body's members  
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And mutually participate; did minister<sup>a</sup>  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile  
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!  
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?—  
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then?  
2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?  
*Men.* I will tell you;  
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)

Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.  
2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,

<sup>a</sup> This is usually pointed thus:—

"And, mutually participate, did minister," &c. Malone tells us that *participate* is participant (the participle). We follow the punctuation of the folio.

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.  
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,  
'That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;  
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop  
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,

And through the cranks and offices of man:  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live:<sup>a</sup> And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends,' (this says the belly,)  
mark me,—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* 'Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour<sup>b</sup> of all,  
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members: For examine  
Their counsels and their cares; digest things  
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,

No public benefit, which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly?—

<sup>a</sup> A common punctuation of this passage is,—

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves," &c.

This arrangement of the passage involves a difficulty. The "heart" is metaphorically "the court," the centre to which all tends: but the punctuation also makes it "the seat of the brain." This, Malone and Douce tell us, is right: the "brain" is here put for the understanding, and according to the old philosophy the "heart" was the seat of the understanding. Now, we do not believe that Shakspeare's judgment would have permitted him to use "heart" in a physical sense, and "brain" in a metaphysical; nor do we see why the belly should not claim the merit of supplying the head as well as the heart. The obvious meaning of the passage without any of this forced punctuation (the original uses no point but the comma) appears to us to be,—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means

"The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live."

<sup>b</sup> *Flour*. This is certainly the flour of corn opposed to "the bran." The word in the text was usually spelt *flower*, which, though correct in the original sense of flour, may give an erroneous impression to the reader.



2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale.\*—Hail, noble Marcius!

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

Where he should find you lions finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness

Deserves your hate: and your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favour swims with fins of lead,

And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;

And call him noble that was now your hate,

Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places of the city

You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

\* *Bale*—ruin. This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses the substantive *bale*; though we have frequently *baleful*. Malone tells us the word was obsolete in Shakspeare's time: but it is one of Shakspeare's merits to cling to our fine old language, not ostentatiously, but with a full knowledge of its powers.

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,

The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say!

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,

Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

And feebling such as stand not in their liking

Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,\*

And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry

With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high

As I could pick<sup>b</sup> my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,

What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolved: Hang 'em! They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth

proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods

sent not

Corn for the rich man only:—With these shreds

They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,

(To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale,) they threw

their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,

Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes

For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

\* *Ruth*—pity—another old word.

<sup>b</sup> *Pick*—pitch.

*Mar.* Here: What's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;

The Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius, Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,

Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where,

I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.\*

*Com.* Noble Marcius!

*1 Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, *COM.*, *MAR.*, *TIT.*, and *MENEN.* Citizens *steal away.*]

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

\* We must here understand, worthy of priority.

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird<sup>a</sup> the gods.

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him: he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.<sup>b</sup>

*Sic.* Such a nature, Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims, In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by

A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he Had borne the business!'

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well, Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall Of his demerits<sup>c</sup> rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come: Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear How the despatch is made; and in what fashion, More than in singularity, he goes Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

*Enter* TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

*1 Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius, That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels, And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours? Whatever have<sup>d</sup> been thought on in this state, That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome

<sup>a</sup> *Gird.* This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, "Every man has a gird at me."

<sup>b</sup> There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence. "The present wars devour him" is clear enough, we think; the wars absorb, eat up the whole man; and then comes the explanation; he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so valiant.

<sup>c</sup> *Demerits.* The word is used in a similar sense in Othello,—that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

<sup>d</sup> *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever things have.

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I  
think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*  
'They have press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east or west: The dearth is great;  
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.'

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly  
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in  
the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
To take in<sup>a</sup> many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:  
Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before us, for the remove  
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find  
They've not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;  
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever<sup>b</sup> strike  
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing;<sup>c</sup> or express

<sup>a</sup> *Take in*—subdue.

<sup>b</sup> *Ever*. In Reed's edition this was strangely changed to *never*. By "*ever* strike" we understand, we shall continue to strike; if we adopt the reading of *never*, we must accept *strike* in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Fir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Fir.* 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning  
him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in  
fear,

Though you were born in Rome:— His bloody  
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he  
goes;

Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Fir.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoocked it!

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors?

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your

finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No: at a word, madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*<sup>5</sup>

*Enter, with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'T is done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work;

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he:

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

*[Alarums afar off.]*

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: Our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

*[Other alarums.]*

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;

He that retires I'll take him for a Volsce, And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome!—you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,

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And make my wars on you! look to't: Come on;

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,

Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

*[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

*[Alarum continues.]*

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcus?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fiers at the very heels,

With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,

To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,

And when it bows stands up! Thou art left, Marcus:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish,<sup>a</sup> not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world

Were feverous, and did tremble

<sup>a</sup> The original has "*Cato's wish.*" This is evidently a typographical error; but, following Rowe and Pope, Mr. Monck Mason would have us read *Cato's wish.* We quite agree with Malone that the manuscript was *Cato's*: easily mistaken and rendered by the printer *Cato's.* But we do not agree with him that Shakspeare committed the anachronism in ignorance. Plutarch, describing the valiant deeds of Coriolanus, says (North's translation), "He was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be." Shakspeare puts nearly the same words in the mouth of Lartius; feeling that Lartius, in thus conveying the sentiment of Plutarch, was to the audience as a sort of chorus. He had no vision of a critic before him, book in hand, calling out that Cato was not born till two hundred and fifty-three years after the death of Coriolanus. Now Mr. Malone, with his exact chronology of the death of Coriolanus, commits in the eyes of modern learning as great a blunder as Shakspeare commits in his eyes. We hold to the reading of "*Cato's wish,*" which Theobald very sensibly gave us.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

*Lart.* O! 't is Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

*[They fight, and all enter the city.]*

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

*[Alarum continues still afar off.]*

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them!—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste

To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not:  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.

The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortane,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,

Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest!—So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!—

*[Exit MARCIUS.]*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: Away!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends; well fought:  
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods  
Lead their successes as we wish our own;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long  
is 't since?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from  
a tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of  
others,

But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O! let me clip you

In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is 't with Titus Lartius ?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees :  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other ;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?  
Where is he ? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague !—Tribunes for  
them !)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you ?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell ? I do not  
think :

Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?  
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire, to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle ? Know you on  
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust ?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,  
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,  
Of their best trust ; o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :  
And that you not delay the present ; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing :—If any such be here,  
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report ;  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself ;  
Let him alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his dis-  
position,  
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take  
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Voices ? None of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all : the  
rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;  
And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows :  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli,  
going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS  
and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant,  
a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports be guarded ; keep your  
duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch  
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve  
For a short holding : If we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct  
us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the  
Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do  
hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike ;  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame, and envy : Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first hudge die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after !

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloo me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Ans.* Wert thou the Hector  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts,—'We thank the gods,

Our Rome hath such a soldier!'—  
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison:  
Hadst thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done,

As you have done: that's what I can; induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country:  
He that has but effected his good will  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know  
The value of her own: 't were a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spine and top of praises vouch'd,  
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Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech  
you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,)  
of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,

We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution,

At your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marc'us!  
Marc'us! cast up their caps and lances:  
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you  
profane,  
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets  
shall

I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities  
be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel  
grows soft

As the parasite's silk!

Let them be made an overture for the wars! †

† We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage.

"May these same instruments, which you profane, Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made An overture for the wars!"

The stage direction of the original which precedes this speech is, "*A long flourish.*" The drums and trumpets have sounded in honour of Coriolanus; but, displeas'd as he may be, it is somewhat unreasonable of him to desire that these instruments may "never sound more." We render his desire, by the slightest change of punctuation, somewhat more rational:—

"May these same instruments, which you profane, Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall I' the field prove flatterers!"

The difficulty increases with the received reading; for, according to this, when drums and trumpets prove flatterers, courts and cities are to be made of false-faced soothing. Courts and cities are precisely what a soldier would describe as invariably so made. But Coriolanus contracts courts and cities with the field; he separates them:—

"Let courts and cities be Made all of false-fac'd soothing:"

and he adds, as we believe,



No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,  
Which without note here's many else have  
done,

You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolic;  
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you;  
More cruel to your good report than grateful  
To us that give you truly: by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it  
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging; and, from this  
time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—  
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank  
you:—

I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent:  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

"Where steel grows soft  
As the parasite's silk!"

The difficulties with the received reading are immeasurable. When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk the commentators say that *him* (the steel), used for *it*, is to be made an *overture* for the wars; but what *overture* means here they do not attempt to explain. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. The whole speech has now a leading idea:—

"Let them be made an overture for the wars."

Let them, the instruments which you profane, be the *prelude* to our wars. Opposed as we are to editorial licence, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him*; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies. We believe that the sense of these lines has been mistaken, in some measure, through the deviations from the metrical arrangement in the original. Our reading follows this arrangement much more closely than that of the modern editors.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I that  
now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request  
you

To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot!—  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:  
The blood upon your visage dries: 't is time  
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,  
bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!

*1 Sol.* 'T will be deliver'd back on good  
condition.

*Auf.* Condition?—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,  
Being a *Volsee*, be that I am.—Condition!  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Mar-  
cius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat  
me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we en-  
counter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in 't it had: for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some  
way;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

*1 Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's  
poison'd,  
With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements<sup>a</sup> all of fury, shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it  
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to  
 the city;

<sup>a</sup> *Embarquements*—embargoes.

Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that  
 must

Be hostages for Rome.

*I Sol.* Will not you go?

*Ans.* I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you, ('t is south the city mills,) bring me  
 word thither

How the world goes; that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

*I Sol.*

I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]



[The Tiber. Mount Aventine in the distance.]



[Isola Tiberina.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain.*”

PLUTARCH describes two insurrections of the Roman plebeians against the patricians. The second was on account of the scarcity of corn, and is thus related :—

“Now, when this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter offered of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection against the nobility and patricians upon the people’s misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former discord and sedition between them and the nobility. Because the most part of the arable land within the territory of Rome was become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, for that they had no time nor mean to cause corn to be brought them out of other countries to sow, by reason of their wars, which made the extreme dearth they had among them. Now those busy prattlers, that sought the people’s good will by such flattering words, perceiving great scarcity of corn to be within the city—and, though there had been plenty enough, yet the common people had no money to buy it—they spread abroad false tales and rumours against the nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had practised and procured the extreme dearth among them.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*Make edicts for usury, to support usurers.*”

This was the principal cause of the first insurrection ; and it was upon this occasion that Menenius told the “pretty tale” which Shakspeare has so dramatically treated :—

“Now, he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness, it fortunèd there grew sedition in the city, because the senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. \* \* \* \* \* Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they should somewhat yield to the poor people’s request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law ; other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one ; for he alleged that the creditors losing their money they had lent was not the worst thing that was herein ; but that the lenity that was favoured was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the commonalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion ; therefore he said, if the senate were wise they should betimes prevent and quench this ill-favoured and worse-meant beginning. The senate met many days in consultation about it ; but in the end they con-

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cluded nothing. \* \* \* \* Of those, Menenius Agrippa was he who was sent for chief man of the message from the senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people on the behalf of the senate, knit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner:—That, on a time, all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it that it only remained in the midst of the body, without doing anything, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest; whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said, It is true I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he), O you, my masters and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike between the senate and you; for, matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the commonwealth, the senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you. These persuasions pacified the people, conditionally that the senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition."

Shakspeare found the apologue also in Camden's 'Remains,' and he has availed himself of one or two peculiarities of the story, as there related:—

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulf of all their labours: for whereas the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands laboured, the feet travelled, the tongue spake, and all parts performed their functions; only the stomach lay idle and consumed all. Hereupon they jointly agreed all to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazy and public enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all that they called a common council. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body, the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered and could not lay open the matter; therefore they all with one accord desired the advice of the heart. There reason laid open before them," &c.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—"I pray you, daughter, sing."

According to Plutarch, Coriolanus, when he married, "never left his mother's house;" and Shakspeare has beautifully exhibited Volumnia and Valeria following their domestic occupations together:—

"The only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him;

for he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy. Which desire, they say, Epaminondas did avow and confess to have been in him, as to think himself a most happy and blessed man that his father and mother in their lifetime had seen the victory he won in the plain Leuctres. Now, as for Epaminondas, he had this good hap, to have his father and mother living to be partakers of his joy and prosperity; but Martius, thinking all due to his mother, that had been also due to his father if he had lived, did not only content himself to rejoice and honour her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet never left his mother's house therefore."

<sup>4</sup> SCENE III.—"To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak."

Plutarch thus describes the prowess of Coriolanus,

"When yet he was but tender-bodied:—"

"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin, surnamed the Proud (that had been King of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome), did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy, even, as it were, to set up his whole rest upon a battle by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the dictator; and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore, first of all, he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs: for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

<sup>5</sup> SCENE IV.—"Before Corioli."

Shakspeare has followed Plutarch very closely in his narrative of the war against the Volces:—

"In the country of the Volces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city, and of most fame, that was called Corioli, before the which the consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore, all the other Volces fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

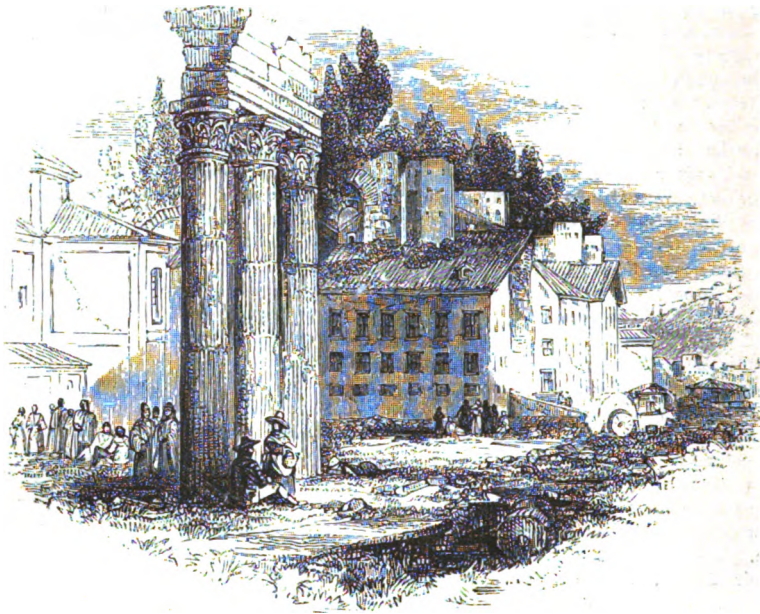
It, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts, and, taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time), to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Corioliars, making small account of them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which at the first the Corioliars had the better, and drove the Romans back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at that time, running out of the camp with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight with a loud voice. For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeared with the sound of his voice and grimness of his countenance. Then there flocked about him immediately a great number of Romans: whereat the enemies were so afeared, that they gave back presently. But Martius, not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that fled for life. And there perceiving that the Romans retired back, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture himself to follow the flying enemies into their city, for that it was full of men of war, very well armed and appointed, he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that Fortune had opened the gates of the city more for the followers than the flyers: but all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. Howbeit, Martius, being in the throng amongst the enemies, thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entered the same among them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turn their face upon him, or offer to stay him. But, he looking about him, and seeing he was entered the city with very few men to help him, and perceiving he was environed by his enemies that gathered round about to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, and with a wonderful courage and valiantness he made a lane through the midst of them, and overthrew also those he laid at: that some he made run to the furthest part of the city, and other for fear he made yield themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him. By this means, Martius, that was

gotten out, had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city. The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the soldiers began incontinently to spoil, to carry away, and to look up the booty they had won. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no time now to look after spoil, and to run straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow-citizens, peradventure, were fighting with their enemies: and how that, leaving the spoil, they should seek to wind themselves out of danger and peril. Howbeit, cry and say to them what he could, very few of them would hearken to him. Wherefore, taking those that willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city, and took his way toward that part where he understood the rest of the army was, exhorting and entreating them by the way that followed him not to be faint-hearted; and oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious and favourable unto him, that he might come in time to the battle, and in a good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when they were put in battle array, and ready to take their targets on their arms, and to gird them upon their arming coats, had a custom to make their wills at that very instant, without any manner of writing, naming him only whom they would make their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Martius came just to that reckoning, whilst the soldiers were doing after that sort, and that the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him at his first coming all bloody and in a sweat, and but with a few men following him, some thereupon began to be afeared. But soon after, when they saw him run with a lively cheer to the consul, and to take him by the hand, declaring how he had taken the city of Corioles, and that they saw the consul Cominius also kiss and embrace him, then there was not a man but took heart again to him, and began to be of good courage, some hearing him report from point to point the happy success of this exploit, and other also conjecturing it by seeing their gestures afar off. Then they all began to call upon the consul to march forward, and to delay no longer, but to give charge upon the enemy. Martius asked him, how the order of the enemy's battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men? the consul made him answer, that he thought the bands which were in the vaward of their battle were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant courage would give no place to any of the host of their enemies: then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul granted him, greatly praising his courage. Then Martius, when both armies came almost to join,

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advanced himself a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands; he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battle of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compass him in between them: which the consul Cominius perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvellous bloody about Martius, and in a very short space many were slain in the place. But in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies and brake their array; and, scattering them, made them fly. Then they prayed Martius that he would retire to the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great pain he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had upon him: but Martius answered them that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted: and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown, and numbers of them slain and taken prisoners. The next morning, betimes, Martius went to the consul, and the other Romans with him. There the consul Cominius, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victory. Then he spake to Martius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, both for that he himself saw him do with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported unto him. So in the end he willed Martius that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goods they had won (whereof there was great store), ten of

every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gave him, in testimony that he had won that day the price of prowess above all other, a goodly horse with a comparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole army beholding, did marvellously praise and commend. But Martius, stepping forth, told the consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides that his service had deserved his general's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honourable recompense, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Only, this grace (said he) I crave and beseech you to grant me: among the Volces there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who, living before in great wealth in his own country, liveth now a poor prisoner in the hands of his enemies: and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keep him from being sold as a slave. The soldiers, hearing Martius's words, made a marvellous great shout among them. \* \* \* \* After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius began to speak in this sort:—We cannot compel Martius to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree that henceforth he be called Coriolanus, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination. And so ever since he still bare the third name of Coriolanus.”



[Site of the Roman Forum.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

*Bru.* Good, or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

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*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

*Both Trib.* Well, well, sir, well!

*Men.* Why, 't is no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and

\* The repetition of the preposition, as in this sentence, is found in other passages of Shakspeare. In *Romeo and Juliet*,

“That fair, for which love groan'd for:”  
In *As You Like It*, “the scene *wherein* we play in.”



be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

*Br.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,<sup>a</sup> and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

*Br.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion:<sup>b</sup> one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson<sup>c</sup> conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Br.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourne the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like

<sup>a</sup> Johnson explains, "with allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own."

<sup>b</sup> See recent New Reading at the end of Act II.

<sup>c</sup> *Bisson*—blind.

mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

*Br.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bench in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they should encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Two Ladies.* Nay, 't is true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw 't.

*Men.* A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric<sup>a</sup> tick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

<sup>a</sup> *Empiric tick*. This is a word coined from empiric, and is spelt in the original "*empericquique*."



*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much :—  
Brings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds  
become him.

*Vol.* On 's brows :<sup>a</sup> Menenius, he comes the  
third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought toge-  
ther, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 't was time for him too, I'll war-  
rant him that : an he had staid by him, I would  
not have been so fidiused for all the chests in  
Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the  
senate possessed of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let 's go :—Yes, yes, yes :  
the senate has letters from the general, wherein  
he gives my son the whole name of the war : he  
hath in this action outdone his former deeds  
doubly.

*Vol.* In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke  
of him.

*Men.* Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not  
without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True? pow, wow!

*Men.* True? I'll be sworn they are true :—  
Where is he wounded?—God save your good  
worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*]  
Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to  
be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm :  
There will be large cicatrices to show the people  
when he shall stand for his place. He received  
in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One in the neck, and two in the thigh,  
—there 's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition,  
twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it 's twenty-seven : every gash  
was an enemy's grave : [*a shout and flourish.*]  
Hark! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius : before  
him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves  
tears :

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie ;  
Which, being advanc'd, declines ; and then men  
die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS  
and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLA-  
NUS, crowned with an oaken garland ; with  
Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

<sup>a</sup> Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius,  
"brings a' (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the  
old man's observation about the "wounds."

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did  
fight

Within Corioli' gates : where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ;  
These in honour follows, Coriolanus :—  
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart ;  
Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother!

*Cor.* O! you have, I know, petition'd all the  
gods

For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up!

My gentle Marcus, worthy Caius,  
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?  
But, O thy wife!

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd  
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now the gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady,  
pardon. [*To VALERIA.*]

*Vol.* I know not where to turn ;—O welcome  
home ;

And welcome, general :—And you are welcome  
all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes : I could  
weep,

And I could laugh ; I am light and heavy :  
Welcome :

A curse begin at every root of his heart

That is not glad to see thee!—You are three  
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of  
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that  
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, war-  
riors :

We call a nettle but a nettle ;

And the faults of fools but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours :  
[*To his wife and mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited ;

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

*Vol.* I have liv'd  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy :  
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt  
not,

But our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol !

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*  
*The Tribunes remain.*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the  
bleared sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture<sup>a</sup> lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin<sup>b</sup> pins  
Her richest lockram<sup>c</sup> 'bout her reechy neck,  
Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks,  
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions : all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens  
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nicely-gawd'd cheeks,<sup>d</sup> to the wanton  
spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his ho-  
nours

<sup>a</sup> *Rapture*—fit.

<sup>b</sup> *Malkin*. A scarecrow—a figure of rags—is called a *malkin*. Is the kitchen-wench called a *malkin* from her supposed resemblance to such a figure? On the other hand, *Malkin* is the diminutive of *Mall*, *Moll*; and thus the lady of the May had degenerated into *Malkin* in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher. Is the scarecrow then called after the kitchen-wench? Our readers must decide the question for themselves.

<sup>c</sup> *Lockram* was no doubt a coarse linen. In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Spanish Curate' we have—

"To poor maidens' marriages  
I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*."

<sup>d</sup> Shakspeare has the same image in the *Tarquin and Lu- crece*, of white and red contending for the empire of a lady's cheek :—

"The silent wars of lilies and of roses  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

But we're inclin'd to think that in the passage before us the word "damask" conveys an allusion to the more fearful War of the Roses, which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland :—

"Her cheeks  
Where roses mix : no civil war  
Between her York and Lancaster."

From where he should begin, and end ; but  
will

Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not the commoners, for whom we  
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new  
honours ;

Which that he'll give them, make I as little  
question

As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless<sup>a</sup> vesture of humility ;

Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word : O, he would miss it,  
rather

Then carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to  
him,

And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to  
put it

In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good  
wills ;<sup>b</sup>

A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people in what hatred  
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he  
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,  
And dispropertied their freedoms : holding them,  
In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war ; who have their  
provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say,—suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall touch the people,—(which time shall not  
want,

If he be put upon 't, and that's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire

<sup>a</sup> *Napless*—threadbare.

<sup>b</sup> The passage may be either taken to mean that the purpose of Coriolanus will be to him a sure destruction, in the same way as the good *wills* (ironically) of the tribunes ; or as our good, our advantage, *wills* (a verb).

To kindle their dry stubble;<sup>a</sup> and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol.

'T is thought that Marcius shall be consul:  
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,  
And the blind to hear him speak: Matrons  
flung gloves,<sup>b</sup>

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
A shower and thunder, with their caps and  
shouts:

I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here:  
How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 't is thought of  
every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-  
geance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great  
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er  
loved them; and there be many that they have  
loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they  
love they know not why, they hate upon no  
better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus  
neither to care whether they love or hate him,  
manifests the true knowledge he has in their  
disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness,  
lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their

<sup>a</sup> *This*—this plan—is the antecedent to "will be his fire." The double parenthesis makes the sentence involved; and we always doubted whether *teach* was the right word. We incline to think that *touch* was the word; as in *Othello*,—

"Touch me not so near."

We now adopt *touch*.

<sup>b</sup> We give the metrical arrangement as well as the words of the original. The versification indicates the freedom which marks all Shakspeare's later plays. Steevens says, "the words *the* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse." These words were adopted by Hanmer from Pope. The following arrangement was long received:—

"You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves."

love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,<sup>a</sup> without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volscs,  
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that hath  
'Thus stood for his country: Therefore, please  
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom  
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember  
With honours like himself.

<sup>a</sup> *Bonneted.* The variorum editors said that to *bonnet* is to take off the bonnet; as to *cap* in the academic phrase is to take off the cap. In illustration we may remark that in the quarto edition of *Othello* we find "oft capp'd;" in the folio "off-capp'd;" and we believe from the collateral circumstances that the latter is the true reading. (See note on *Othello*, Act 1. Scene 1.) In a subsequent scene *Othello* says—

"My demerits  
May speak, unbonneted."

This is clearly *without* the bonnet, in whatever sense we receive it. (See note on *Othello*, Act 1. Scene 11.) But here in the text before us we are told that *bonneted* also means without the bonnet. Malone says, "They humbly took off their bonnets without any farther deed." The context appears to us to give exactly the contrary meaning: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people," put on their bonnets "without any farther deed."

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius :  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us  
think,  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the  
people,  
We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts  
Inclined to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off ; \*  
I would you rather had been silent : Please you  
To hear Cominius speak ?

*Bru.* Most willingly :  
But yet my caution was more pertinent  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people ;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your  
place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon ;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir : yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from  
words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your  
people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head  
i' the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.]

*Men.* Masters o' the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you  
now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Comi-  
nius.

\* That is nothing to the matter.

*Com.* I shall lack voice : the deeds of Corio-  
lanus

Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held  
That valour is the chiefest virtue,  
And most dignifies the haver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he  
fought

Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him  
fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid  
An o'erpress'd Roman,<sup>a</sup> and i' the consul's  
view

Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee :<sup>b</sup> in that day's  
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,  
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his  
meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He lurch'd<sup>c</sup> all swords o' the garland. For this  
last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say  
I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the  
fliers ;

And by his rare example made the coward  
Turn terror into sport : as weeds<sup>d</sup> before  
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's  
stamp),

<sup>a</sup> A touch of Malone's minute criticism will amuse our readers:—"This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies : but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject."

<sup>b</sup> On his knee—down on his knee.  
<sup>c</sup> Lurch'd. We have a similar expression in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman' : "You have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland." The term is, or was, used in some game of cards, in which a complete and easy victory is called a lurch ; and the word, as we find in Florio's Italian Dictionary, was in use in Shakspeare's time,—"gioco marzo—a lurch at any game ;" and "gioco marcio—a lurch-game."

<sup>d</sup> Weeds. The second folio changed this word to waves ; and Steevens adopting it, this reading became the common one. Malone supports the original ; of the correctness of which we think there can be no doubt. Waves falling before the stem of a vessel under sail is an image which conveys no adequate notion of a triumph over petty obstacles : a ship cuts the waves as a bird the air ; there is opposition to the progress, but each moves in its element. But take the image of weeds encumbering the progress of a vessel under sail, but with a favouring wind dashing them aside ; and we have a distinct and beautiful illustration of the prowess of Coriolanus. Steevens says, "Weeds, instead of falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the stem of it." But Shakspeare was not thinking of the weed floating on the billow : the Avon or the Thames supplied him with the image of weeds rooted at the bottom.

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli like a planet: Now all's his:  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigat,  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'T were a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours

Which we devise him.

*Con.* Our spoils he kick'd at;  
 And look'd upon things precious as they were  
 The common muck o' the world; he covets less

Than misery itself would give; rewards  
 His deeds with doing them; and is content  
 To spend the time, to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble;  
 Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
 To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
 My life and services.

*Men.* It then remains  
 That you do speak to the people.<sup>1</sup>

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
 Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot  
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat  
 them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:  
 please you

That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
 Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
 One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to 't:—  
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom;  
 And take to you, as your predecessors have,  
 Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
 Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that?

*Cor.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and  
 thus;—

Show them the unaching scars which I should  
 hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
 Of their breath only:—

*Men.* Do not stand upon 't.—  
 We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
 Our purpose to them;—and to our noble  
 consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* Then exeunt Senators.]

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the  
 people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent! He will  
 require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested  
 Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
 Of our proceedings here; on the market-place  
 I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* The Market-place.

*Enter several Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we  
 ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it,  
 but it is a power that we have no power to do:  
 for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his  
 deeds, we are to put our tongues into those  
 wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us  
 his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble  
 acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous:  
 and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to  
 make a monster of the multitude; of the which,  
 we being members, should bring ourselves to be  
 monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of,  
 a little help will serve: for once, when we stood  
 up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call  
 us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not  
 that our heads are some brown, some black,  
 some auburn,\* some bald, but that our wits are  
 so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all  
 our wits were to issue out of one skull, they  
 would fly east, west, north, south; and their

\* *Auburn.* The word of the original is *abram*, and it so  
 continued until the publication of the fourth folio, when it  
 became *auburn*.

consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. [*Exeunt.*]

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

*Cor.* What must I say?—  
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my  
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of our own drums.

*Men.* O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that: you must desire  
them

To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by them.

*Men.* You'll mar all;  
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray  
you,

In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*]

*Enter two Citizens.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,

And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a  
brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought  
you to 't.<sup>a</sup>

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir: 'T was never my desire yet to  
trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any-  
thing, we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the  
consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly, sir? I pray, let me ha' 't: I have  
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in  
private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir:—There is in all two  
worthy voices begged:—I have your alms;  
adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 't were to give again,—But 't is no  
matter. [*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the  
tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have  
here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your  
country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies,  
you have been a rod to her friends; you have  
not, indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtu-  
ous that I have not been common in my love.  
I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people,  
to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a con-  
dition they account gentle: and since the wis-  
dom of their choice is rather to have my hat  
than my heart, I will practise the insinuating  
nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that  
is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some  
popular man, and give it bountifully to the  
desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be  
consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and  
therefore give you our voices heartily.

<sup>a</sup> All this dialogue is printed in the original as we print  
it,—as prose. The variorum editors turned it into limping  
blank-verse, following Capell.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—  
Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown\* should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honour go  
To one that would do thus.—I am half through  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices.—  
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen and heard of; for your voices  
Have done many things, some less, some more:  
your voices:  
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All.* Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!  
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes  
Endue you with the people's voice:  
Remains, that, in the official marks invested,  
You anon do meet the senate.

\* *Woolvish gown.* The reading of the first folio is *woolvish tongue*; of the second, *woolvish gowne*. We believe the correction of *tongue* to *gown* is right. Some of the commentators think that the original word was *toge*. It is difficult to say whether *woolvish* means a gown made of wool, or a gown resembling a wolf or *wolfish*. The notion of Steevens that the allusion was to the wolf in sheep's clothing seems merely fanciful. Mr. Collier's Corrector gives us *woolless togue*. As the gown was made of wool, it surely cannot be *woolless*.

*Cor.* Is this done?  
*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
The people do admit you; and are summon'd  
To meet anon upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,  
'T is warm at his heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,  
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*Cit.* No, no; no man saw 'em.  
[*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me;  
Your voices therefore: ' When we granted that,  
Here was,—'I thank you for your voices,—  
thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no  
power,

But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving  
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,  
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices,  
And translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his  
spirit,

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his  
choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive  
He did solicit you in free contempt,  
When he did need your loves; and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
bodies  
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to  
cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.* Have you,  
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,  
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him  
yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends  
to piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those  
friends,  
They have chose a consul that will from them  
take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble  
weed:

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your  
loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance,  
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we  
labour'd

(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections; and that, your  
minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do  
Than what you should, made you against the  
grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures  
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued: and what stock he springs  
of,<sup>2</sup>

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence  
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]<sup>a</sup>  
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,  
Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances: but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

<sup>a</sup> The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice being censor;" and Plutarch tells us who was "nobly named:"—"Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." The Cambridge editors have a reading of their own, which leaves the words of the folio still in their order:—

"And [Censorinus] nobly named so,  
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor."



*Brw.* Say, you ne'er had done 't,  
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:  
And presently, when you have drawn your  
number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*Cit.* We will so: almost all repent in their  
election.

[*Several speak.*  
*Exeunt* Citizens.]

*Brw.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,

Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol!  
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the  
people;  
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]

### RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 169.

"I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that  
loves a cup of hot wine *with not* a drop of allaying Tiber in  
't; said to be somewhat imperfect in favouring the *first* com-  
plaint; hasty," &c.

"I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that  
loves a cup of hot wine, *without* a drop of allaying Tiber in  
't: said to be somewhat imperfect in favouring the *thirst*  
complaint; hasty," &c.—*COLLIER.* *MS. Corrector.*

The alteration of *with not* to *without* is needless; and in  
Lovelace's beautiful 'Verses to Althea,' we have—

"When flowing cups run swiftly round,  
*With no* allaying Thames."

Would either passage be improved by substituting *without*?  
In the second part of the sentence, common sense will not  
set *thirst* aside because Mr. Singer has discovered that *thirst*  
was sometimes provincially pronounced and spelt *first* and  
*furst*. We believe the expression has nothing to do with  
the hot wine that Menenius loved. He acknowledges to be  
jovial; he confesses to the imperfection of listening with  
favour to him who first complains of a grievance; he is  
hasty, &c. *Complaint* is invariably used by Shakspeare in  
this sense. The secondary meaning of complaint—a malady  
—is modern.



[Roman Victory.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“ *It then remains,  
That you do speak to the people.*”

THE circumstance of Coriolanus standing for the consulship, which Shakspeare has painted with such wonderful dramatic power, is told very briefly in Plutarch :—

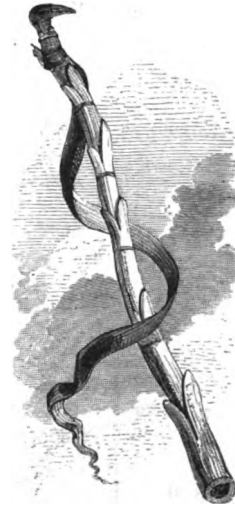
“ Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship, and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and especially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth ; for the custom of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election ; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness. \* \* \* \* Now, Martius, following this custom, showed many wounds and

cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight ; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man ; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy.”

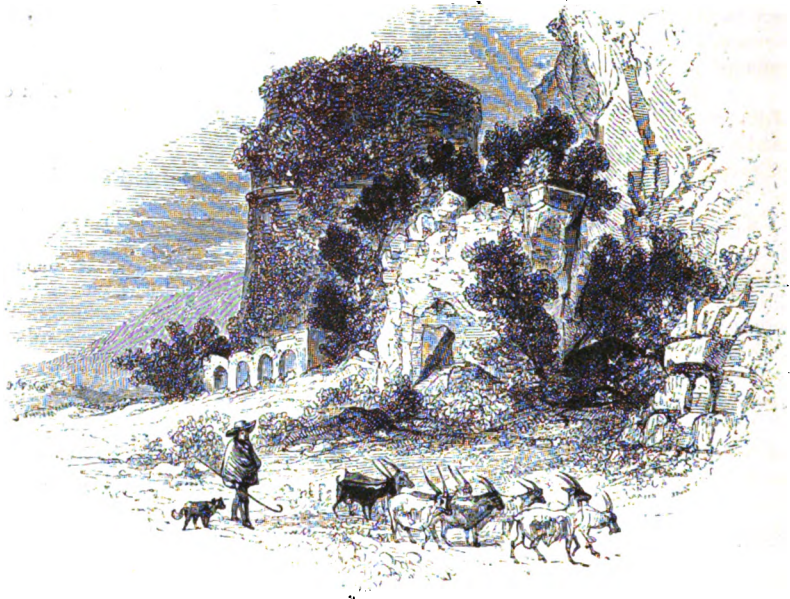
<sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“ *What stock he springs of.*”

The ‘ Life of Coriolanus,’ in Plutarch, opens with the following sentence :—

“ The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house was Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice, through whose persuasion they made a law that no man from thenceforth might require or enjoy the censorship twice.”



[Augur's Staff.]



[Old Walls of Rome.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

*Cornels. Enter CORIOIANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart.* On safeguard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword:

That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*]

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?<sup>a</sup>

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*1 Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?—<sup>1</sup>

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd  
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them sithence?<sup>b</sup>

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Com.* You are like to do such business.<sup>c</sup>

*Bru.* Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By yon  
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that  
For which the people stir: If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your  
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

<sup>a</sup> *The noble and the common.* Rowe changed this reading of the original to the *nobles* and the *commons*, partially adopting a reading of the subsequent folios.

<sup>b</sup> *Sithence—since.*

<sup>c</sup> This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy. Theobald gave the words to Coriolanus, as a continuation of his dialogue with Brutus. The words are not characteristic of Coriolanus; whilst the interruption of Cominius gives spirit and variety to the scene.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd,—set on.<sup>a</sup>—This  
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*1 Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler  
friends,

I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many,<sup>b</sup>

Let them regard me as I do not flatter,  
And therein behold themselves: I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle<sup>c</sup> of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd  
and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more.

*1 Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay, against those measles,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people as if you were  
a god

To punish; not a man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'T were well we let the people know 't.

*Men.* What, what? his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 't would be my mind!

*Sic.* It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

*Com.* 'T was from the canon.

*Cor.* *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,  
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,

<sup>a</sup> *Set on—stirred up.* These words were printed by Rowe as a complete sentence, having the meaning of *go forward*.

<sup>b</sup> *Many.* This is *meiny* in the original. Shakspeare, in Lear, uses *meiny* as a body of attendants, whence *mentals*; but this is not the sense of the passage before us.

<sup>c</sup> *Cockle.* A weed amongst the corn.

'That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not  
spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then veil your ignorance: if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-  
beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,  
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-  
trate;

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.

*Com.* Well—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel to give forth  
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used  
Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that

*Cor.* Though there the people had more abso-  
lute power,  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why shall the people give  
One that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know  
the corn

Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to  
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates: this kind of  
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the native  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this bosom multiplied<sup>a</sup> digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words:—'We did re-  
quest it;

<sup>a</sup> *Bosom multiplied.* This is the reading of all the folios, which may be supported by considering that *bosom* is used, as Shakspeare often uses it, in the sense of temper, disposition. Mr. Dyce, however, has given us the clearer reading of *bosom multitude*.

We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears: which will in time  
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in  
The crows to peck the eagles.

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the  
other

Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,  
wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it  
follows

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech  
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
That love the fundamental part of state  
More than you doubt the change on 't; that  
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump<sup>a</sup> a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck  
out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour  
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become it;  
Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For the ill which doth control it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall  
answer

As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—  
What should the people do with these bald tri-  
bunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason!

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The *Ædiles*, ho!—Let him be appre-  
hended.

*Enter an Ædile.*

<sup>a</sup> *Jump*—in the sense of risk.

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] in whose name, myself  
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*Sen. and Pat.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments!

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!

*Enter the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he that would take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles!

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

*Senators and others.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!\*

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me, people;—Peace!

*Cit.* Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak!

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties: Marcius would have all from you; Marcius, Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city but the people?

*Cit.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd The people's magistrates.

*Cit.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.<sup>b</sup>

\* We follow the Cambridge editors in considering these four lines as the tumultuous cries of the partizans on both sides.

<sup>b</sup> We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him!

*Cit.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.  
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædi.* Peace, peace!

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend, [*To BRUTUS* \*]  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon  
him,

And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help Marcius; help  
You that be noble: help him, young and old

*Cit.* Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people are beat in.*]

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!

All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

*Com.* Stand fast;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid.

and sullen rage; and yet the variorum editors, following Pope, put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct. These editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterisation of the poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are, "No, I'll die here." He again continues silent; but the once-received edition must have him talking; and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, "We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius—"I would they were barbarians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.

\* The Cambridge editors consider this to be addressed to Brutus, the original having *friend* and not *friends* as Rowe printed.

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house ;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 't is a sore upon us  
You cannot tent yourself : Begone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Men.* I would they were barbarians, (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they  
are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be  
gone ;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground I could beat forty of  
them.

*Men.* I could myself take up a brace of the  
best of them ; yea, the two tribunes.

*Com.* But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence  
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone :  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little ; this must be  
patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

*1 Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's  
his mouth :  
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]  
Here 's goodly work !

*2 Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

*Men.* I would they were in Tyber !—What,  
the vengeance,  
Could he not speak them fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city,  
And be every man himself ?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian  
rock

With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

*1 Cit.* He shall well know  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,

And we their hands.

*Cit.* He shall, sure on 't.

[*Several speak together.*]

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace !

*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should but  
hunt

With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes 't, that you have help  
To make this rescue ?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul !—what consul ?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He consul !

*Cit.* No, no, no, no, no !

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,  
good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then ;

For we are peremptory, to despatch  
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence  
Were but one danger ; and to keep him here  
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He 's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease ;  
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death ?  
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,  
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country :  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.\*

*Bru.* Merely awry : When he did love his  
country,  
It honour'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot,  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was—

\* *Kam* is probably from the French *canus*, bent, turned-up, crooked, and means that the reasons are awry from the purpose. Skelton, in his 'Prenis against Garnesce,' has "crooked as a canoke;" and in a translation of 'Guzman d'Alfarache,' we have "all goes topsy-turvy, all kem-kam." Mr. Grant White says it is Welsh, meaning awry. Norris, in his Cornish Vocabulary, says *cam* in Welsh is crooked, and is applied to squinting. *David Gam, esquire* (Henry V.), was so called from this peculiarity.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more :—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by  
process ;  
Lest parties (as he is below'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?  
Our *Ædiles* smote ! ourselves resisted !—Come :—

*Men.* Consider this ;—he has been bred i' the  
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bolted language ; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in  
peace,<sup>a</sup>

Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

*1 Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way : the other course  
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer :—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place :—We'll at-  
tend you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you :—

Let me desire your company. He must come,  
[To the Senators.]

Or what is worse will follow.

*1 Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears ; pre-  
sent me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

<sup>a</sup> *In peace.* So the original. Pope and subsequent editors have omitted these words, assuming them to have been brought by mistake from the line below.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

*1 Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you ;

[To VOLUMNIA.]  
Why did you wish me milder ? Would you  
have me

False to my nature ? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man  
you are,

With striving less to be so : Lesser had been  
The thwartings<sup>a</sup> of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough ;  
You must return, and mend it.

*1 Sen.* There's no remedy ;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counselld :  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman !  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,<sup>b</sup> but  
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do ?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well,

What then ? what then ?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;  
Must I then do't to them ?

<sup>a</sup> *Thwartings.* This is an ingenious correction by Theobald. The original has *things*.

<sup>b</sup> *Herd.* The original has *heart*. The words might be easily mistaken in the old spelling of *heard* ; and we adopt the correction, which is also Theobald's.



*Vol.* You are too absolute ;  
Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you  
say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together : Grant that, and  
tell me,  
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush !

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not, (which, for your best  
ends,  
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war ; since that to both  
It stands in like request ?

*Cor.* Why force you this ?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people ; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words that are but roted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd  
I should do so in honour : I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;  
And you will rather show our general lowts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon  
them,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady !—  
Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may save so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I prithee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with  
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such bu-  
siness

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,  
Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,\*

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling : Or, say to  
them,

Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were  
yours :

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Prithee now  
Go, and be rul'd : although I know thou hadst  
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place : and,  
sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think 't will serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will :—  
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd  
sconce ? Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do 't :  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should  
grind it,

And throw it against the wind.—To the market-  
place :—

You have put me now to such a part, which  
never

I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast  
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do 't :  
Away my disposition, and possess me

\* This passage has been a stumbling-block to the variorum editors ; and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volunna has just uttered, " Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action :—

waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, "correcting thy stout heart," be "humble as the ripest mulberry." We owe this interpretation to a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh in 1814—'Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakespeare.'

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies hulla asleep! The smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd  
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then:  
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from  
me;

But owe thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content;  
Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-  
lov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.* Do your will. [*Exit.*]

*Com.* Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm  
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us  
go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* The Market-place.

*Enter SIGINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he  
affects  
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

*Æd.* I have; 't is ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither:  
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so  
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it  
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry 'fine;' if death, cry 'death;'  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun  
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this  
hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.* Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance: then he speaks  
What's in his heart: and that is there which  
looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SENATORS, and Patricians.*

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest  
piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The hon-  
our'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*1 Sen.* Amen, Amen!

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,  
I say!

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.<sup>2</sup>

*Both Tri.* Well, say.—Peace, ho!

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this  
present?

Must all determine here?

*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;  
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: Do not take  
His rougher accents\* for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then: 't is true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd  
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! traitor?

*Men.* Nay; temperately: Your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the  
people!

Call me their traitor!—thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Cit.* To the rock; to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace!

\* *Accents.* This is a correction by Theobald; the o'd copy has *actions*.

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him  
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even  
this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,

Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

*Cor.* What! do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your  
mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-  
sence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it: In the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city;

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates; I' the people's name,

I say it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so: It shall be so; let him  
away:

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.\*

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends;—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show, for Rome,

\* If we turn to the beginning of the scene, we shall find the direction of the tribunes very precise as to the echo which the people were to raise of their words. When, therefore, Sicinius here pronounces the sentence of banishment, he terminates, as he said he should, with, "It shall be so;" and the people, true to the instruction, vociferate, "It shall be so." They afterwards repeat the cry in the same words. Perhaps upon the whole the common text formerly presented one of Stevens's most atrocious alterations. It can scarcely be conceived that he has had the folly to say, "old copy unmetrically, and it shall be so,"—and to print the passage thus:—

"It shall be so.  
It shall be so: let him away: he's banish'd,  
And so it shall be."

Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift: Speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is  
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country:  
It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose breath  
I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)  
Making not \* reservation of yourselves,  
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,  
As most abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone!

*Cit.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!  
Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*Cit.* Come, come, let's see him out at gates;  
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt*]

\* *Not.* The original has *but*, which Capell corrected,

#### RECENT NEW READING.

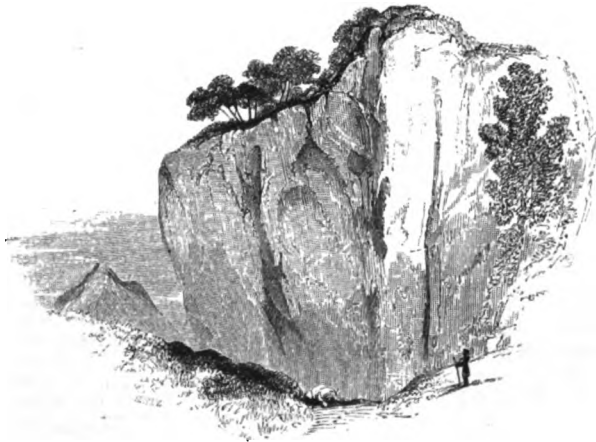
ACT III., SC. II., p. 185—

"I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage."

In this passage is introduced one of the eight new lines,  
which Mr. Collier considers to have been recovered as the  
genuine writing of Shakspeare. After the line "I have a  
heart," &c., the Corrector inserts—

"To brook control without the use of anger;"

and he holds the sense to be incomplete without it. The  
incompleteness of the sense depends, in some degree, upon  
our interpretation of the word "apt." In Ben Jonson  
(*Cynthia's Revels*) we have, "I confess you to be of an  
*apted* and double humour." Assuming "apt" to mean  
"ready," the new line is scarcely required; for Volunna  
may refer to the aptitude to be "counselled," for which her  
heart is as "little apt" as that of her son. Mr. Staunton  
says the MS. Corrector's line has undergone a change since  
its first appearance. It is now—to brook reproof.



[Tarpeian Rock]



[Rome—a Fragment after Piranesi.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

### 1 SCENE I.—“*Are these your herd ?*”

WE continue our quotations from North's ‘Plutarch’ :—

“But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp, accompanied with all the senate and the whole nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him consul with the greatest instance and entreaty they could or ever attempted for any man or matter, then the love and good will of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial towards the nobility, and of great credit and authority amongst the patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors consuls. The senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius : but Martius took it in far worse part than the senate, and was out of all patience ; for he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of state ; and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world which a governor of a commonwealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitariness.”

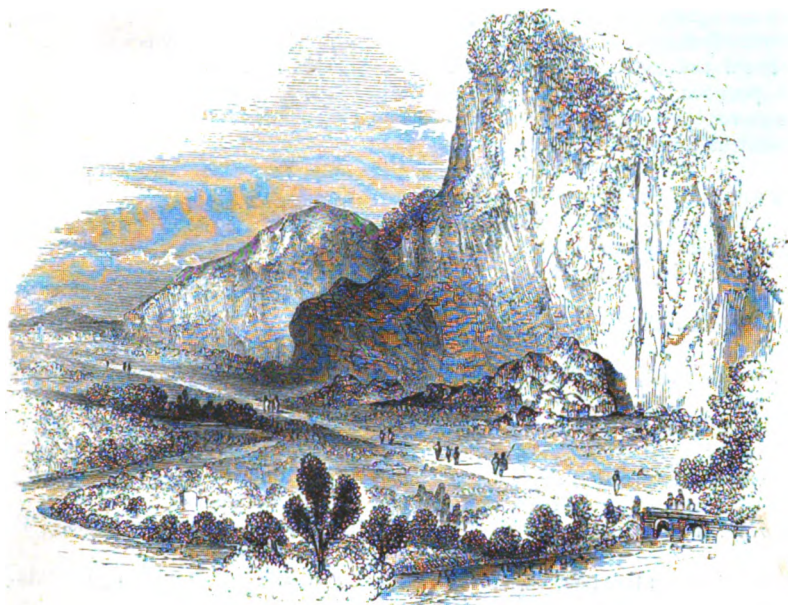
### 2 SCENE III.—“*First, hear me speak.*”

“So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him ; and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear to hear

what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation than purge his innocency), but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look there-withal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, bear, nor endure his bravery and careless boldness. Whereupon Sici-nius, the cruellest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the tribunes to die. Then, presently, he commanded the ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed.”

### 3 SCENE III.—“*Our enemy is banish'd !*”

“When they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocosly from the assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The senate again, in contrary manner, were as sad and heavy, repenting themselves beyond measure that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their authority.”



[Roman Highway on the Banks of the Tiber.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears;<sup>1</sup> a brief farewell:  
—the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother, Where is your ancient courage? you were used To say, extremity<sup>a</sup> was the trier of spirits; That common chances common men could bear; That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me With precepts, that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them.

<sup>a</sup> *Extremity.* So the second folio; the first *extremities.* This correction of what we call the false grammar, in an edition published so soon after the original, ought perhaps to be adopted in a modern text.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome, And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother, Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules, Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius, Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are salter than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,

'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,

As 't is to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well

My hazards still have been your solace: and Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen<sup>a</sup> Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught With cautelous baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first<sup>b</sup> son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius With thee a while: Determine on some course, More than a wild exposure<sup>c</sup> to each chance That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world, to seek a single man; And lose advantage, which doth ever cool I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.— Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and My friends of noble touch, when I am forth, Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. While I remain above the ground, you shall Hear from me still; and never of me aught But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.— If I could shake off but one seven years From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I'd with thee every foot!

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.

*Com.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided In his behalf.

<sup>a</sup> The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon," which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

<sup>b</sup> *First*—in the sense of noblest.

<sup>c</sup> *Exposure*. The original has *exposure*; but we think with Steevens that this is a typographical error, and correct it accordingly, after Rowe.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home:  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.  
[Exit Ædile.]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us:  
Keep on your way.

*Vol.* O, you're well met: The hoarded plague  
o' the gods

Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace! be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should  
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be  
gone? [To BRUTUS.]

*Vir.* You shall stay too: [To SICINIUS.] I would  
I had the power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind?<sup>a</sup>

*Vol.* Ay, fool: Is that a shame?—Note but  
this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise  
words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—  
Yet go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son.  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for  
Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace!

*Sic.* I would he had continued to his country,  
As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

<sup>a</sup> *Mankind*. Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volumnia is mankind—a woman with the roughness of a man? Shakspeare, in *A Winter's Tale*, uses the term "*mankind* witch."

*Vol.* I would he had! 'T was you incens'd  
the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear  
this;

As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—  
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt* Tribunes.]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them  
But once a day, it would unclug my heart  
Of what lies heavy to 't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup  
with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's  
go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.

*Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me:  
your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Volc.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are,  
as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

*Volc.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Volc.* You had more beard when I last saw  
you, but your favour is well appear'd\* by your  
tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a  
note from the Volcian state, to find you out  
there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange in-  
surrections: the people against the senators,  
patricians, and nobles.

*Volc.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state  
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike pre-

\* *Well appear'd*—rendered apparent.

paration, and hope to come upon them in the  
heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small  
thing would make it flame again. For the no-  
bles receive so to heart the banishment of that  
worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a right apt-  
ness to take all power from the people, and to  
pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This  
lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost ma-  
ture for the violent breaking out.

*Volc.* Coriolanus banished?

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Volc.* You will be welcome with this intelli-  
gence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I  
have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a  
man's wife is when she's fallen out with her  
husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will ap-  
pear well in these wars, his great opposer, Co-  
riolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Volc.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate  
thus accidentally to encounter you: You have  
ended my business, and I will merrily accom-  
pany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell  
you most strange things from Rome; all tend-  
ing to the good of their adversaries. Have you  
an army ready, say you?

*Volc.* A most royal one: the centurions, and  
their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the  
entertainment,\* and to be on foot at an hour's  
warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness,  
and am the man, I think, that shall set them in  
present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and  
most glad of your company.

*Volc.* You take my part from me, sir; I have  
the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised  
and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium:<sup>2</sup> City,  
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me  
not;

Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with  
stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

\* *In the entertainment*—under engagement for pay.



*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, 'beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here, before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir; farewell.

[*Exit* Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and  
exercise,

Are still together, who, twin, as 't were, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke  
their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—

My birthplace hate<sup>a</sup> I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A hall in Aufidius's  
House.*

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is  
here!

I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

*Enter another Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for  
him.

Cotus! [*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: The feast smells well:  
but I

Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence  
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to  
the door.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.

<sup>a</sup> *Hate.* The original has *have*; and we owe the judi-  
cious correction to Capell

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter  
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to  
such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you  
talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I  
cannot get him out o' the house: Prithee, call  
my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow?  
Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your  
hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up  
some other station; here's no place for you;  
pray you, avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go! and batten on  
cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Prithee, tell my  
master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What  
an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws  
too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my  
master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to  
meddle with thy mistress: Thou prat'st, and  
prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away.*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like  
a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou? what wouldst

thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [*unmuffling*] not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*]

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest; And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have voided thee: but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast A heart of wreak<sup>a</sup> in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it, That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee; for I will fight Against my canker'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends.<sup>b</sup> But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am

Longer to live most weary, and present My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice: Which not to cut would show thee but a fool; Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius! Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yon cloud speak divine things, And say, 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grained ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip

The anvil of my sword; and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I lov'd the maid I married; never man Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn, Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out<sup>c</sup>

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me: We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat, And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome, Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands; Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine own revenges, take The one half of my commission; and set down,—

<sup>a</sup> *Wre k*—revenge.

<sup>b</sup> *Under fiends*—fiends below.

<sup>c</sup> *Out*—complete.

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine  
own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those that shall  
Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend that e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand!  
Most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here 's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand I had thought to have  
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind  
gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned  
me about with his finger and his thumb, as one  
would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there  
was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of  
face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—  
'Would I were hanged but I thought there was  
more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply  
the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier  
than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him  
to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how  
to say that: for the defence of a town our general  
is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,  
you rascals!

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations;  
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to  
thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general:  
but he was always good enough for him.

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2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends:  
he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him  
say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to  
say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched  
him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he  
might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within,  
as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper  
end o' the table: no question asked him by any  
of the senators, but they stand bald before him:  
Our general himself makes a mistress of him;  
sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the  
white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bot-  
tom of the news is, our general is cut i' the  
middle, and but one half of what he was yester-  
day; for the other has half, by the entreaty and  
grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says,  
and sowle\* the porter of Rome gates by the ears:  
He will mow all down before him, and leave  
his passage polled.<sup>b</sup>

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man  
I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you,  
sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which  
friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you,  
sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends  
whilst he's in directitude.<sup>c</sup>

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that? ✓

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest  
up again, and the man in blood, they will out of  
their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel  
all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You  
shall have the drum struck up this afternoon:  
't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be  
executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring  
world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust  
iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds  
peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly,  
waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a  
very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy,  
insensible; a getter of more bastard children  
than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so: and as war, in some sort,

\* *Sowle*—a provincial word for pull out.

<sup>b</sup> *Polled*—cleared.

<sup>c</sup> *Directitude*. Malone would read *discreditude*. He  
thinks the servant was not meant to talk absolute non-  
sense. Why then does the other servant ask the meaning  
of the fine word?

may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace  
And quietness o' the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold<sup>a</sup>  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their function's friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of late. Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporised.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.<sup>b</sup>

*Enter Three or Four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,  
Are bound to pray for you both.

<sup>a</sup> *Beheld.* The original has *behold*, which is retained in most modern editions; but we should certainly read *would behold*, or *had beheld*.

<sup>b</sup> We print this dialogue in prose, as in the original. It is ordinarily printed as ten lines of blank verse, after Capell.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports, the Volces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,  
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whip'd.—It cannot be  
The Volces dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this:  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going

All to the senate-house: some news is come<sup>a</sup>  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave;—  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!

Nothing but his report!

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst  
Rome;

And vows revenge as spacious as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Rais'd only that the weaker sort may  
wish

Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on 't

*Men.* This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius can no more atone,<sup>b</sup>  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate;  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories: and have already,  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and  
took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work!

*Men.* What news? what news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own  
daughters, and  
To melt the city leads upon your pates;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement;  
and

<sup>a</sup> *Com.* The original has *coming*. The alteration to *come* was by Rowe, which we adopt, in common with other recent editors. Yet we unwillingly give up *coming*. The reader will remember Mr. Campbell's fine image—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

<sup>b</sup> *Atone*—be reconciled—at one.

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news?—  
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray,  
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

*Com.* If!  
He is their god; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better: and they follow  
him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so  
much

Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!

*Com.* He'll shake your Rome about your  
ears.

*Men.* As Hercules did shake down mellow  
fruit:

You have made fair work!

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if  
they

Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd  
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made  
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,  
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.*

But, I fear,

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer:—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.*

Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting  
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
Which will not prove a whip; as many cox-  
combs

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

*1 Cit.*

For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said 't was pity.

*2 Cit.* And so did I.

*3 Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth,  
so did very many of us: That we did we did for  
the best; and though we willingly consented to  
his banishment, yet it was against our will.

*Com.* You are goodly things, you voices!

*Men.*

You have made

Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the  
Capitol?

*Com.* O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dis-  
may'd.

These are a side that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

*1 Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,  
let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong  
when we banished him.

*2 Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Brn.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Brn.* Let's to the Capitol:—'Would half my  
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.*

Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance  
from Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him;  
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.*

I cannot help it now;

Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.*

Yet I wish, sir,

(I mean, for your particular,) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him: but either had  
borne

The action of yourself, or else to him  
Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou  
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows  
not

What I can urge against him. Although it  
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian  
state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll  
carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too:  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature.\* First he was  
A noble servant to them; but he could not

\* The force and propriety of this image will be seen from  
the following extract from Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' describ-  
ing the osprey, according to the popular notion:—

"The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,  
Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy,  
But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,  
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,  
They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw."

Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
To fall in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but command-  
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war; but one of these  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,  
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.  
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
Rights by rights fouler,\* strength by strengths do  
fail.

Come, let's away. When Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou  
mine. [Exeunt.]

\* *Fouler*. So the original. Malone substitutes *founder*; and the emendation has provoked three pages of controversy amongst the commentators. We may understand the meaning of the original expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer*. As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fall through the *fouler*. In the same manner, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *fouler* is not used in the sense of more polluted; we have,

“The *fouler* fortune mine, and there an end.”



[Ancient Arch on Road leading into Rome.]



[Old Roman Willow Wood.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Come, leave your tears.*”

THE departure of Coriolanus from Rome is thus described by Plutarch:—

“When he was come home to his house again, and had taken his leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and striking out for sorrow, and had also comforted and persuaded them to be content with his chance, he went immediately to the gate of the city, accompanied with a great number of patricians that brought him thither, from whence he went on his way with three or four of his friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry sorts and kinds of thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up.”

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE IV.—“*A goodly city is this Antium.*”

The entry of Coriolanus into the “enemy city,” and the interview between the two rival captains, is most graphically told by Plutarch. Shakspeare has put forth all his strength in working up the scene, and yet has kept to the original with wonderful exactness:—

“It was even twilight when he entered the city

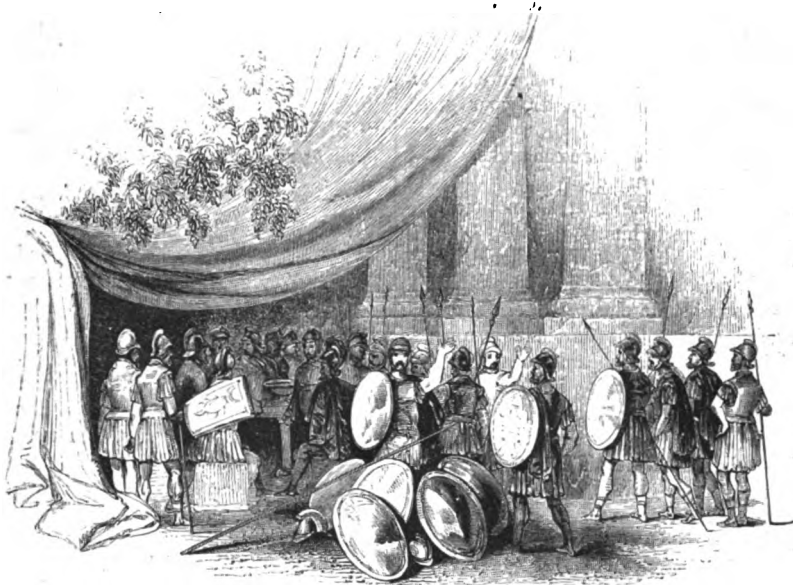
of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius’ house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house, spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him—If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity betray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear: for I never had other benefit nor recompense of the true and



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname, a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby,—for if I had feared death I would not have come hither to have put myself in hazard,—but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my

service may be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then I am also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee. Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said unto him—Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volces' hands. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could."



[Public Place in Rome.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,  
and others.*

*Men.* No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said  
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:  
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee\*  
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.<sup>1</sup>

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

\* *Knee.* So the original. The second folio, which has been followed in all other editions, has the less expressive verb *kneel*. Shakspeare uses *knee* as a verb in *Lear*:—  
"To *knee* his throne."

That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,  
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 't was to  
pardon

When it was less expected: He replied,  
It was a bare petition of a state  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well;

Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends: His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 't was folly  
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two?

I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :  
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt  
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray be patient : If you refuse your  
aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good  
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No ; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do ?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius return me,  
As Cominius is return'd, unheard ; what then ?—  
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness ? Say 't be so ?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the  
measure

As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it :

I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well : he had not din'd :  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch  
him

Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kind-  
ness,

And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-  
ledge

Of my success. [Exit.]

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not ?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye  
Red as 't would burn Rome ; and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;  
'T was very faintly he said, ' Rise ; ' dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would  
do,

He sent in writing after me,—what he would  
not ;

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :<sup>a</sup>  
So that all hope is vain,  
Unless<sup>b</sup> his noble mother, and his wife ;  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's  
hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian  
Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

*Enter to them MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men ; 'tis well : But,  
by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

*Men.* From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return  
our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with  
fire, before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots<sup>c</sup> to blanks  
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Me-  
nenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your  
name

Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover : I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have  
read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;

For I have ever verified my friends  
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that  
verity

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

<sup>a</sup> The commentators suspect some omission here ; but it appears to us that they have mistaken the passage. They conceive that " what he would not " is the matter especially " bound with an oath." Coriolanus sends " in writing " both " what he would do " and " what he would not ; " and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is " bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,"—that is, to make his sole law the " conditions " in which he had become plac'd—his duty to the Volcians ;—to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of those " conditions."

<sup>b</sup> Unless is here used in the sense of *except* : We have no hope except his noble mother, &c.

<sup>c</sup> Lots are the whole number of tickets in a lottery ; blanks a proportion of the whole number.

I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flane in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having;—back.

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and

crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, ohild, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.

Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a letter.*]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—  
*Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent\* for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

\* *Shent*—rebuked.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly

I have borne this business:

*Auf.* Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have (Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only That thought he could do more; a very little I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

*Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost;<sup>2</sup> then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—

What is that curtsy worth! or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries, 'Deny not.'—Let the Volsces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand, As if a man were author of himself, And knew no other kin.

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*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say, For that, 'Forgive our Romans.'—O, a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,<sup>a</sup>

And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression show Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd! Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee; and improperly Show duty, as mistaken all this while Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*]

*Cor.* What is this? Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; Murd'ring impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior; I help<sup>b</sup> to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola, The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle, That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow, And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours, Which by the interpretation of full time May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers, With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars Like a great sea mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.

<sup>a</sup> *Prate.* The original has *pray*. We owe the correction to Theobald.

<sup>b</sup> *Help.* In the original *hope*. Pope made the correction.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace :  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—  
The things I have forsworn to grant may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more !  
You have said you will not grant us anything ;  
For we have nothing else to ask but that  
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;  
That, if you fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear  
us.

*Cor.* Anfidius, and you Volscæ, mark ; for  
we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your  
request ?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our  
raiment  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-  
self

How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which  
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
comforts,  
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and  
sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,  
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy  
victory,

Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must  
lose

The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy per-  
son,

Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win : for either  
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune till

These wars determine :<sup>a</sup> if I cannot persuade  
thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's  
womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* Ay, and mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your  
name  
Living to time.

*Boy.* A' shall not tread on me ;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll  
fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volces whom you serve, you might con-  
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit  
Is that you reconcile them : while the Volces  
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd ;' the  
Romans,

'This we receiv'd ;' and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd  
For making up this peace !' Thou know'st,  
great son,

The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;  
Whose chronicle thus writ,—'The man was  
noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;  
Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son :  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods ;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not  
speak ?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :  
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,  
boy :

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the  
world

<sup>a</sup> Determine—come to an end.

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me  
prate,  
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy  
life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtsey;  
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague  
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:  
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our  
knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride  
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:  
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,  
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold  
us:

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:  
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;  
His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:  
I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do  
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
You have won a happy victory to Rome:  
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—  
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Au-  
fidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:  
And, sir, it is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my  
part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray  
you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and  
thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune. [Aside.

[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

Cor.

Ay, by and by;

[To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you: all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol;  
yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it  
with your little finger, there is some hope the  
ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may pre-  
vail with him. But I say there is no hope in't;  
our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execu-  
tion.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter  
the condition of a man?

\*Men. There is differency between a grub and  
a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.  
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he  
has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remem-  
bers his mother now than an eight year old  
horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes.  
When he walks, he moves like an engine, and  
the ground shrinks before his treading. He is  
able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a  
knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his  
state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he  
bids be done is finished with his bidding. He  
wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven  
to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark  
what mercy his mother shall bring from him:  
There is no more mercy in him than there is  
milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city  
find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be  
good unto us. When we banished him we  
respected not them: and he returning to break  
our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sir.* What's the news?

*Mess.* Good news, good news:—The ladies  
have prevail'd,

The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcins gone:  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mess.* As certain as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt  
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,  
hark you!

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums  
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]*  
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

*[Shouting again.]*  
*Men.* This is good news:  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes such as you  
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-  
day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

*[Shouting and music.]*  
*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for their tidings:  
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city?

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. *[Going.]*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,  
Patricians, and People. They pass over the  
Stage.*

*1 Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers be-  
fore them:

TRAGEDIES.—VOL. II. P

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcins.  
Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

*All.* Welcome, ladies, welcome!

*[A flourish with drums and trumpets.]*  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city I am here:  
Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words: Dispatch,

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius's  
faction.*

Most welcome!

*1 Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

*2 Con.* Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell;  
We must proceed as we do find the people.

*3 Con.* The people will remain uncertain  
whilst

'T wixt you there's difference; but the fall of  
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so height-  
en'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

*3 Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose



Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his design-  
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,  
Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:  
The army marvel'd at it. And, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it;—  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action: Therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!  
[Drums and trumpets sound, with great  
shouts of the people.]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a  
post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats  
tear  
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it;  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

*Lords.* We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end  
Where he was to begin, and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge; making a treaty where  
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a  
crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;<sup>3</sup>

No more infected with my country's love  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought  
home

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made  
peace,

With no less honour to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor!—How now?—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou  
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome  
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my  
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—  
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my  
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that  
must bear

My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust  
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volsoes; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.—Boy!

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*Con.* Let him die for't.

[*Several speak at once.*  
*Cit.* [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to  
pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my  
daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He  
killed my father.—

*2 Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us  
Shall have judicious<sup>a</sup> hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and  
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS  
stands on him.*

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold!

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*1 Lord.* O Tullus,—

*2 Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat  
valour will weep.

<sup>a</sup> Judicious—judicial.

*3 Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all,  
be quiet;  
Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in  
this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

*1 Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

*2 Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be  
one.—

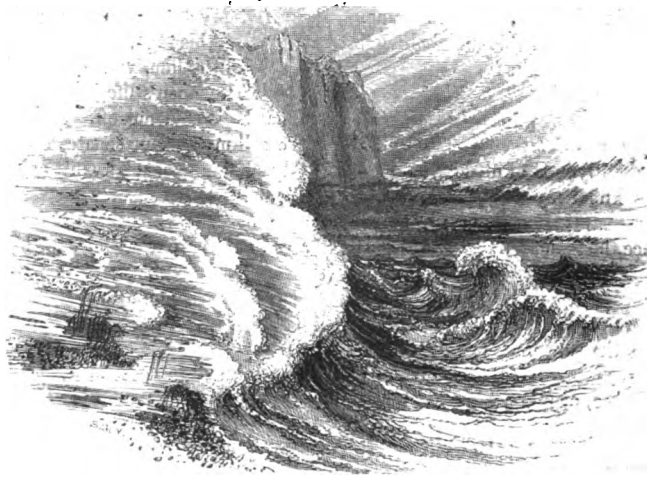
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.  
A dead march sounded.*



[Roman Tomb and Fragments.]



[ 'Pebbles on the hungry beach.' ]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“ *He would not seem to know me.*”

WE continue our extracts from North's 'Plutarch :

“So they all agreed together to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius's familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less ; for, at their coming, they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volces about him : so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their message, for the injury they had done him he answered them very hotly and in great choler ; but as general of the Volces, he willed them to restore unto the Volces all their lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars ; and, moreover, that they should give them the like honour and freedom of Rome as they had before given to the Latins. For otherwise they had no other mean to end this wars if they did not grant these honest and just conditions of peace.”

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### <sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“ *My wife comes foremost.*”

“She took her daughter-in-law, and Martius's children, with her, and, being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volces' camp ; whom, when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant ; but afterwards, knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But, overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children ; and nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volunnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort :—‘ If we held our peace (my son), and determined not to

CORIOLANUS.

speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily betray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful Fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot (alas!) together pray both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two—either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determin'd not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them and of his natural country. For if it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volces, I must confess thou wouldst hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shall carry the shameful reproach and burden of either party; so, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.' Martius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and, after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said.—'My son, why dost thou not answer me? dost thou think it

good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not, in like case, think it an honest noble man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that, without compulsion, I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?' And with these words, herself, his wife and children, fell down upon their knees before him. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, 'Oh, mother, what have you done to me?' And, holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh, mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volces' country again."

3 SCENE V.—"Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier."

"Now, when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away, thinking that, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again, under Tullus, being general (whose authority was greater, otherwise, than any other among all the Volces), answered—he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volces if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and, moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly there were certain orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had told their tales, Martius rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet, when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, showed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that if he did let him speak he would prove his innocency to the people, because, amongst other things, he had an eloquent tongue; besides that, the first good service he had done to the people of the Volces, did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure; and furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the good will they ought him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that he

took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction;—for these causes, Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volces, who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him.”



[Kemble as Coriolanus.]



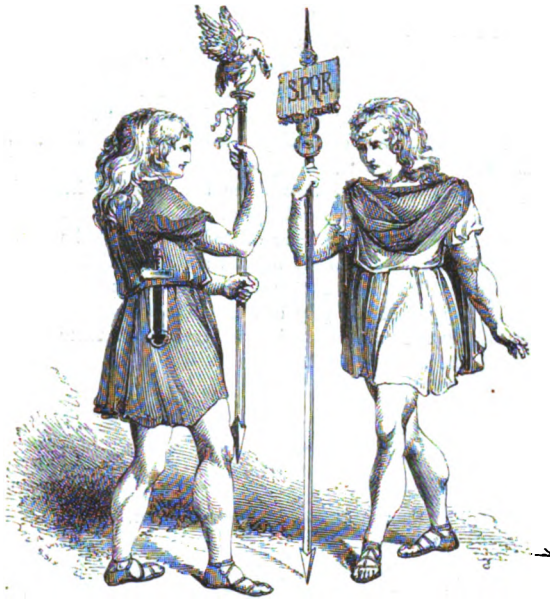
W. H. WILLIAMS, ENL.      W. H. HOPKINS, DEL.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.









[Roman Standard Bearers.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

'THE Tragedy of Julius Cæsar' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. This play, as well as *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, was entered in the Stationers' registers amongst those copies "not formerly entered to other men." The text is divided into acts; and the stage directions are full and precise. Taken altogether, we know no play of Shakspeare's that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition. There are some half-dozen passages in which there are manifest typographical errors, such as occur in every modern book, even when it is printed under the eye of the author. There are one or two others in which we can scarcely venture to make alteration, although it is pretty manifest that error does exist. For example, in the second act, Brutus, addressing Conspiracy, says—

"Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou *putt*, thy native semblance on," &c.

Johnson explains this, "If thou walk in thy true form." Coleridge says, "Surely, there need be no scruple in treating this *putt* as a mere misprint or misscript for *put*." We are inclined to agree with him, for *putte* might be easily mistaken for *pathe*; but we do not alter the passage, for



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there is a meaning in it as it stands. On the contrary, when Cæsar says that the couchings of Cimber might

“Turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
Into the *law* of children,

we reject the *lame* of the original as clearly wrong.

In the Introductory Notice to Coriolanus we expressed our opinion that the entry in the Stationers' registers in 1608 of 'a book called Anthony and Cleopatra' did not determine the date of Shakspeare's tragedy; for the proprietors of the folio enter that tragedy in 1623 as "not formerly entered." There was a careful avoidance of publishing any of Shakspeare's dramas after 1608. What were published were piratically obtained. We believe the 'Anthony and Cleopatra' entered in 1608 was some other work. Malone has very sensibly remarked that there are passages in Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra which appear to discover "such a knowledge of the appropriated characters of the persons exhibited in Julius Cæsar, and of the events there dilated and enlarged upon, as Shakspeare would necessarily have acquired from having previously written a play on that subject." The passages do not so much point to the general historical notion of the characters as to the poet's own mode of treating them. This would imply that the play of Julius Cæsar had preceded that of Antony and Cleopatra. But there is nothing to fix the exact time when either of them was written. We believe that they were amongst the latest works of Shakspeare.

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### SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

WE have given, as Illustrations to each act, very full extracts from North's translation of Plutarch. Shakspeare is to be traced in each of the three lives of Julius Cæsar, Antonius, and Brutus; and we have selected those passages from the several narratives of the same events which appear to have furnished the poet with the fullest materials.

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### SCENES.

WE are indebted to Mr. A. Poynter for six designs for this tragedy. The principle by which Mr. Poynter has been guided in making these drawings is thus explained by himself in a note to the editor:—"Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. I am inclined to think it would be an ungrateful task to illustrate the Rome of brick:—the attempt would produce nothing either true or interesting. I propose, therefore, to give the Forum, the Capitol, &c., not as *scenes* but as *illustrations*, and to represent them as they actually were some two centuries later."



[Roman Soldiers.]

#### COSTUME.

FROM the reign of Augustus downwards innumerable authorities exist for the civil and military costume of the Romans; but before that period much obscurity remains to be dispersed, notwithstanding the labours of many learned men.

Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome, an Etruscan by birth, introduced among the Romans many of the manners and habits of his native country. He first distinguished the senators and magistrates by particular robes and ornaments, surrounded the axes carried before great public functionaries with bundles of rods (*fascies*), and established the practice of triumphing in a golden car drawn by four horses. The *toga pura*, *prætexta*, and *picta*, the *trabea*, the *paludamentum*, the *tunica palmata*, and the *curule chairs*, were all derived from the Etruscans, and from the Greeks and Etruscans the early Romans borrowed also their arms, both offensive and defensive. Polybius extols the readiness of the Romans in adopting such foreign customs as were preferable to their own. It is, therefore, amongst Grecian and Etrurian remains that we must look for the illustration of such points as are still undecided respecting the habits of the Romans during the commonwealth, and not on the columns and arches of the emperors, which may almost be termed the monuments of another nation. The date assigned to the death of Caius Marcius Coriolanus is B.C. 488. Julius Cæsar was assassinated B.C. 44. During four hundred years little alteration took place in the habiliments of the Romans, and the civil and military dress of the earlier play may, with very few exceptions, be worn by similar personages in the other, and exhibit together the most particular dresses in use during the whole period of the republic.

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The civil dress of the higher classes amongst the ancient Romans consisted of a woollen tunic, over which, in public, was worn the *toga*. The toga was also of wool, and its colour, during the earlier ages, of its own natural yellowish hue. It was a robe of honour, which the common people were not permitted to wear, and it was laid aside in times of mourning and public calamities. The form of the toga has been a hotly-contested point; Dionysius of Halicarnassus says it was semicircular; and an ingenious foreigner,\* who devoted many years to the inquiry, has practically demonstrated that, though not perfectly semicircular, its shape was such as to be better described by that term than any other.

The Roman tunic was of different lengths, according to the caprice of the wearer; but long tunics were deemed effeminate during the time of the republic. Cicero, speaking of the luxury of Catiline's companions, says they wore tunics reaching to their heels, and that their togas were as large as the sails of a ship. Some wore two or more tunics; the interior one, which held the place of the modern shirt, was called *interula* or *subucula*. The subucula of Augustus was of wool, according to Suetonius; and there does not appear any proof that linen was used for this garment by men before the time of Alexander Severus, who, according to Lampridius, was particularly fond of fine linen. Women, however, appear to have generally used it, for Varro mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that it had long been the custom of the females of a particular Roman family *not* to wear linen garments.

The common people wore over their tunics a kind of mantle or surtout, called *lacerna*, which was fastened before with a buckle, and had a hood attached to it ( *cucullus*). It was generally made of wool, and dyed black or brown. In the time of Cicero it was a disgrace for a senator to adopt such a habit; but it was afterwards worn by the higher orders. The *birrus* was a similar vestment, also with a hood, but usually of a red colour. When travelling, the heads of the higher classes were generally covered by the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat, which they had borrowed from the Greeks. The common people wore the *pileus*, a conical cap, which was also the emblem of liberty, because it was given to slaves when they were made free.†

Various kinds of covering are mentioned for the feet, and many were called by the Romans *calceus* which are found under their own names, as *pero*, *mulleus*, *phæcasium*, *caliga*, *soles*, *crepida*, *sandalium*, *baxea*, &c. The *caliga* was the sandal of the Roman soldiery,‡ such has had nails or spikes at the bottom. The *pero* is supposed by some to be the boot worn by the senators; the *phæcasium* was also a kind of boot, covering the foot entirely. According to Appianus, it was of white leather, and worn originally by the Athenian and Alexandrian priesthood at sacrifices: it was worn in Rome by women and effeminate persons. Petronius, who wore it and called himself a soldier, was asked by a legionary if in his army soldiers marched with the *phæcasium* :—

‘ Age vero, in exercitu vestro phæcasati milites ambulant ? ’

The *mulleus* is described by Dion Cassius as coming up to the middle of the leg, though it did not cover the whole foot, but only the sole, like a sandal: it was of a red colour, and originally worn by the Alban kings.

The *cothurnus*, which Dion says it resembled both in colour and fashion, is described by Sidonius Apollinaris as having a ligature attached to the sole, which passed between the great and second toes, and then divided into two bands. And Virgil tells us that it was worn by the Tyrian virgins.§

The armour of the Romans at the commencement of the republic consisted, according to Livy, of

\* The late Mons. Combre, costumler to the Théâtre Français, Paris. This intelligent person, at the recommendation of Talma and Mr. Charles Young, was engaged by Mr. Charles Kemble, during his management of Covent Garden Theatre, for the revival of Julius Cæsar, and made the beautiful togas which have since been worn in all the Roman plays at that theatre.

† *Vide* Persius, Sat. 5, thus translated by Dryden :—

“ What further can we from our caps receive,  
But as we please without control to live ? ”

Suetonius (in Nero, cap. lvii.) says, “ *Mors Neronis tantum gaudium publicæ præbuit ut plebe pileata tota urbe discurreret.* ”

‡ Hence Juvenal (Sat. 16) and Suetonius (in Augustus, 25) use the term *callæti* for the common soldiers, without the addition of a substantive.

§ “ *Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare phæretam,  
Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno.* ”—Æn. 2.

See many varieties of the *mulleus* and *cothurnus* in the paintings discovered at Herculaneum. Diana is generally represented wearing the *cothurnus*.

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the *galea*, the *cassis*, the *clypeus*, the *ocrea* or greaves, and the *lorica*, all of brass. This was the Etruscan attire, and introduced by Servius Tullius. The *lorica*, like the French *cuirass*, was so called from having been originally made of leather. It followed the line of the abdomen at bottom, and seems to have been impressed whilst wet with forms corresponding to those of the human body, and this peculiarity was preserved in its appearance when it was afterwards made of metal. At top, the square aperture for the throat was guarded by the *pectorale*, a band or plate of brass; and the shoulders were likewise protected by pieces made to slip over each other. The *galea* and *cassis* were two distinct head-pieces originally, the former, like the *lorica*, being of leather, and the latter of metal; but in the course of time the words were applied indifferently.\*

Polybius has furnished us with a very minute account of the military equipment of the Romans of his time; and it is from his description, and not from the statues, which have been generally considered as authorities, but which are in truth of a considerably later date, that we must collect materials for the military costume of the latter days of the republic.

He tells us then that the Roman infantry was divided into four bodies: the youngest men and of the lowest condition were set apart for the light-armed troops (*velites*); the next in age were called the *hastati*; the third, who were in their full strength and vigour, the *principes*; and the oldest of all were called *triarii*.† The *velites* were armed with swords, light javelins (a cubit and a span in length), and bucklers of a circular form, three feet in diameter; and they wore on their heads some simple covering, like the skin of a wolf or other animal. The *hastati* wore complete armour, which consisted of a shield of a convex surface, two feet and a half broad and four feet or four feet and a palm in length, made of two planks glued together, and covered, first with linen and then with calves' skin, having in its centre a shell or boss of iron; on their right thigh a sword, called the Spanish sword, made not only to thrust but to cut with either edge, the blade remarkably firm and strong; two pikes or javelins, one stouter than the other, but both about six cubits long; a brazen helmet; and greaves for the legs. Upon the helmet was worn an ornament of three upright feathers, either black or red, about a cubit in height, which, being placed on the very top of their heads, made them seem much taller, and gave them a beautiful and terrible appearance. Their breasts were protected by the *pectorale* of brass: but such as were rated at more than ten thousand drachmæ wore a ringed *lorica*. The *principes* and *triarii* were armed in the same manner as the *hastati*, except only that the *triarii* carried pikes instead of javelins. The Roman cavalry, the same author tells us, were in his time armed like the Greeks, but that, anciently, it was very different, for they then wore no armour on their bodies, but were covered in the time of action with only an under garment; they were thereby enabled certainly to mount and dismount with great facility, but they were too much exposed to danger in close engagements. The spears, also, that were in use amongst them in former times, were in a double respect unfit for service: first, as they were of slender make, and always trembled in the hand, it was extremely difficult to direct them with any certainty, and they were sometimes shaken to pieces by the mere motion of the horse; and, secondly, the lower end not being armed with iron, they were formed only to strike with the point, and, when broken with this stroke, became useless. Their bucklers were made of the hide of an ox, and in form not unlike to the globular dishes which were used in sacrifices; but these were also of too infirm a texture for defence, and, when relaxed by weather, were utterly spoiled. Observing these defects, therefore, they changed their weapons for those of the Greeks.

The *signiferi*, or standard-bearers, seem to have been habited like their fellow-soldiers, with the exception of the scalp and mane of a lion which covered their heads and hung down on their shoulders. The eagles of Brutus and Cassius were of silver. The *lictors*, according to Petronius, wore white habits, and from the following passage of Cicero it would appear they sometimes wore the *saga*, or *paludamentum*, and sometimes a small kind of *toga*:—"Togulæ ad portam lictoribus præsto fuerunt quibus illi acceptis sagula rejecerunt." The *fasces* were bound with purple ribbons. The axes were taken from them by Publicola; but T. Lartius, the first dictator, restored them. The augurs wore the *trabea* of purple and scarlet; that is to say, dyed first with one colour and then with the other. Cicero uses the word "*dibaphus*," twice dyed, for the

\* Vide Sir S. Meyrick's 'Crit. Inquiry,' Introduction.

† Our business here is only with the dress of the soldiery; but those who wish for further particulars respecting the Roman legions will do well to consult Mons. le Beau's luminous account in the 'Académie des Inscriptions,' tome xxxv. p. 262.

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augural robe (Epist. Fam., lib. ii. 16); and in another passage calls it "our purple," being himself a member of the college of augurs. The shape of the aforesaid *trabea* is another puzzle for the antiquaries. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says plainly enough that it only differed from the *toga* in the quality of its stuff; but Rubenius would make it appear from the lines of Virgil—

" Parvaque sedebat  
Succinctus *trabea*."—Æn. 7—

that it was short, and resembled the *paludamentum*, for which reason he says the *salii* (priests of Mars), who are sometimes termed "*trabeati*," are called "*paludati*" by Festus.

The Roman women originally wore the *toga* as well as the men, but they soon abandoned it for the Greek *pallium*, an elegant mantle, under which they wore a tunic descending in graceful folds to the feet, called the *stola*.\*

Another exterior habit was called the *peplum*, also of Grecian origin. It is very difficult, says Montfaucon, to distinguish these habits one from the other. There was also a habit called *croco'a*, most probably because it was of a saffron colour, as we are told it was worn not only by the women, but effeminate men, revellers, and buffoons.†

The fashions of ladies' head dresses changed as often in those times as they do now. *Vitta* and *fascia*, ribbons or fillets, were the most simple and respectable ornaments for the hair. Ovid particularly mentions the former as the distinguishing badges of honest matrons and chaste virgins.‡

The *calantica* was, according to some, a coverchief. Servius says the *mitra* was the same thing as the *calantica*, though it anciently signified amongst the Greeks a ribbon, a fillet, a zone.§ Another coverchief called *flammeum*, or *flammeolum*, was worn by a new-married female on the wedding-day. According to Nonius, matrons also wore the *flammeum*, and Tertullian seems to indicate that in his time it was a common ornament which Christian women wore also. The *calendrum*, mentioned by Horace (l. Sat. viii. 48), and afterwards by Arnobius, was a round of false hair which women added to their natural locks, in order to lengthen them and improve their appearance. The Roman ladies wore bracelets (*armilla*) of silver, or gilt metal, and sometimes of pure gold, necklaces, and earrings. Pliny says, "they seek the pearl in the Red Sea, and the emeralds in the depths of the earth. It is for this they pierce their ears." These earrings were extremely long, and sometimes of so great a price, says Seneca, that "a pair of them would consume the revenue of a rich house;" and again, that "the folly of them (the women) was such, that one of them would carry two or three patrimonies hanging at her ears." Green and vermilion were favourite colours, both with Greek and Roman females. Such garments were called "*vestes herbidae*," from the hue and juice of the herbs with which they were stained. The rage for green and vermilion was of long duration, for Cyprian and Tertullian, inveighing against luxury, name particularly those colours as most agreeable to the women; and Martian Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, even says, "*Floridam discoloremque vestem herbida palla contextuerat*." At banquets, and on joyful occasions, white dresses were made use of.|| Among the many colours in request with gentlewomen, Ovid reckons "*albentes rosas*" (de Art. iii. v. 189); and at v. 191 he says—

"Alba decent fuscas : albis, es Cephei placebas."

In Tibullus we meet with the following passage :—

"Urit seu Tyria voluit procedere palla;  
Urit seu nivea caudida veste venit."—Eleg. iv. 2.

Having thus given a sketch of the general costume of the Romans, we will proceed to notice

\* "Ad talos stola et demissa circumdata palla."—Horace, lib. i., Sat. 2, 99.

† Yellow was always considered effeminate amongst the Romans, and the votaries of pleasure were generally described in it. See also a painting of vocal and instrumental performers found at Portici, A.D. 1761.

‡ "Este procul *vittæ* tenuis insigne pudoris."—Metam., lib. i., fab. 9.  
And describing the chaste Daphne, he says,

"Vitta coercerat positos sine lege capillos."—Met. lib. i.

§ "Unde *mitram* solvere quod metaphorice significabat cum virgine concumbere."—Montfaucon, Ant. Expliq. tome iii. p. 44.

|| Stuekius, Ant. Con. ii. 26.

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such peculiarities as are requisite to distinguish the dramatis personæ of the Roman plays of Shakspeare.

The dress of the ancient Roman consuls consisted of the tunic, called from its ornament *laticlavian*, the *toga prætexta* (i. e. bordered with purple), and the red sandals called *mulleæ*. Of all the disputed points before alluded to, that which has occasioned the most controversy is the distinguishing mark of the senatorial and equestrian classes.

The *latus clavus* is said to have been the characteristic of the magistrates and senators, and the *angustus clavus* that of the equites or knights.

That it was a purple ornament we learn from Pliny\* and Ovid; but concerning its shape there are almost as many opinions as there have been pages written on the subject, not one of the ancients having taken the trouble to describe what to them was a matter of no curiosity, or by accident dropped a hint which might serve as a clue to the enigma. Some antiquarians contend that it was a round knob or nail with which the tunic was studded all over; others that it was a flower; some that it was a fibula; some that it was a ribbon worn like a modern order; and others, again, that it was a stripe of purple wove in or sewn on the tunic; but these last are divided among themselves as to the direction in which this stripe ran.†

The learned Père Montfaucon, in his 'Antiquité Expliquée par les Figures,' observes that Lampridius, in his 'Life of Alexander Severus,' says that at feasts napkins were used adorned with scarlet clavi, "*clavata ecco mantilia*." These clavi were also seen in the sheets that covered the beds on which the ancients lay to take their meals. Ammianus Marcellinus also tells us that a table was covered with cloths so ornamented, and disposed in such a manner, that the whole appeared like the *habit of a prince*.

Upon this Montfaucon ingeniously remarks, that, presuming the clavus to be a stripe or band of purple running round the edges of these cloths, it would not be difficult by laying them one over the other to show nothing but their borders, and thereby present a mass of purple to the eye, which might of course be very properly compared to the habit of a prince, but that this could not be effected were the cloths merely studded with purple knobs, or embroidered with purple flowers, as in that case the white ground must inevitably appear. In addition to this, he observes that St. Basil, in explanation of a passage in Isaiah, says, he blames the luxury of women "who border their garments with purple, or who insert it into the stuff itself;" and that St. Jerome, on the same passage, uses the expression of "*clavatum purpura*."

Now, though these observations go some way towards proving the clavus to have been a band or stripe (broad for the senators and narrow for the knights), we are as much in the dark as ever respecting the direction it took. It could not have bordered the tunic, or surely, like that of the Spaniards;‡ it would have been called *prætexta* (as the toga was when so ornamented). On the line in Horace—

"*Latum demisit pectore clavum*."—Sat. 1, 6, 28—

a commentator (Torrentius) says, "*recto ordine descendebat insuti clavi vel intexti*"—the clavi sewn on, or woven into, the garment, descended in a right line; but if he founded this conjecture simply on the word "*demisit*," he did not recollect that the ornament gave its name to the garment, and that the tunic itself is repeatedly called the *latus clavus* by the ancient writers. Horace might, therefore, merely allude to the tunic of the wearer hanging loosely and negligently down upon the breast, an affectation of wearing it which is imputed to Julius Cæsar. Nothing, in short, appears likely to solve this difficulty but the discovery of some *painting* of Roman times, in which colour may afford the necessary information.

Noble Roman youths wore the *prætexta*, and the *bullæ*, a golden ornament, which, from the rare specimen in the collection of the late Samuel Rogers, we should compare to the case of what is called a hunting-watch.§ It has generally been described as a small golden ball; but, unless the one we

\* Lib. 9, cap. xxxix.

† Those of our readers who would like to plunge into the depths of this unfathomable controversy are recommended to perusal of the essays of Rubenius and Ferrarius.

‡ Livy, speaking of the tunics of the Spaniards, says they were of a dazzling whiteness, and bordered with purple—" *id est prætextæ*."

§ An exactly similar one is engraved in Montfaucon.

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have seen has been by accident much compressed or flattened, we should say they were not more globular than an old-fashioned watch. Macrobius says they were sometimes in the shape of a heart, and that they frequently contained preservatives against envy, &c. On arriving at the age of puberty, which was fourteen, youths abandoned the *bullæ*, and exchanged the *toga prætexta* for the *toga pura*, which was also called the "*toga virilis*," and "*libera*:"—" *virilis*," in allusion to the period of life at which they had arrived; and *libera*, because at the same time, if they were pupilli, they attained full power over their property, and were released from tutela. There is no ascertaining the age of young Marcius, in the tragedy of Coriolanus; but as he only appears in the scene before the Volscian camp when he is brought to supplicate his father, he should wear nothing but a black tunic, the *toga* and all ornaments being laid aside in mourning and times of public calamity.

Of Julius Cæsar we learn the following facts relative to his dress and personal appearance. Suetonius tells us that he was tall, fair-complexioned, round-limbed, rather full-faced, and with black eyes; that he obtained from the senate permission to wear constantly a laurel crown (Dion Cassius says on account of his baldness); that he was remarkable in his dress, wearing the laticlavian tunic with sleeves to it, having gatherings about the wrist, and always had it girded rather loosely, which latter circumstance gave origin to the expression of Sulla, "Beware of the loose-coated boy," or "of the man who is so ill girt." Dion Cassius adds that he had also the right to wear a royal robe in assemblies;\* that he wore a red sash and the *calcei mullei* even on ordinary days, to show his descent from the Alban kings.† A statue of Julius Cæsar, armed, is engraved in Rossi's 'Racolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne,' folio, Rome, 1704, pl. 15; also one of Octavianus, or Augustus Cæsar:—the latter statue having been once in the possession of the celebrated Marquis Maffei. Octavius affected simplicity in his appearance, and humility in his conduct; and, consistently with this description, we find his armour of the plainest kind. His lorica, or cuirass, is entirely without ornament, except the two rows of plates at the bottom. The thorax is partly hidden by the *paludamentum*, which was worn by this emperor and by Julius Cæsar of a much larger size than those of his successors. Although he is without the *cinctura*, or belt, he holds in his right hand the *paragonium*, a short sword, which, as the name imports, was fastened to it.

Suetonius tells us that Octavius was in height five feet nine inches, of a complexion between brown and fair, his hair a little curled and inclining to yellow. He had clear bright eyes, small ears, and an aquiline nose,—his eyebrows meeting. He wore his toga neither too scanty nor too full, and the *clavus* of his tunic neither remarkably broad nor narrow. His shoes were a little thicker in the sole than common, to make him appear taller than he was. In the winter he wore a thick toga, four tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and wrappers on his legs and thighs. He could not bear the winter's sun, and never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

From the time of Caius Marius the senators wore black boots or buskins reaching to the middle of the leg,‡ with the letter C in silver or ivory upon them, or rather the figure of a half-moon§ or crescent.¶ There is one engraved in Montfaucon, from the cabinet of P. Kircher. It was worn above the heel, at the height of the ankle; but this last honour, it is conjectured, was only granted to such as were descended from the hundred senators elected by Romulus.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the purple of the ancients. Gibbon says "it was of a dark cast, as deep as bulls' blood."—See also President Goguet's 'Origine des Loix et des Arts,' part ii. l. 2, c. 2, pp. 184, 215. But there were several sorts of purple, and each hue was fashionable in its turn. "In my youth," says Cornelius Nepos (who

\* Cicero also says that Cæsar sat in the rostra, in a purple toga, on a golden seat, crowned: "Sedebat in rostris collega tuus, amictus toga purpurea, in sella aurea, coronatus."—Phil., 2, 34.

† Rubenius thinks he wore the sleeved tunic for the same reason, to show his descent, through those monarchs, from the Trojans, to whom Numanus objects, in Virgil, as a proof of their effeminacy—

"Et tunicæ manicas et habent redimicula mitræ."—Æn. 9, 616.

‡ "Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impedit crura Pellibus, et latum demisit pectore clavum."—Horace, l. Sat. 6, v. 27.

Hence also "calceos mutari," to become a senator, as they then exchanged one sort of chaussure for another.—Cicero. Phil. xiii. 13.

§ Therefore called "*Calcei Ænati*."—Rubenius apud Philostratus.

¶ The crescent is seen upon the standards of the Roman centuries, probably to denote the number 100.

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died during the reign of Augustus; Pliny, ix. 39), "the violet purple was fashionable, and sold for a hundred denarii the pound. Some time afterwards the red purple of Tarentum came into vogue, and to this succeeded the red Tyrian twice dyed, which was not to be bought under one thousand denarii." Here, then, we have three sorts of purple worn during the life of one man. The red purple is mentioned by Macrobius: he says the redness of the purple border of the toga prætexta was admonitory to those who assumed it to preserve the modesty of demeanour becoming young noblemen; and Virgil says that the sacrificing priest should cover his head with purple, without noticing whether its hue be red or violet. Indeed, purple was a term applied indiscriminately by the ancients to every tint produced by the *mixture of red and blue*, and sometimes to the pure colours themselves.

J. R. P.



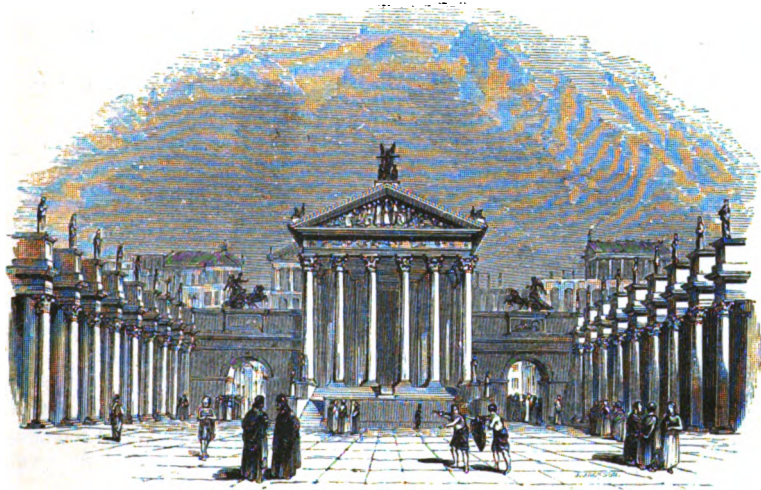
[Pæbeliana.]





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL.  
LEPIDUS; *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*  
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; *senators.*  
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS,  
DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA  
*conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*  
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*  
ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Chios.*  
*A Soothsayer.* CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet.  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and  
VOLUMNIUS; *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*  
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS;  
*servants to Brutus.*  
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*  
CALPURNIA *wife to Cæsar.* PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.*

*Flav.* Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*1 Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, sir; what trade are you?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,  
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*2 Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use  
with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir,  
a mender of bad soles.

*Flav.* \*What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

*2 Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not cut with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*2 Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all.<sup>b</sup> I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men

<sup>a</sup> We follow the folios in giving this speech to Flavius. Capell assigns it to Marullus, and he is generally followed. We doubt whether it is correct to assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

<sup>b</sup> *With all.*—The original has *withal*. Some editors write *with awl*, offering an equivocal to the eye which is somewhat too palpable.

as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's  
wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Public Place*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICEBO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.*

Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha! Who calls?

*Cæs.* Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Brut.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.<sup>2</sup>

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Senet. Exeunt all but BRU. and Cæs.*]

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course?<sup>3</sup>

*Brut.* Not I.

*Cæs.* I pray you do.

*Brut.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Brn.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook  
your passion;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath  
buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Brn.* No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'T is just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Brn.* Into what dangers would you lead me,  
Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to  
hear:  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me,\* gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

\* *On me.* So the original. We do not change this idiomatic language of Shakspeare's time into the *of me* of modern speech.

*Brn.* What means this shouting? I do fear,  
the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Brn.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him  
well:—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, 'Dars't thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,\*  
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of  
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:  
His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the  
world

\* The use of *arrive* without the preposition has an example in the later writings of Milton:—

"Who shall spread his airy flight  
Upborne with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*  
"he happy isle"

Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas ! it cried, ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Bru.* Another general shout !  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
world,

Like a Colossus ; and we potty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that  
Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded more than  
yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*]  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art  
sham'd !

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls<sup>a</sup> encompass'd but one man ?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing  
jealous ;

What you would work me to, I have some aim ;  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider ; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear : and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

<sup>a</sup> Walks in the original : changed by Rowe to walls.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from  
Brutus.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is re-  
turning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the  
sleeve ;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train :  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cas.* Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cas.* Let me have men about me that are  
fat ;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.\*

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dan-  
gerous ;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cas.* 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him  
not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no  
plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :  
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA  
stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you speak with me?

*Brutus.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad?

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Brutus.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a shouting.

*Brutus.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Brutus.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Brutus.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost chok'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Brutus.* 'T is very like: he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that;

but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Brutus.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!'—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

*Brutus.* And after that he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say anything?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: farewell both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

*Brutus.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Brutus.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 't is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-  
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICEBO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?<sup>a</sup>

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are you not mov'd, when all the sway  
of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well  
by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd<sup>b</sup> upon me, and went surly by

<sup>a</sup> To bring one on his way was to accompany him.

<sup>b</sup> *Glar'd.* The original has *glaz'd*. This is a meaningless word; and we have therefore to choose between one of two corrections. Knowing the mode in which typographical errors arise, we should say that *glar'd* in the manuscript might very readily become *glaz'd* in the printed copy, by the substitution of a z for an r. *Glar'd* is the reading of Rowe. On the contrary, if the manuscript had been

Without annoying me: and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear; who swore they  
saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking: When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These are their reasons,—They are natural;'  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things, after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed  
sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICEBO.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night  
is this?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace  
so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full  
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to  
open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt  
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

*glar'd*, which Malone adopts, the compositor must have inserted an *l*, to change a common word into an unfamiliar one; and this is not the usual process of typographical blundering. Malone quotes a passage from Stow, describing a lion-fight in the Tower:—"Then was the great lion put forth, who gazed awhile;" and he thinks the term to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion. Surely this is nonsense. A well-known quotation from Macbeth, given by Steevens, is decisive as to the propriety of using *glar'd* in the passage before us:—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
That thou dost glare with."

Remember all night, and so  
is glar'd for glaz'd.  
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When the most mighty gods, by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks  
of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;  
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;  
Why all these things change from their ordi-  
nance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol:  
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'T is Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,  
Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But, woe the while! our father's minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed they say the senators to-mor-  
row  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger  
then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most  
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

*Casca.* So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man  
That is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand:  
Be factious<sup>a</sup> for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There 's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know by this they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour 's<sup>b</sup> like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one  
in haste.

*Cas.* 'T is Cinna, I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you: Who 's that? Metellus  
Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on 't. What a fearful night  
is this!

There 's two or three of us have seen strange  
sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.  
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble  
Brutus  
To our party——

<sup>a</sup> *Factious.* Johnson considers that the expression here means *active*. To be factious, in its original sense, is to be doing; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or faction."

<sup>b</sup> The original has *is favors*. Some would read *is favour'd*: but the use of the noun, in the sense of *appearance*, is probably clearer.



*Cas.* Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you, lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window: set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: ' all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find  
us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's  
hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need  
of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Julius Cæsar.]



[Roman Augur.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.      *"Our elders say,  
The barren," &c.*

"AT that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycsians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern there), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that being with child they shall have good delivery; and so being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child."

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—*"Beware the ides of March."*

"Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore to

take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger."

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—*"Will you go see the order of the course?"*

"Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him he would not be there. But if we be sent for (said Cassius), how then? For myself then (said Brutus), I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word,—Why (quoth he), what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such-like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to show the people pastime: but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art."

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—"*Let me have men about me that are fat, &c.*"

"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

<sup>5</sup> SCENE II.—"*Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.*"

"Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chain of gold, appareled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there was a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol."

"When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by

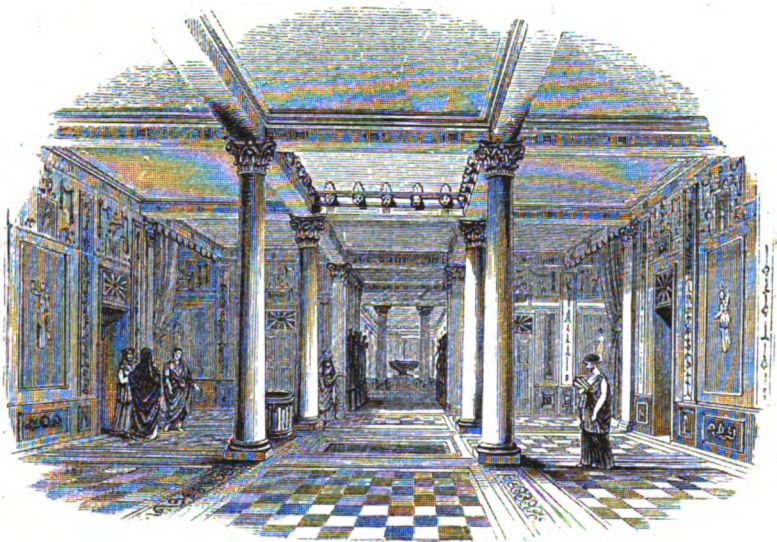
the pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and, tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil, when, standing on their feet, they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness."

<sup>6</sup> SCENE III.—"*A common slave, &c.*"

"Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt."

<sup>7</sup> SCENE III.—"*Good Cinna, take this paper, &c.*"

"But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurments and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote—O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus! And again, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills. Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed."



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when!\* Awake, I say! What,  
Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?  
*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.  
*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]  
*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my  
part,

\* So in Richard II.

"When, Harry, when!  
A common expression of impatience

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—  
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse<sup>a</sup> from power: And, to speak truth of  
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 't is a common  
proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
But when he once attains the upmost round,

<sup>a</sup> *Remorse*—pity—tenderness. A sense in which it is  
commonly used by Shakspeare.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the  
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mis-  
chievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Br.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?<sup>a</sup>

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Br.* Look in the calendar, and bring me  
word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Br.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them.

*[Opens the letter, and reads.]*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.  
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"

'Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!'—  
Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.  
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out;  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!  
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
'Speak, strike, redress!'<sup>b</sup>—Am I entreated  
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee  
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

*[Knock within.]*

*Br.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody  
knocks. *[Exit LUCIUS.]*

<sup>a</sup> *Idea of March.*—In the original *the first of March*. Presently Lucius says also, in the folio, "March is wasted *Afterteen* days." Theobald made the correction in both instances.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Craik, in his valuable *Philological Commentary* on *Julius Cæsar* ("The English of Shakespeare"), has pointed out that the letter unquestionably concluded with the emphatic adjuration—"Speak, strike, redress!" and that the second enunciation of "Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!" is a repetition by Brutus to himself.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of a man,<sup>a</sup>  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 't is your brother Cassius<sup>b</sup> at the  
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

*Br.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Br.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about  
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.<sup>c</sup>

*Br.* Let them enter.

*[Exit LUCIUS.]*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by  
night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,  
Conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou path<sup>d</sup> thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METEL-  
LUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your  
rest:

Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

<sup>a</sup> *A man.*—So the first folio: but the other folios and modern editors omit the article, which, we think, explains what has preceded it. *A man* individualizes the description; and shows that "the genius," on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, whilst "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action. The condition of Macbeth before the murder of Duncan illustrates this:—

"I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

Mr. Dyce holds that the article *a* is a barbarous addition. Mr. Craik retains the article.

<sup>b</sup> Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

<sup>c</sup> *Favour*—countenance.

<sup>d</sup> *Path*—walk on a trodden way—move forward amidst observation. See Introductory Notice, p. 217.

*Bru.* I have been up this hour ; awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you ?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them ; and no man here

But honours you : and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this,  
Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east : Doth not the day  
break here ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey  
lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both  
deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the  
north

He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath : If not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress ? what other bond,  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter ? and what other oath,  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,  
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,  
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,  
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero ?<sup>1</sup> Shall we sound him ?  
I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him ; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not ; let us not break with  
him ;

For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only  
Cæsar ?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not  
meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver ; and you know his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.<sup>2</sup>

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;

<sup>1</sup> *Cautelous*—wary—circumspect.

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him :  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

*Brn.* Alas, good Cassius ! do not think of him :  
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar :  
And that were much he should ; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

*Brn.* Peace ! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'T is time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :  
For he is superstitious grown of late ;  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies ;  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd  
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does ; being then most flattered.  
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch  
him.

*Brn.* By the eighth hour : Is that the utter-  
most ?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Brn.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him ;  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us : We'll  
leave you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all re-  
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true  
Romans.

*Brn.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.<sup>a</sup>

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ! It is no matter ;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men :  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Brn.* Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise  
you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have un-  
gently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across :  
And when I asked you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :  
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your  
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Brn.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Brn.* Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air  
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,

<sup>a</sup> The pause which naturally occurs before Cassius offers an answer to the impassioned argument of Brutus would be most decidedly marked by a proper reader or actor ; yet Pope and other editors read *do fear*, to make out the metre.  
<sup>b</sup> By him—by his house.

By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Brn.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Brn.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know  
this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with pa-  
tience,

And not my husband's secrets?

*Brn.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the character of my sad brows:—  
Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.]

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak  
with you.

*Brn.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—  
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble  
tongue.

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*Brn.* O, what a time have you chose out,  
brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick'  
*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.<sup>4</sup>

*Brn.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Liga-  
rius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Brn.* A piece of work that will make sick  
men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must  
make sick?

*Brn.* That must we also. What it is, my  
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Brn.* Follow me then.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's  
Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his  
nightgown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at  
peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!' Who's  
within?<sup>5</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [Exit.]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to  
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: The things that  
threaten'd me



Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall  
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their  
dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
The noise of battle hurtled<sup>a</sup> in the air,  
Horses do neigh,<sup>b</sup> and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the  
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets  
seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their  
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should  
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth  
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well

<sup>a</sup> *Hurtled.*—This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as hurled; and Shakespeare, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound.

<sup>b</sup> *Do neigh.*—Steevens departs from the original in reading *did neigh*; but the tenses might have been purposely confounded, to represent the vague terror of the speaker. Horses "*do neigh*" continues the image of

"Pierce fiery warriors fight upon the clou's."

But to make *did neigh* consistent with the action of the "fiery warriors," Mr. Grant White writes *fought*, and Mr. Keytleyer, *did fight*. It is perhaps better to retain the original text than to go into alterations without knowing where to stop.

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We are<sup>a</sup> two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy  
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;  
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some  
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know;  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,  
Which like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings and por-  
tents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

<sup>a</sup> *Are.*—The original has *heare*: a correction by Theobald is *were*. Capell has *are*.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now ; the senate have concluded To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, 'Break up the senate till another time, When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper, 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?'

Pardon me, Cæsar : for my dear, dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this ; And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.— Give me my robe, for I will go :—

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.— What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ? Good morrow, Casca.— Caius Ligarius, Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy As that same ague which hath made you lean.— What is 't o'clock ?

*Br.* Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights, Is notwithstanding up : Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within :— I am to blame to be thus waited for.— Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ; Remember that you call on me to-day : Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further. [*Aside.*]

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Br.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar, The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

*Art.* 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live : If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter* PORTIA and LUCIUS.

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone : Why dost thou stay ?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side ! Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel !— Art thou here yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do ? Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ? And so return to you, and nothing else ?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth : And take good note What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithee, listen well ; I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow :  
Which way hast thou been ?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is 't o'clock ?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou  
not ?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please  
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended  
towards him ?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that  
I fear may chance.

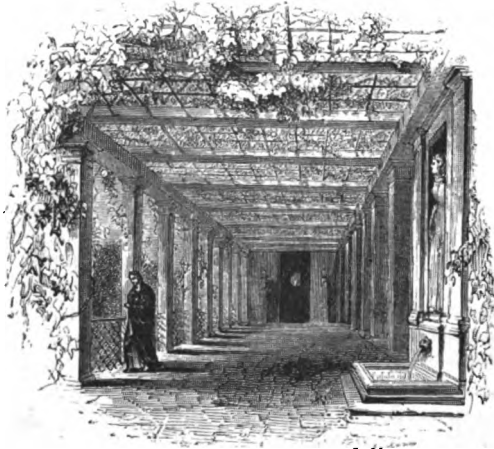
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Erit.*

*Por.* I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a  
thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!  
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*





[Roman Matron.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*But what of Cicero?*”

“THEY durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that, he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution, seeking by persuasion to bring all things to such safety as there should be no peril.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.*”

“After that they consulted whether they should kill Antonius with Cæsar; but Brutus would in no wise consent to it, saying, that venturing on such an enterprise as that, for the maintenance of law and justice, it ought to be clear from all villainy.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Let not our looks,*” &c.

“Furthermore, the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken nor given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by

manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed. Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger, when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. His wife, Portia, was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow, after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and jests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore of blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him:—I being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet (Brutus) good education, and the company of virtuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

### 4 SCENE I.—"Here is a sick man," &c.

"Now amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him, being sick in his bed, and said unto him, Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick! Ligarius, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, Brutus (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

### 5 SCENE II.—"Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out," &c.

"Then going to bed the same night, as his man-

ner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she deemed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; inasmuch that, Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day; and if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition; and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsayer, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate; but in the mean time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus. He, fearing that, if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land; and furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? and who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house."



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a  
suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great  
Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last  
serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the  
street?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All  
the Senators rise.*<sup>1</sup>

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

*Brü.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might  
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Br.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

*Br.* Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*]

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Br.* He is address'd: a press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cas.* Are we all ready? what is now amiss, That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, Might fire the blood of ordinary men; And turn pre-ordnance, and first decree, Into the law<sup>c</sup> of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood, That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him, I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Address'd—ready.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Collier gives the words to Casca; as Ritson also did. The distribution seems plausible. But Brutus has just said of Cæsar, "he is address'd," which means "he is ready." Cæsar, being ready himself, looks to the senate, and says "Are we all ready?"

<sup>c</sup> Law.—The original has *lawe*,—an easy misprint for *lawe* d In Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries' there is the following passage referring to Shakspeare: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" Jonson wrote this, we have no doubt, before the publication of the folio of 1623; for he was incapable of falsely quoting his friend's lines. Tyrwhitt supposes that the players altered the line; and maintains that Shakspeare did not use *wrong* in the sense of impropriety, but with reference to his exercise of power which sometimes

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Br.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cas.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cas.* I could be well mov'd if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world: 'T is furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,

Let me a little show it,—even in this, That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cas.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cas.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

*Cas.* *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!— Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

*Br.* People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Br.* Where's Publius?

required him to punish. "On the whole," say the Cambridge editors, "it seems more probable that Jonson, quoting from memory, quoted wrong, than that the passage was altered in consequence of his censure, which was first made publicly, in 1623."

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

*Brw.* Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Brw.* Do so;—and let no man abide this deed  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*Brw.* Fates! we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die we know; 't is but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Casca.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.\*

*Brw.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans,  
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages  
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

*Brw.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in  
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

\* The original copies give this speech to Casca. The variorum editors assigned it to Cassius. Mr. Craik thinks it is more in the manner of Cassius.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Brw.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest:  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Brw.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Brw.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Brw.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome,  
Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made  
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and  
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death,



As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Brw.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark  
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice,\* and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Brw.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-  
tellus;  
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-  
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,  
brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters  
stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lcthe.  
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius;  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was,  
indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on  
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Brw.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That 's all I seek:  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Brw.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do: Do not consent  
[*Aside.*]

That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?

*Brw.* By your pardon;—  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission;  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it not.

*Brw.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's  
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;  
And say you do 't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;

I do desire no more.

*Brw.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

\* See Recent New Reading at the end of the Act.

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,<sup>a</sup>  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby  
lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry 'Havock,'<sup>b</sup> and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming:  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what  
hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which thou shalt discourse

<sup>a</sup> We give the line as in the first and second editions. The text was invariably corrupted in all modern editions before the Pictorial into—

"O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth."

<sup>b</sup> *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was, in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.

To young Octavius of the state of things,  
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*<sup>2</sup>

*Cit.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay  
here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their  
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for  
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear;  
believe me for mine honour; and have respect  
to mine honour, that you may believe: censure  
me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that  
you may the better judge. If there be any in  
this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him  
I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less  
than his. If then that friend demand why  
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—  
Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved  
Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living,  
and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead,  
to live all free-men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep  
for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as  
he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was  
ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his  
love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour;  
and death, for his ambition. Who is here so  
base that would be a bondman? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. Who is here so rude  
that would not be a Roman? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. Who is here so vile  
that will not love his country? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Cit.* None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have  
done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to

Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Brn.* My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Brn.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Erit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

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Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 't is his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will !—we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;  
you shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.  
I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

*Cit.* The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will ! read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

*Cit.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Cit.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffing up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,\*  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint<sup>b</sup> of pity : these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but be-  
hold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*All.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,  
—seek, —burn, —fire, —kill, —slay !—let not a  
traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honourable ;  
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,  
That made them do it ; they are wise and  
honourable,

\* *Statue.*—In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word. What we may gain in the harmony of the verse we lose in the simplicity of the expression, by this alteration.

<sup>b</sup> *Dint*—impression.

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full  
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit,\* nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor  
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Cit.* We 'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away then; come, seek the conspira-  
tors!

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
speak.

*Cit.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble  
Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know  
not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?  
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—  
You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cit.* Most true; the will:—let 's stay, and hear  
the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll revenge his  
death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!  
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

\* *Wit*.—The folio of 1623 has *writ*—that of 1632 *wit*.  
*Writ* may be explained as a prepared writing; but we retain  
the reading of the second folio, receiving *wit* in the sense of  
understanding.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, with the body.]

*Ant.* Now let it work! Mischief, thou art  
afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,  
fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us anything.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the  
people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*<sup>3</sup>

*Cit.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with  
Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my phantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going?  
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a  
bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly,  
and briefly, wisely, and truly; wisely I say, I  
am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are  
fools that marry: You 'll bear me a bang for  
that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.\*

\* Through a most extraordinary licence, or indolence in

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go! [*Exeunt.*]

the collation of copies, this entire line is omitted in some modern editions.

RECENT NEW READING.

Act III., Sc. I., p. 250.

"Our arms, in strength of malice," &c.

"Our arms, in strength of welcome," &c.—COLLIER.

We transcribe the following note from Mr. Craik's Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar:—

The word *malice* "has stood in every edition down to that in one volume produced by Mr. Collier in 1853; and there, for the first time, instead of 'strength of malice,' we have 'strength of welcome.' This turns the nonsense into

excellent sense; and the two words are by no means so unlike as that, in a cramp hand, or an injured or somewhat faded page, the one might not easily have been mistaken by the first printer or editor for the other. . . . Yet, strange to say, it is not so much as mentioned by Mr. Collier in the large volume, of above 500 pages (Notes and Emendations, etc.), which professes to contain an account of everything of interest or importance in his copy of the Second Folio. Nor, as far as I remember, has it attracted any attention from any one of the numerous critics of the new readings. As how, indeed, should it, smuggled into the text as it has been!"





[Roman Consul.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*All the Senators rise.*”

“A SENATOR called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but, withal, despatch, I rede you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out. \* \* \* \* \* When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him; wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called), not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companions (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius, and immediately after Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand, which showed

plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. Now all the senators being entered first into this place or chapter-house where the council should be kept, all the other conspirators straight stood about Cæsar's chair, as if they had had something to say unto him; and some say that Cassius, casting his eyes upon Pompey's image, made his prayer unto it as if it had been alive. Trebonius, on the other side, drew Antonius aside as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the senate rose to honour him at his coming in; so, when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius (Metellus) Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar, at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber, with both his hands, plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him drew his dagger first, and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin, O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

hand go, and, casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact; but they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them; for it was set down and agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should entreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators, but Brutus, determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny. Besides, also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises; he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it: first, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him, for he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius' life, who at that present time disguised himself and stole away; but Brutus and his counsors, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans as they went to take their liberty again."

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.*"

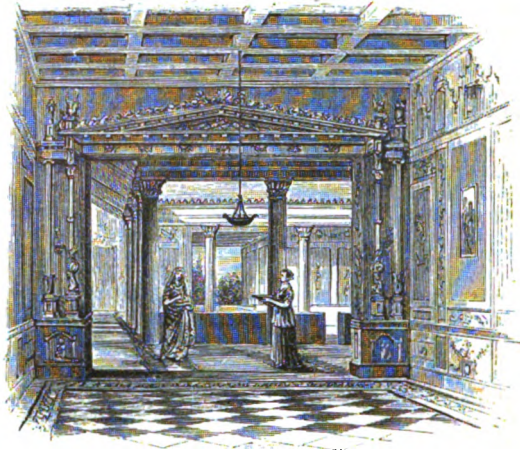
"A great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir, yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak they gave him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after they showed that they were not all contented with the murder. \* \* \* \* \* Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also

that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it, wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault; for the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators that Antonius should be slain, and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it; therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people, for some of them cried out, Kill the murderers; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy place. And, furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled."

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—*Enter Cinna, the Poet.*"

"There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends. He dreamed the night before that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where, being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever, and yet, notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar; and because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place."





## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*<sup>a</sup>

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.<sup>1</sup>

*Oct.* Your brother too must die: Consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

<sup>a</sup> The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription.—(See Illustration.)—But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die, In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will ;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go  
forth :

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations,<sup>a</sup>  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers : we must straight make  
head :

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;<sup>b</sup>  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answer'd.

*Oct.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp  
near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
Soldiers : TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting  
them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho !<sup>c</sup>

*Luc.* Give the word, ho ! and stand.

<sup>a</sup> In the original there is a full point at the end of this line ; and in variorum editions there is a semicolon, which equally answers the purpose of separating the sense from what follows. This separation has created a difficulty. Theobald wants to know why a man is to be called a barren-spirited fellow that feeds on objects and arts ; and he proposes to read *object arts*. This is something too violent ; and therefore Steevens maintains that objects and arts were unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative and the other mechanical knowledge. If these are excluded, what knowledge are we to feed upon ? Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

“ On objects, arts, and imitations,  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion.”

<sup>b</sup> We print this line as in the first folio. It certainly gives one the notion of being imperfect ; but it is not necessarily so, and may be taken as a hemistich. The second folio has pieced it out rather botchingly :—

“ Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out.”  
This is a common reading. Malone reads,

“ Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.”

<sup>c</sup> Stand, ho !—This is the pass-word, which Steevens absurdly changes to stand here.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

*Luc.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone : but if he be at hand  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough,  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be  
quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [March within.]

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd :—  
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me  
wrong.<sup>d</sup>

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine  
enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides  
wrongs :

And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content ;  
Speak your griefs<sup>e</sup> softly, — I do know you  
well :—

<sup>d</sup> Griefs—grievances.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.<sup>a</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*<sup>b</sup>

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear  
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such  
a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his com-  
ment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this cor-  
ruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March  
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

<sup>a</sup> We print these three lines as in the original. Mr. Craik very ingeniously transposes the Lucilius of the first line and the Lucius of the third, to cure, he says, the imperfect prosody of the first line, and to get rid of the incongruity of an officer of rank and a servant boy being appointed to the same office.

<sup>b</sup> This is not given as a separate scene in the original; but, with reference to the construction of the modern stage, the present arrangement is necessary. In the Shaksperian theatre Brutus and Cassius might have retired to the secondary stage.—(See Othello. Illustration of Act v.)

And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait<sup>a</sup> not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no  
further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all  
this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud  
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I  
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong  
me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have  
mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have  
tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not?

<sup>a</sup> *Bait*.—So the original. Stevens reads *bay*, conceiving that the repetition of the word used by Brutus is necessary to the spirit of the reply. However this may be, *bay* is not so expressive as *bait*. Shakspeare uses the word here as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,  
To bait me with this foul derision?"

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied  
me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile  
trash

By any indirection! I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: Was that done like  
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not:—he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath  
riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such  
faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do  
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius,  
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is weary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst  
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yok'd with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth  
him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd  
too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your  
hand

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O, Brutus!—

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with  
me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave  
me

Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you  
so. [Noise within.]

*Poet.* [Within.] Let me go in to see the  
generals;

There is some grudge between them, 't is not  
meet

They be alone.

*Lucil.* [Within.] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay  
me.

*Enter Poet.*

*Cas.* How now? What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals: What do you  
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should  
be;

For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic  
rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,  
hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows  
his time

What should the wars do with these jiggling  
fools?

Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away, begone!  
[*Exit Poet.*]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala  
with you,  
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so  
angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is  
dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you  
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark  
Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her  
death

That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl  
of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble  
pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good  
Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same  
tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of out-  
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one?

*Mes.* \*Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her  
in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,  
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should  
endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you  
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is.

\*T is better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place  
to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a fore'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

\* Steevens here thrusts in *ay*, "to complete the verse  
by destroying the pause which makes it so emphatic."

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note  
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :  
The enemy increaseth every day,  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on :  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity ;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good night ;  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-  
well, good Messala ;—  
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !  
This was an ill beginning of the night :  
Never come such division 'tween our souls !  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Everything is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-  
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men :  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius !

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and  
sleep ;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch  
your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good  
sirs ;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so :  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it  
me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-  
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an it please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy :  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy  
might ;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep  
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good  
night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;  
I'll take it from thee : and, good boy, good  
night.

Let me see, let me see :—Is not the leaf turn'd  
down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes  
here ?<sup>s</sup>

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me :—Art thou anything ?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?  
Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at  
Philippi.

*Bru.* Well : Then I shall see thee again ?

<p><i>Ghost.</i></p> <p><i>Bru.</i> Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.— Now I have taken heart thou vanishest: Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.— Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!— Claudius!</p> <p><i>Luc.</i> The strings, my lord, are false.</p> <p><i>Bru.</i> He thinks he still is at his instrument.— Lucius, awake!</p> <p><i>Luc.</i> My lord.</p> <p><i>Bru.</i> Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?</p> <p><i>Luc.</i> My lord, I do not know that I did cry.</p> <p><i>Bru.</i> Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see anything?</p> <p><i>Luc.</i> Nothing, my lord.</p>	<p><i>Ay, at Philippi.</i> [<i>Ghost vanishes.</i></p> <p><i>Bru.</i> Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius! Fellow thou! awake!</p> <p><i>Var.</i> My lord,</p> <p><i>Clau.</i> My lord.</p> <p><i>Bru.</i> Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?</p> <p><i>Var. Clau.</i> Did we, my lord?</p> <p><i>Bru.</i> Ay; saw you anything?</p> <p><i>Var.</i> No, my lord, I saw nothing.</p> <p><i>Clau.</i> Nor I, my lord.</p> <p><i>Bru.</i> Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius; Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.</p> <p><i>Var. Clau.</i> It shall be done, my lord. [<i>Exeunt.</i></p>
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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*These many then shall die.*”

“ALL three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now, as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will; Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it.”

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.*”

“About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also lest it should grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: \* \* \* This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the doorkeepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

‘My lords, I pray you, hearken both to me,  
For I have seen more years than such ye three.’

Cassius fell a laughing at him. but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic. Howbeit, his coming in broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The self-same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. \* \* \* The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardiens, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, \* \* \* for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfering in his office. This judgment much disliked Cassius: \* \* \* and therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe in such a time, as was meet to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the ideo of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pillaged nor spoiled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority.”

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—“*How ill this taper burns!*”

“But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. \* \* \* After he had slumbered a little after supper he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day brake he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night.”





## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to warn<sup>a</sup> us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
To visit other places ; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
But 't is not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals :  
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;

<sup>a</sup> To warn--to summon.

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the  
left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their  
Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and  
others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and  
talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of  
battle ?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their  
charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, 'Long live! hail Cæsar!'

*Cas.* Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;<sup>a</sup>  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd  
like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look; I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?—  
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty<sup>b</sup> wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

<sup>a</sup> Where a plural noun being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakspeare's time, to disregard the real singular nominative. Such a construction is not to be imputed to grammatical ignorance, but to a licence warranted by the best examples. Our language in becoming more correct has lost something of its spirit.

<sup>b</sup> *Three-and-thirty*.—The variorum reading is *three-and-twenty*; which Theobald gave us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wounds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.]

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow;  
and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala,—

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that, against my will,<sup>1</sup>

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign<sup>a</sup>

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away, and gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determined to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

<sup>a</sup> *Former ensign*.—The ensign in the *van*.

Which he did give himself:—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Br.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble  
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

*Br.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man  
might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Br.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills  
Unto the legions on the other side:  
[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the  
Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too  
early:  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

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*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;<sup>a</sup>  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look,  
Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in  
him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

*Pin.* [Above.] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;  
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he  
'lights too:—

He's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy.<sup>a</sup>

[*Shout.*]

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep  
thine oath!  
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

<sup>a</sup> We follow the metrical arrangement of the original, than which nothing can be more perfect. Boswell, the last editor of a *variorum* edition, has, for the first time that has come under our notice, reprehended this species of mischievous dabbling with the text. He says, "The modern editors, I know not why, have altered it thus:—

"Titinius is  
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that  
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—  
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!  
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en; and  
hark!  
They shout for joy."

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts; And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now, Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate, With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum. Re-enter* MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then* BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die: There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.<sup>2</sup>

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;

I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive, or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe, Give him all kindness: I had rather have Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on, And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead: And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent, How everything is chanc'd. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.<sup>4</sup>

*Cl.* Statilius show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]

*Cl.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cl.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius.— [Whispers him.]

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*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cl.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cl.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me Two several times by night: at Sardis, once; And, this last night, here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit: It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee, Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [Alarm still.]

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life, I found no man but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day, More than Octavius and Mark Antony By this vile conquest shall attain unto. So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue Hath almost ended his life's history: Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarm. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!]

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Bru.* Hence; I will follow.

[Exit CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord: Thou art a fellow of a good respect; Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it: Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

*Brw.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.  
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Medal of Brutus.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Be thou my witness that, against my will,*” &c.

“WHEN they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there one day only before the battle they both flew away. \* \* \* And yet, further, there were seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey that fed upon dead carcasses. \* \* \* The which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear; thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length. \* \* \* But Brutus, in contrary manner, did alway before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible. \* \* Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance, like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and, holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his manner was), told him in Greek—Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ‘jeopard’ the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel. Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat, and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. Then Cassius began to speak first, and said,—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But

with the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune; for I gave up my life for my country in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to hear what he said, and, embracing him, Come on then, said he, let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors. After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“*Fly further off, my lord.*”

“So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him; but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all:

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

for Cassius thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words:—Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he, notwithstanding, escaped from that overthrow. But then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more: whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently in the field. Brutus, in the mean time, came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown; but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the least of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder.”

3 SCENE IV.—“*Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.*”

“So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life. Amongst them there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life; and, being left behind, told them that he was Brutus, and, because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. The barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him; some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death. When they came near together, Antonius stayed awhile bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said—Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. And now for myself:—I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here,

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bearing them down that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them, My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong; but I do assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed; for instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and, for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him; for I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.”

4 SCENE V.—“*Come, poor remains of friends,*” &c.

“Now, Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him: and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses of the which Volunnius wrote the one, to this effect:—

‘Let not the wight from whom this mischief went  
(O Jove) escape without due punishment;’—

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Sabia and Flavius, of the which the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioneers of his camp. In the mean time one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet. At the self-same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river. Whereupon Volunnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was; and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told them all was drunk, but they shall bring you some more. Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt. Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now, Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, If Statilius be alive he will come again; but his evil fortune was such, that as he came back he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volunnius himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword to thrust it in him to

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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, We must fly indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: it rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves

and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request), held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend. So, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said—Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus. Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium.



[Pompey's Statue]



**ANTONY**  
AND  
**CLEOPATRA.**



## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

'THE Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective. The positive errors are very few. Some obscure passages present themselves; but, with one or two exceptions, they are not such as to render conjectural emendation desirable.

We have already stated our views of the chronology of this tragedy, in the Introductory Notices to Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar.

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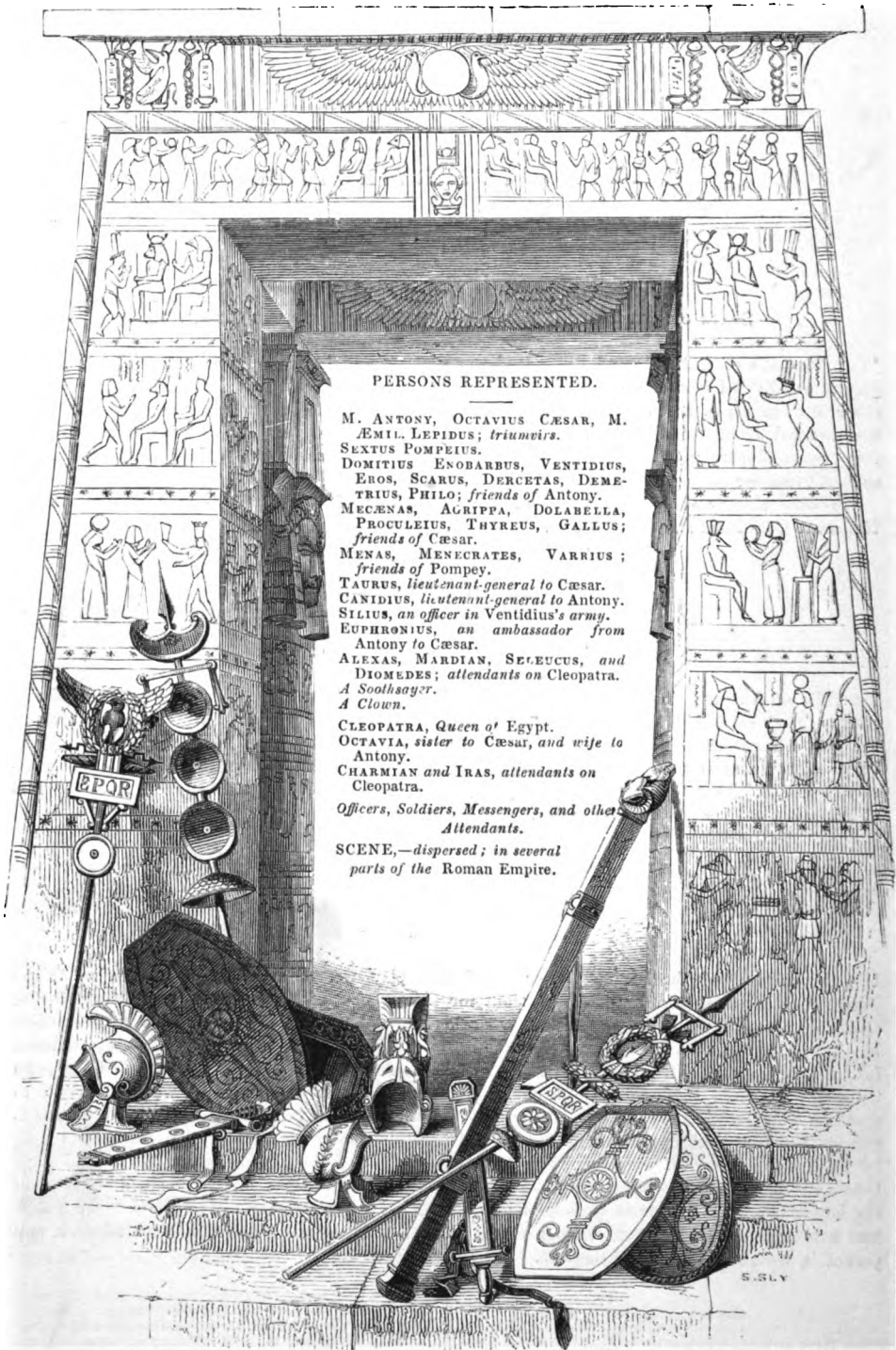
### SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE Life of Antonius, in North's Plutarch, has been followed by Shakspeare with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony's career which the poet has not engrafted upon his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspeare's genius. That this may be properly felt we have given very copious extracts from the Life of Antonius, as Illustrations of each Act.

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### COSTUME.

FOR the costume of the Roman personages of this play, we, of course, refer our readers to the Notice prefixed to that of Julius Cæsar: but for the costume of Egypt during the latter period of Greek domination we have no satisfactory authority. Winkelman describes some figures which he asserts were "made by Egyptian sculptors under the dominion of the Greeks, who introduced into Egypt their gods as well as their arts; while, on the other hand, the Greeks adopted Egyptian usages." But from these mutilated remains of Greco-Egyptian workmanship we are unable to ascertain how far the Egyptians generally adopted the costume of their conquerors, or the conquerors themselves assumed that of the vanquished. In the work on Egyptian Antiquities published in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, the few facts bearing upon this subject have been assembled, and the minutest details of the more ancient Egyptian costume will be found in the admirable works of Sir G. Wilkinson: but it would be worse than useless for us to enter here into a long description of the costume of the Pharaohs, unless we could assert how much, if any part of it, was retained by the Ptolemies.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMIL LEPIDUS; *triumvirs.*  
 SEXTUS POMPEIUS.  
 DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO; *friends of Antony.*  
 MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS; *friends of Cæsar.*  
 MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS; *friends of Pompey.*  
 TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*  
 CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*  
 SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*  
 EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*  
 ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES; *attendants on Cleopatra.*  
*A Soothsayer.*  
*A Clown.*  
 CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*  
 OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*  
 CHARMIAN and IRAS, *attendants on Cleopatra.*  
*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*  
 SCENE,—*dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

S.SLY





[Room in Cleopatra's Palace.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now  
turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges<sup>a</sup> all temper;  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust. L Look, where they come!

<sup>a</sup> *Reneges*—renounces. This is sometimes spelt *reneges*; but Coleridge suggested the orthography we have adopted, which gives us the proper pronunciation, as in *league*. Steevens proposes to read *reneges*, a word used by Chaucer in the same sense.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple<sup>a</sup> pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be  
reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be below'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new  
heaven, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome—

*Ant.* Grates me: <sup>b</sup>—The sum.

<sup>a</sup> *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So in *All's Well that Ends Well* we have a *triple eye* for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of three-fold.

<sup>b</sup> *Grates me*—offends me;—is grating to me.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony :  
Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, ' Do this, or this ;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

*Ant.* How, my love !

*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer, your dismission  
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, An-  
tony.—

Where's Fulvia's process ?<sup>a</sup> Cæsar's, I would  
say.—Both.—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays  
shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The mes-  
sengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide  
arch

Of the rang'd empire<sup>b</sup> fall ! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,  
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet<sup>c</sup>  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony  
Will be himself—

*Ant.* But stir'd by Cleopatra.<sup>d</sup>—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference  
harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-  
night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen !

Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives

<sup>a</sup> *Process*—summons.

<sup>b</sup> *Rang'd empire.* Capell, the most neglected of the com-  
mentators, properly explains this—"Orderly ranged—whose  
parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-  
built edifices." He refers to a passage in Coriolanus,—

"Bury all which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin."

<sup>c</sup> *To weet*—to know.

<sup>d</sup> Johnson explains this as if *stir'd* had the meaning of *except*  
—Antony will be himself, unless Cleopatra keeps him in  
commotion. Monk Mason objects to this ; and interprets  
the passage,—if but stirred by Cleopatra. Surely the mean-  
ing is more obvious. Antony accepts Cleopatra's belief of  
what he will be. He will be himself ; but still under the  
influence of Cleopatra ; and to show what that influence is,  
he continues, " Now, for the love of Love," &c.

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,  
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and  
note

The qualities of people.<sup>1</sup> Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEOP., with their Train.

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I'm full sorry

That he approves the common liar, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a  
Soothsayer.

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-  
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,  
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to  
the queen ? O, that I knew this husband,  
which, you say, must change<sup>a</sup> his horns with  
garlands !

*Alex.* Soothsayer.

*Sooth.* Your will ?

*Char.* Is this the man ?—Is 't you, sir, that  
know things ?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine  
enough

Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you  
are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Irás.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid !

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush !

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloved than be-  
lov'd.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with  
drinking.

<sup>a</sup> *Change*—vary—give a different appearance to. *Change* is  
the word of the original. Warburton and others propose to  
read *charge*.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike my children shall have no names: Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile<sup>a</sup> every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus pre-  
sageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm, be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune;—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer

<sup>a</sup> Fertile. The original has *foretel*. The emendation, which is very ingenious, was made by Warburton.

of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! If it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither.

Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here,<sup>a</sup> at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: Go with us.

*[Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]*

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.<sup>3</sup>

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—

On:

Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus.

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian  
force,

<sup>a</sup> Steevens here introduces *madam*, "as a proper cure for the present defect in metre."



Extended, Asia from Euphrates;  
His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia and to Ionia;  
Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general  
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults  
With such full licence as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth  
weeds  
When our quick <sup>mirrors</sup> ~~winds~~ lie still; and our ills  
told us,

Is as our earing.<sup>b</sup> Fare thee well a while.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news?° Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such  
an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more  
serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*]

*Ant.* Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again: the present pleasure  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself;<sup>d</sup> she's good, being gone;

<sup>a</sup> *Extended*—seized upon. In North's Plutarch we find that Labienus had "overrun Asia from Euphrates." Nearly all Shakspeare's contemporaries make the second syllable of Euphrates short. Drayton, for example,—

"That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates."

<sup>b</sup> Malone proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds*; and the commentators have taken different sides in this matter. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When, then, do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but "the winds of March," rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The quick winds then are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the "earing."

<sup>c</sup> *How the news?* So the folio. Mr. Dyce reads *ho, the news!* <sup>d</sup> Warburton says, "The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which, rising in the east, and by revolution lower-

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her  
on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: We  
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if  
they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women  
die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing;  
though, between them and a great cause, they  
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching  
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have  
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-  
ment: I do think there is mettle in death, which  
commits some loving act upon her, she hath  
such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made  
of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We  
cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and  
tears; they are greater storms and tempests  
than almanacs can report: this cannot be cun-  
ning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of  
rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a won-  
derful piece of work; which not to have been  
blessed withal, would have discredited your  
travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacri-  
fice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the  
wife of a man from him, it shows to man the  
tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that  
when old robes are worn out there are members  
to make new. If there were no more women  
but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the  
case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with  
consolation; your old smock brings forth a new  
petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an  
onion that should water this sorrow.

ing, or setting, in the west, becomes the opposite of itself." But, taking revolution simply as a change of circumstances, the passage may mean (and this is the interpretation of Steevens) that the pleasure of to day becomes subsequently a pain—the opposite of itself. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector alters *revolution lowering* to *repetition souring*, but we hold to the original

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part.<sup>a</sup> For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do 't. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad, Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.]

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

<sup>a</sup> Some of the commentators would read "leave to part." To get her *love*, here, may be to prevail upon her love that we may part. Pope was the first to read *leave*.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter* ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go; 'Would she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say 't is I that keep you here, I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first, I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine, and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;— Eternity was in our lips and eyes; Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor, But was a race of heaven: They are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know

There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands Our services a while; but my full heart

{ Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius }  
 { Makes his approaches to the port of Rome: }

Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown  
to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemned Pom-  
pey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe<sup>a</sup> my  
going,

Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give  
me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils<sup>b</sup> she awak'd; at the last, best;  
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!  
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to  
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice: By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lacc, Charmian, come;—  
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.<sup>c</sup>

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt:<sup>d</sup> Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is  
meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

<sup>a</sup> Safe—render safe.

<sup>b</sup> Garboils—disorders, commotions; probably derived from  
the same source as *turmoil*.

<sup>c</sup> This passage was usually pointed with a colon after  
"well;" and, so pointed, it is interpreted by Capell, "such is  
Antony's love, fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like  
my health." We follow the punctuation of the original,  
which is more consonant with the rapid and capricious  
demeanour of Cleopatra—I am quickly ill, and I am well  
again, so that Antony loves.

<sup>d</sup> Egypt—the queen of Egypt.

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends;  
But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Char-  
mian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:  
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;  
That you know well: Something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'T is sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword  
Sit laurel<sup>a</sup> victory, and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come:  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.  
Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in  
Cæsar's House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and  
Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth  
know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor<sup>b</sup>: from Alexandria  
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-  
like

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,  
Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You  
shall find there  
A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:

<sup>a</sup> Laurel. The use of the substantive adjectively was a  
peculiarity of the poetry of Shakspeare's time, which has been  
revived with advantage in our own day.

<sup>b</sup> Our great.—This is Johnson's emendation of the original  
one great. *Competitor* is used in the sense of associate.

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent: Let's grant it  
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this  
becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must  
Antony

No way excuse his soils,\* when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for 't: but, to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be chid,  
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-  
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and  
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:—  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is was wish'd, until he were:  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth  
love,  
Comes fear'd<sup>b</sup> by being lack'd. This common  
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying<sup>c</sup> the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

\* *Soils*—defilements, taints. The original has *foils*, which Malone amended.

<sup>b</sup> *Fear'd* in the original: the general reading is *dear'd*. But it may be argued that Cæsar is speaking; and that, in the notions of one who aims at supreme authority, to be feared and to be loved are pretty synonymous.

<sup>c</sup> *Lackeying*—the original has *lacking* (not *lashing* as the commentators state); but the reading is evidently corrupt, and we may properly adopt Theobald's emendation of *lackeying*.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and  
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth  
revolt:

No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious vassails.\* When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow;<sup>2</sup> whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with satience more  
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then  
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: And all this  
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'T is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,  
Assemble me<sup>3</sup> immediate council. Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

\* *Vassails*.—The spelling of the original is *vassails*. The modern reading is *vassals* or *vassals*. A question then arises in what sense Shakspeare used this word. In three other passages of the original, where the old English word *vassal* is used it is spelt *vassels*. *Vassal* is employed by Shakspeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious *vassals*" might express Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries. We leave the original word *vassails*. Henley, one of the variorum commentators, says, "*Vassals* is, without question, the true reading."

<sup>3</sup> *Assemble me*. So the original. The modern reading is *assemble we*; and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself:—

"What you shall know meantime  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker."

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord: What you shall know meantime  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time

My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 't is treason!

*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

*Mar.* What 's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'T is well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:  
Yet I have fierce affections, and think  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burget<sup>a</sup> of men.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, 'Where 's my serpent of old Nile?'

For so he calls me: Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted  
Cæsar,

<sup>a</sup> *Burget*—helmet. In Henry VI. we have, "I wear aloft my burget."

When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my  
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,

Say, 'The firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,'  
Say thou, 'shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt<sup>a</sup> steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot<sup>b</sup> and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:

He was not sad; for he would shire on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:  
O heavenly mingle!—Beest thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;  
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

<sup>a</sup> *Arm-gaunt*. So the original. Some propose to read *termagant*; but *arm-gaunt*, of which we have no other example, conveys the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in armour; and the epithet therefore is not to be lightly replaced by any other.

<sup>b</sup> *Hot*. So the original. Steevens reads *Acet*.

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

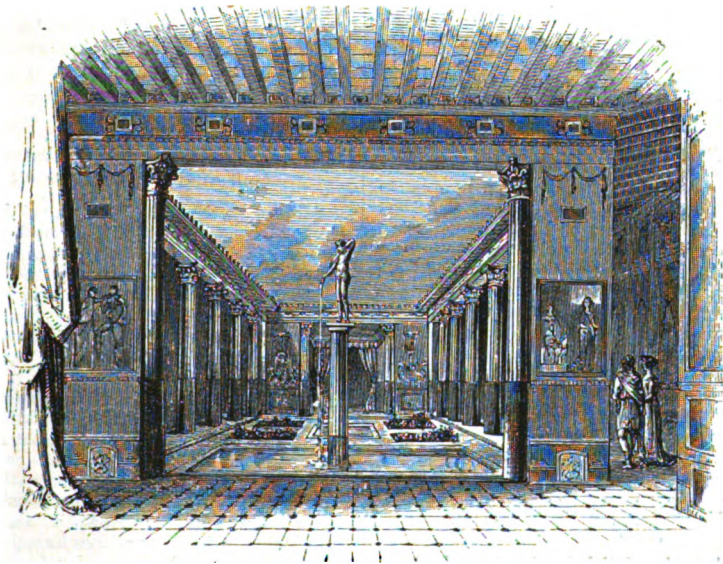
*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men!

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days!  
When I was green in judgment,—cold in blood,  
To say as I said then!—But come, away:  
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day  
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Scene IV. Atrium in Cæsar's House.]



[Medal of Antony and Cleopatra.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—*“To-night we’ll wander through the streets,” &c.*

In this, and the subsequent Illustrations in each act, the quotations are from North’s Plutarch, unless otherwise distinguished.

“But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery, but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men’s windows and their shops, and scold and brawl within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid’s array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying, very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, that is to say, a grim look.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—*“Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.”*

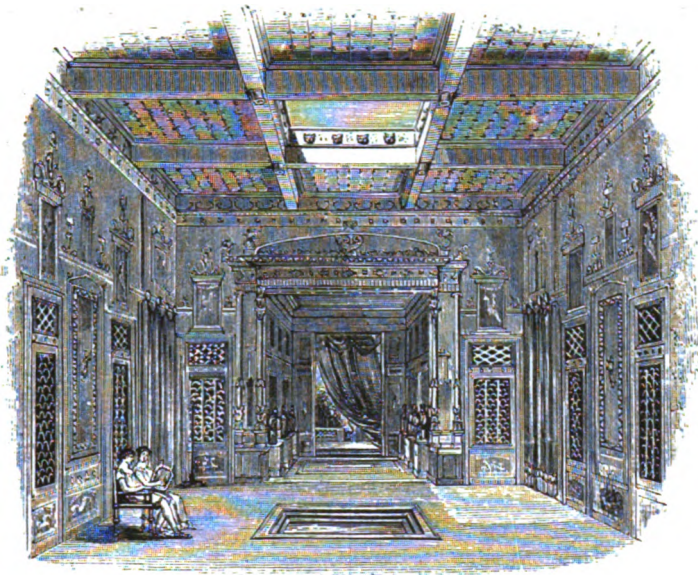
“Now, Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates, and from Syria, unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius, with much ado, a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia; but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred

mail, and as he went took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war; who, being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to draw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicion: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easier made friends again.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE IV.— *“When thou once wast beaten from Modena,” &c.*

“Cicero, on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a consul or prætor; and, moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that which pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant showed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do; but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and dislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart and lack of courage do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and, moreover, it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before.”





[Room in Pompey's House.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; so find we profit, By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well : The people love me, and the sea is mine ; My power 's a crescent,\* and my auguring hope Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where

\* The original has, " My powers are crescent " The use of it in the next line shows that *crescent* is a substantive. The correction, which we give in the text, was made by Theobald.

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He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this ? 't is false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love, Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wau'd lip ! Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both ! Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts ; Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ; That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varius ?

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver : Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 't is A space for farther travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter A better ear.—Menas, I did not think



This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his  
helm

For such a petty war: his soldieryship

Is twice the other twain: **B**ut let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our starring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope<sup>a</sup>  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;  
His brother warr'd<sup>b</sup> upon him; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,  
'T were pregnant they should square between  
themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of  
Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your  
captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave 't to-day!

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give  
way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

<sup>a</sup> *Hope* is here used in the sense of *expect*. Chaucer employs the word in this sense; but the inaccuracy of this use was exemplified in Shakspere's time, by Puttenham, who quotes the speech of the Tanner of Tamworth to Edward IV.: "I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow."

<sup>b</sup> *Warr'd*. The original, by a typographical error, has *war'd*.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose<sup>a</sup> well here, to Parthia:  
Hark, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and  
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble part-  
ners,

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'T is spoken well:  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.<sup>b</sup>

*Cæs.* Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are  
not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended; and with you  
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I  
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound  
your name

It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was 't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent  
By what did here befall me. Your wife and  
brother

Made wars upon me; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

<sup>a</sup> *Compose*—agree—come to agreement.

<sup>b</sup> In the variorum editions a note of admiration is here put, it being explained by Steevens that Antony means to resent the invitation of Cæsar that he should be seated. That invitation implied superiority. We agree with Malone that they each desired the other to be seated; and that Cæsar puts an end to the bandying of compliments by taking his seat.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother never  
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;  
And have my learning from some true reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have to make it with,\*  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable her garboils,  
Cæsar,

Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must  
But say I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,  
I told him of myself; which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

\* This is the reading of the original; but an ordinary reading, from the time of Rowe, has been

"As matter whole you have not to make it with."

We doubt the propriety of departing from the text, and the meaning appears to us—if you'll patch a quarrel so as to seem the whole matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar.

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak;  
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath,—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I re-  
quir'd them;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I  
may,

I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'T is nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you to enforce no  
further  
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love  
for the instant, you may, when you hear no  
more words of Pompey, return it again: you  
shall have time to wrangle in when you have  
nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost  
forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore  
speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone.\*

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to  
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,<sup>1</sup>  
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

\* This is most probably an allusion to the old saying "as silent as a stone," which is a frequent comparison amongst our ancient writers.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa ;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.<sup>a</sup>

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar ; let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men ;  
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
That which none else can utter. By this mar-

riage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their  
dangers,

Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke :  
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak ?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'  
To make this good ?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar,  
And his power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :  
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs !

*Cæs.* There 's my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts : and never  
Fly off our loves again !

*Lep.* Happily, amen !

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey ;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us :  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he ?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What is his strength by land ?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing :  
But by sea he is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness ;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANT., and LEPIDUS.]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-  
cænas !—my honourable friend, Agrippa !—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus !

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that matters  
are so well digested. You stayed well by it in  
Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of coun-  
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a  
breakfast, and but twelve persons there : Is  
this true ?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle : we  
had much more monstrous matter of feasts,  
which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She 's a most triumphant lady, if report  
be square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony,<sup>3</sup> she  
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed ; or my re-  
porter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you :  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten  
gold ;

Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that  
The winds were love-sick with them : the oars  
were silver ;<sup>a</sup>

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and  
made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description : she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)

O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see  
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

<sup>a</sup> The punctuation of the original gives us a full pause  
at *love-sick*. The ordinary reading is "the winds were love-  
sick with them."

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings: \* at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard  
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street:  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Warburton proposed to read *adornings*; and the controversy upon the matter is so full that Boswell prints it as a sort of supplement at the end of the play. We hold to the *adornings* of the original.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them, Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

*Ant.* Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?\*

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy dæmon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel  
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre  
thickens

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 't is noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:  
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

'F the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:  
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray  
you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall, Sir, good success!  
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount<sup>a</sup>  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter;  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec., Agr.* Sir, good success!  
*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let us to billiards:  
Come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me,  
sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though't  
come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—  
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd<sup>b</sup> fishes; my bended hook shall  
pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

<sup>a</sup> *At the Mount.* This no doubt means at Mount Misenum.  
The original has not the article.

<sup>b</sup> *Tawny-finn'd.* The original has *tawny-fine.*

I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

*Char.* 'T was merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.<sup>b</sup>

*Cleo.* That time!—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:  
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah,  
mark; we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face; if Antony  
Be free and healthful:—so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings!<sup>a</sup> If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with  
snakes,

Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou  
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

<sup>a</sup> How full of characteristic spirit is this passage, in which we exactly follow the punctuation of the original! But the variorum editors were not satisfied with it. According to them, something is wanting both to the sense and to the metre, and so they render it as follows:

"Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony  
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings!"

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay  
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet':  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: He's friends with  
Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,  
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;  
[*She hates him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in  
brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou  
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within  
yourself;

The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-  
bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but led ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou  
hold there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence:  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not offend  
you:

To punish me for what you make me do  
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave  
of thee,

That art not what thou 'rt sure of!—Get thee  
hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from  
Rome

Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd  
Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'T is no matter:—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word  
quickly.— [*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

\* Such is the reading of the original. The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been thus explained:—Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee. Several emendations have been proposed; and one suggested by Monck Mason has been adopted by Steevens:—

"O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not!—What! thou 'rt sure of 't!"

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
The other way 's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas  
[To MARDIAN.  
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me,  
Charmian,  
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my cham-  
ber. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with  
drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LE-  
PIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MÆCENAS,  
with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.<sup>6</sup>

Cæs. Most meet  
That first we come to words; and therefore have  
we

Our written purposes before us sent;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what  
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous  
freedom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with  
thy sails,  
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou  
know'st  
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us  
(For this is from the present) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,  
To part with unback'd edges, and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That 's our offer.

Pom. Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer: But Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks  
to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;  
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not  
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are  
agreed;

I crave our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part;  
and let us  
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius  
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs., Ant., Lep.* Show us the way, sir,

*Pom.* Come.  
[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have  
made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—] You and I have  
known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise  
me; though it cannot be denied what I have  
done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your  
own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But  
give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had  
authority, here they might take two thieves  
kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er  
their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a  
true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to  
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away  
his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep it back  
again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for  
Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to  
Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius  
Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus  
Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir?

*Eno.* 'T is true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit  
together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity,  
I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made  
more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find the  
band that seems to tie their friendship together  
will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia  
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which  
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian  
dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia  
blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said be-  
fore, that which is the strength of their amity  
shall prove the immediate author of their vari-  
ance. Antony will use his affection where it  
is; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will  
you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir; we have used our  
throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*On board POMPEY'S Galley,  
lying near Misenum.*

*Music.* Enter Two or Three Servants, with  
a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their  
plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind  
i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-  
drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the  
disposition, he cries out 'no more;' reconciles  
them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between  
him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great  
men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that  
will do me no service, as a partizan I could not  
heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and  
not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes  
where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster  
the cheeks.



*A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MÆCÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; ' they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine. A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]

*Pom.* Say in mine ear: what is 't?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*]

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon.— This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'T is a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*To MENAS aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

*Pom.* I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it; And though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoken on 't! In me, 't is villainy;

In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,

'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done;

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this, [*Aside.*]

I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—

Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here 's to thee, Menas.

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world, man: Seest not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, that it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,  
ho!

Here is to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer:  
But I had rather fast from all four days,  
Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY.  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands;  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our  
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—  
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—  
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall  
sing;

The holding<sup>a</sup> every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them  
hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:

<sup>a</sup>  *Holding*—the burden of the song.

In thy vats our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
Cup us, till the world go round;  
Cup us, till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good  
night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong  
Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath  
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words?  
Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you o' the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir; give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony, you have my father-house,—  
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the  
boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.—Menas, I'll not  
on shore. [*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR,*

ANTONY, and Attendants.

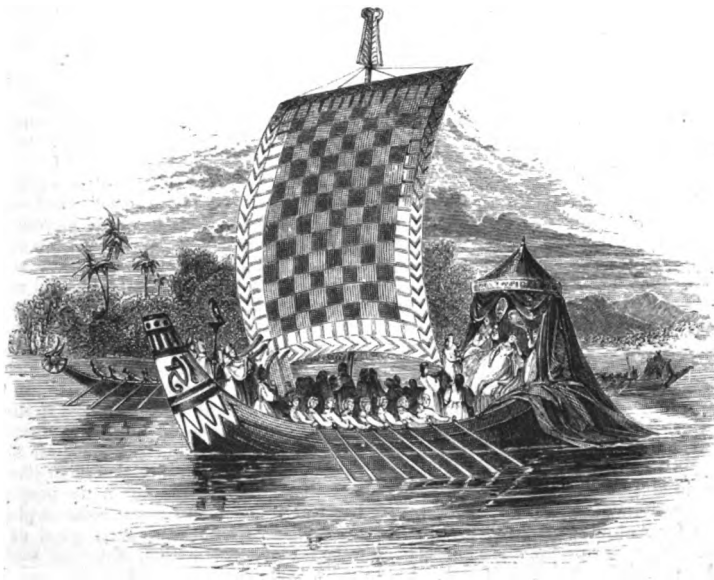
*Men.* No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—  
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,  
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho!—noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*



'THE BARGE SHE SAT IN,' &c.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.*”

“The friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Afric unto Lepidus: and made a law that they three, one after another, should make their friends consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel; but yet it was to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Aocia. It is reported that he dearly loved his sister, Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband, Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. \* \* \* Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserved) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast.*”

“I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things) to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and, amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, Sure you have a great number of guests to supper. The cook fell a laughing, and answered him, No (quoth he), not many guests, not above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius, peradventure, will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to-day, or else hath had some other

great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“*When she first met Mark Antony,*”  
&c.

“The manner how he fell in love with her was this:—Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her. \* \* \* So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdain'd to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citterns, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet favour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperial seat, to give audience, and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again he should do better rather to come and sup

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was content to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it."

<sup>4</sup> SCENE III.— "Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?"

"With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astro-nomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid of his: and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome."

<sup>5</sup> SCENE V.— " 'T was merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling," &c.

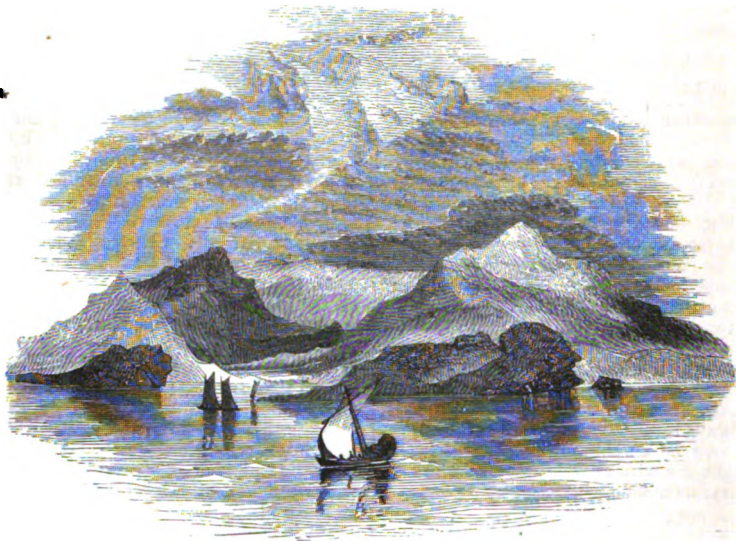
"On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore she secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line they should straight dive under the water and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing."

<sup>6</sup> SCENE VI.—"Your hostages I have, so have you mine," &c.

"Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirate ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the Mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after the had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal that he should send a certain quantity of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him, And where shall we sup? There, said Pompey: and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars: That (said he) is my father's house they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of Mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now, in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and, whispering in his ear, said unto him, Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord, not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey, having paused awhile upon it, at length answered him, Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily."

<sup>7</sup> SCENE VII.—"They take the flow o' the Nile," &c.

Shakspeare might have found a description of the rise of the Nile, and the estimate of plenty or scarcity thereon depending, in Holland's translation of Pliny. The Nilometer is described in Leo's 'History of Africa,' translated by John Pory. Both works were published at the beginning of the seventeenth century.



[The Promontory of Actium.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia,<sup>1</sup> art thou struck ;  
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army : Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Pärthian blood thy sword is  
warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through  
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

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*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough : A lower place note well,  
May make too great an act : For learn this,  
Silius,  
Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve 's  
away.\*  
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won  
More in their officer than person : Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.  
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain, which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,

\* We print these lines as in the original. Steevens omits  
to, and regulates the passage thus :—

“ Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire  
Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.”

But 't would offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that,  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to  
Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither with  
what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On there; pass  
along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in  
Cæsar's House.*

*Enter* AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he  
is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'T is a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves  
Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark  
Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How? the non-  
pareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—  
go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excel-  
lent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves  
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,  
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!—

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle.  
So,— *[Trumpets.]*

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and  
farewell.

*Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of  
myself;

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest  
band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it: for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended

In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep  
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee  
well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort!—fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother!—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: It is love's  
spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be  
cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house;  
and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor  
can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down  
feather,

That stands upon the swell at the<sup>b</sup> full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep? *[Aside to* AGRIPPA.

*Agr.* He has a cloud in 's face.

<sup>a</sup> Johnson explains this after a somewhat mystical fashion:—"May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful." It is more probable that the poet only intended that Cæsar should wish his sister a propitious voyage.

<sup>b</sup> The is omitted in some modern editions; the omission having been made in the second folio.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;  
So is he, being a man.\*

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus?  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound<sup>b</sup> he wail'd,  
Believe 't, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, 'sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!  
*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]  
*Ant.* Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.—*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come  
thou near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

\* Steevens says, without offering any authority, that "a horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes."  
<sup>b</sup> *Confound*—destroy.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That 's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—  
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps:  
Her motion and her station\* are as one:  
She shows a body rather than a life;  
A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt  
Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He 's very knowing,  
I do perceive 't:—There 's nothing in her yet:—  
The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,  
She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow?—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think she 's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear 'st thou her face in mind? is 't long, or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too; they are foolish  
that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: And her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There 's gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;  
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much  
That so I harried<sup>b</sup> him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature 's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and  
should know.

\* *Station* is the act of standing, as *motion* is the act of moving.

<sup>b</sup> *Harried*. To *harry* is to vex, to torment, to annoy; the same as *harass*: and derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Aergian*. The word had originally reference to military plunder and ravage.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet,  
good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and  
read it

To public ear:  
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could  
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me,  
When the best hint was given him: he not look'd,  
Or did it from his teeth.<sup>a</sup>

*Oct.* O my good lord,  
Believe not all; or if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,<sup>2</sup>  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:  
The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and hus-  
band!'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win  
brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks  
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were rot yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time,  
lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

<sup>a</sup> We follow the original in the punctuation of these two lines, and in retaining the word *look'd*. The modern reading is—

"When the best hint was given him, he not look'd!"  
by which we are to understand he did not take the hint. We believe, on the contrary, that although it was hinted to Caesar when speaking that he should mention Antony with terms of honour, he lent him most narrow measure—cold and sickly. His demeanour is then more particularly described. He *looked* not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he *spoke* from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.

Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest  
haste;

So your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most  
weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would  
be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain  
men

Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this  
begins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally 'move with them. Provide your  
going;

Choose your own company, and command what  
cost

Your heart has mind to. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There 's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Caesar and Lepidus have made wars  
upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: What is the success?

*Eros.* Caesar, having made use of him in the  
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him  
rivality; would not let him partake in the glory  
of the action: and not resting here, accuses him  
of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey;  
upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor  
third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,  
no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's  
Antony?

*Eros.* He 's walking in the garden—thus;  
and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool,  
Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy 's rigged

*Eros.* For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius;  
My lord desires you presently: my news  
I might have told hercafter.



*Eno.* 'T will be naught :  
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.  
*Eros.* Come, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this :  
And more ;  
In Alexandria<sup>a</sup>—here 's the manner of it,—  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye ?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they  
exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of  
kings :

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,  
As 't is reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence already,  
Will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it ; and have now re-  
ceiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse ?

*Cæs.* Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent  
me

Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'T is done already, and the messenger  
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change ; for what I have  
conquer'd,

I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,

And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He 'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in  
this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most  
dear Cæsar !

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you  
cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stolen upon us thus ?  
You come not

Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are  
come

A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented  
The ostentation<sup>a</sup> of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you  
By sea and land ; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieved ear withal : whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an abstract<sup>b</sup> 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now ?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his  
empire  
Up to a whore ; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war : He hath as-  
sembled

<sup>a</sup> *Ostentation* in the original. Steevens reads *ostent*.

<sup>b</sup> *Abstract*. This is the word of the original ; and, although it may be used with sufficient licence, it gives us the meaning which the poet would express, that Octavia was something separating Antony from the gratification of his desires. Warburton reads *obstruction* ; but we have no example of such an abbreviation of *obstruction*. There are difficulties in either reading ; and it is better, therefore, to hold to the original, seeing that Shakspeare sometimes employs words with a meaning peculiar to himself. His boldness may not be justified by example,—but his meaning has always reference to the original sense of the word.

Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;  
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high  
gods,

To do you justice, make their<sup>a</sup> ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of com-  
fort;

And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment<sup>b</sup> to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Oct.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray  
you,

Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp near to the  
Promontory of Actium.

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But, why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke<sup>a</sup> my being in these  
wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

<sup>a</sup> *Their.* The original has—

“And the high gods,  
To do you justice, makes his ministers.”  
Here is a false concord; and to correct it we ought to read  
*make their.* But some modern editors read *make them.*  
which is a deviation from the principle upon which a cor-  
rection can be authorized.

<sup>b</sup> *Regiment*—government, authority.

<sup>c</sup> *Forspoke*—spoken against.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* If not denounc'd<sup>a</sup> against us, why  
should not we

Be there in person?

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely<sup>b</sup> lost; the mares would  
bear

A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is 't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle An-  
tony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from  
his time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.<sup>4</sup>

*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the  
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done:

Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in<sup>c</sup> Toryne?—You have heard on 't,  
sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! What else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single  
fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these  
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

<sup>a</sup> A modern reading was—

“Is't not? Denounce against us why should not we.”

We follow the original, the meaning of which is, if there  
be no especial denunciation against us, why should we not  
be there?

<sup>b</sup> *Merely*—entirely.

<sup>c</sup> *Take in*—gain by conquest.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd :<sup>5</sup>  
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress : in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :  
Their ships are yare : yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw  
away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge : quite forego  
The way which promises assurance : and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord ; he is  
descried ;

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person ? 't is im-  
possible ?

Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our  
ship,

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier ?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;<sup>6</sup>  
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the  
Egyptians

And the Phenicians go a ducking ; we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and  
ENOBARBUS.

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art : but his whole action  
grows

Not in the power on't : So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of  
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions,<sup>a</sup>  
As beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well, I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour : and  
throes forth,  
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter* CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

*Cæs.* Taurus,—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land ; keep whole ;  
Provoke not battle till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :  
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the  
hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle : from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army  
one way over the stage ; and TAURUS, the  
Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After  
their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

*Alarum.* Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught !<sup>7</sup> I can  
behold no longer :  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter* SCARUS.

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them !

<sup>a</sup> Distractions—detachments.

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle<sup>a</sup> of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,<sup>b</sup>  
Where death is sure. Yon ribald-rid<sup>c</sup> nag of  
Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst of the  
fight,—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,  
The brize<sup>d</sup> upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a dotting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then,  
good night, indeed. [*Aside.*]

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'T is easy to 't;  
And there I will attend what further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my  
reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more  
upon 't,

It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come  
hither,<sup>e</sup>

I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship  
Laden with gold: take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself; and have instructed  
cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be  
gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you: be gone;  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they  
them

For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you  
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not  
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straight-  
way:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—  
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN  
and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort  
him.

*Irás.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! Why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir?

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie.

*Char.* Madam,—

*Irás.* Madam; O good empress!—

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi,  
kept

His sword e'en like a dancer;<sup>b</sup> while I struck

<sup>a</sup> In Macbeth we have—

“Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace.”

Here is the same image; but *lated* and *letted* each have the sense of obstructed, hindered.

<sup>b</sup> A passage in All's Well that Ends Well explains this allusion:—

“Till honour be bought up, and so *word worn*,  
But one to dance with.”

<sup>a</sup> *Cantle*—a portion. See Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Scene 1.

<sup>b</sup> *Token'd pestilence*—the pestilence which is mortal, when those spots appear on the skin which are called God's tokens.

<sup>c</sup> *Ribald-rid*. The original has *ribaudred*.

<sup>d</sup> *The brize*—the gad-fly.

The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I  
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry,\* and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No  
matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ;  
He is unqualified with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise ; the queen ap-  
proaches ;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ;  
but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
A most un noble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ?  
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
Forgive my fearful sails ; I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after : O'er my  
spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I  
pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror ; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them  
rates

All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;  
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-  
master,

Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—  
Some wine, within there, and our viands :—  
Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Made war by lieutenants.

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and  
others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from An-  
tony.—<sup>o</sup>

Know you him ?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster :  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony :  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.<sup>a</sup>

*Cæs.* Be it so : Declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,  
He lessens his requests : and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and  
earth,

A private man in Athens : This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;  
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there : This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 't is time : Despatch ;  
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,  
From thine invention, offers : women are not  
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will  
perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning,  
Thyreus,

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

<sup>a</sup> Capell explains this passage thus : " The sea, that he  
(the dew-drop) arose from."

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and  
IRAS.

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

*Eno.* Think, and die.\*

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What although you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several  
ranges

Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered<sup>b</sup> question : 'T was a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prithæe, peace.

*Enter* ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.

*Ant.* Is that his answer ?

*Eup.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so  
she will yield

Us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord ?

*Ant.* To him again : Tell him, he wears the  
rose

Of youth upon him ; from which the world  
should note

Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would  
prevail

Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him there-  
fore

To lay his gay comparisons apart.

\* Here is a noble answer from the rough soldier to the voluptuous queen. But the commentators have not been satisfied with it. Hanmer reads " *drink* and die ;" Tyrwhitt proposes to read " *wink* and die." We may here very safely trust to the original.

<sup>b</sup> *Mered.*—*Mere* is a boundary ; and *to mere* is to mark, to limit. Spenser thus uses the word as a verb.

And answer me declin'd,<sup>a</sup> sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar  
will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,  
Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast sub-  
dued

His judgment too.

*Enter* an Attendant.

*All.* A messenger from Cæsar.<sup>10</sup>

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony ?—See, my  
women !

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty and I begin to square.

[*Aside.*]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly :—Yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter* THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will ?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends ; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are ; and that is Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—  
Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.<sup>b</sup>

*Cleo.* Go on : Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O !

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore,  
he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

\* Johnson explains the passage thus : " I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power."

<sup>b</sup> This is the reading of the second folio. The first edition has " Further than he is Cæsar's."

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right: Mine honour was not  
yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* To be sure of that, [*Aside.*  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation<sup>a</sup>  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father,  
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now  
gods and devils!  
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried  
'ho!'

Like boys unto a muss,<sup>b</sup> kings would start forth,  
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears?

*Enter Attendants.*

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and  
whip him.

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

<sup>a</sup> *Deputation.*—This is Warburton's amendment of the original *disputation*, which new reading is now generally adopted. <sup>b</sup> *A muss*—a scramble.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!  
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest  
tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's  
her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony.—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*

You were half-blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?<sup>a</sup>

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes  
In our own filth;<sup>b</sup> drop our clear judgments;  
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a frag-  
ment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should  
be,

You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, 'God quit you!' be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were

<sup>a</sup> Antony is comparing Cleopatra with Octavia: "One that looks on feeders" is one that bestows favours on servants. *Enters. feeders*, were terms for servants in the old dramatists. Gifford has clearly shown, in a note to 'The Silent Woman,' that Dr. Johnson was mistaken when he interpreted the passage in the text to mean that Antony was abused by Thyreus,—by one that looked on whilst others fed.

<sup>b</sup> We follow the original punctuation. The ordinary reading was

"The wise gods seal our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;"  
the only recommendation of which appears to be that it gives occasion for a note by Steevens, emulating many others that have rend-red the variorum edition of Shakspeare one of the filthiest books in our language. If there be a possibility of distorting Shakspeare into indelicacy, Steevens in his own name, or under the disguise of Amner or of Collins, never missed the opportunity.

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,  
For being yare<sup>a</sup> about him.—Is he whipp'd?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou  
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:  
henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to  
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him: for he seems  
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 't is to do't;

When my good stars, that were my former  
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires

Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has

Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:  
Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[*Exit THYREUS.*]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle  
eyes

With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail;  
And poison it in the source; and the first  
stone

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarian smite!  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,

<sup>a</sup> *Yare*—nimble

By the discandering<sup>a</sup> of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet,<sup>b</sup> threat'ning most  
sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou  
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;  
There's hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night:<sup>c</sup> call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once  
more;

Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birthday;  
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since  
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force

<sup>a</sup> *Discandering*.—This is the word of the original; but the invariable modern reading is *discandying*. Theobald, treating the original as a corruption, "reformed the text;" and Malone explains that "*discandy* is used in the next act. But how is it used?"

"The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do *discandy*, melt their sweets,  
On blossoming Cæsar."

The expletive *melt their sweets* gives us the peculiar and most forcible meaning in which the word is here used.—But the pelleted storm, which makes Cleopatra's brave Egyptians lie graveless, is utterly opposed to the melting into sweetness of the word *discandying*. We refer our readers to a note in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Scene III., upon the passage "Other ventures he hath *squandered* abroad." To *squander* is to scatter; and so Dryden uses the word:—

"They drive, they *squander* the huge Belgian fleet."  
To *dis-scander*, we believe, then, is to *dis-squander*. The particle *dis* is, as Mr. Richardson has stated, "frequently prefixed to words themselves meaning separation or partition, and augmenting the force of those words." We therefore, without hesitation, restore the original *discandering*, in the sense of *dis-squandering*.

<sup>b</sup> *Fleet*. The old word for *fleet*.

<sup>c</sup> *Gaudy night*—a night of rejoicing. A gaudy day in the Universities and Inns of Court is a feast day. Nares, in explanation of the term, quotes from an old play:—

"A foolish utensil of stale,  
Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day's  
Brought forth to make a show, and that is all."

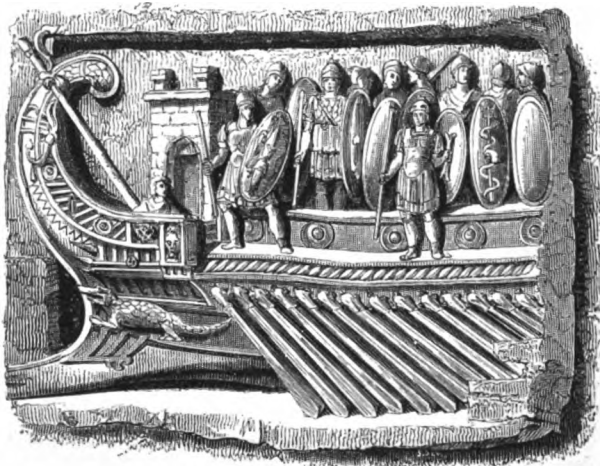


The wine peep through their scars.—Come on,  
my queen;  
There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

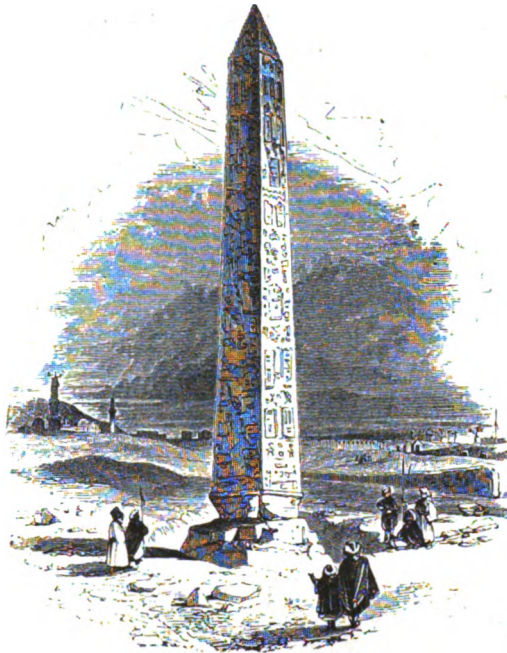
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.  
*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To  
be furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart: [When valour preys on  
reason;

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*



[Prow of a Roman Galley.]



[Cleopatra's Needle.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Now darting Parthia,*” &c.

“IN the mean time Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria, at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius's displeasure by it. \* \* \* \* Having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family, who only

came to that he attained unto through Antonius's friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet, to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that they were always more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves.”

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE IV.—“*A more unhappy lady,*” &c.

“But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail; and because those of Brundisium would not receive his army into their haven, he went further unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send unto her brother, the which he did. She put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mecenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

with all the instance she could possible, entreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate creature of all other. For now, said she, every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other; and if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid), and that they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still."

### 3 SCENE VI.—*In Alexandria.*"

"And to confess a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans; for he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the Lower Syria; and at that time also, Cesarion king of the same realms. This Cesarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander, for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy, for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown, after the fashion of the Medes, with a high cop-tanke hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them; and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet, and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times else when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis. Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these:—First, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof which had been assigned unto him for his part; and, last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again, —That for Lepidus, he had indeed despoiled him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and, secondly, for

the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia; and, thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain."

### 4 SCENE VII.—*"T is said in Rome," &c.*

"Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons; and that they that should make war with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bed-chamber, that frizzled her hair and dressed her head), and Charmian, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius's empire."

### 5 SCENE VII.—*"Your ships are not well mann'd."*

"Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea, though he saw before his eyes that for lack of water-men his captains did press by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, mule-teers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys, so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough; but, on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundesium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy, and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble, and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius, on the other side, bravely sent him word again, and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before."

### 6 SCENE VII.—*"O noble emperor, do not fight by sea."*

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut, who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said, O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although, indeed, he had no great courage himself."

**7** SCENE VIII.—"*Naught, naught, all naught!*"

"Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships, for the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius showed plainly that he not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also: for when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction."

**8** SCENE IX.—"*Friends, come hither.*"

"Now for himself he determined to cross over into Afric, and took one of his carecks, or hulks, laden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart, and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place until they had made their peace with Cæsar."

**9** SCENE X.—"*Let him appear that's come from Antony.*"

"They sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. \* \* \* Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests; but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country."

**10** SCENE XI.—"*A messenger from Cæsar.*"

"Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who, bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that, besides, greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour, inasmuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar, and bade him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now, specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he), thou has Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth, Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence, so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich."



[Ancient Egyptian Palace.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECENAS, and others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal  
combat,

*Cæsar to Antony:* Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.<sup>1</sup>

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;  
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius?  
*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better  
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight  
well?

*Eno.* I'll strike; and cry, 'Take all.'

*Ant.* Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants;<sup>2</sup> let 's to-  
night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy  
hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou:

Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd  
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this?

*Eno.* 'T is one of those odd tricks which  
sorrow shoots [*Aside.*]

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men;

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-  
night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:

Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest  
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for 't!<sup>b</sup>

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,

Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!<sup>c</sup>

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,

For I spake to you for your comfort: did desire  
you

To burn this night with torches: Know, my  
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper;  
come,

And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Thou.* Hammer reads *and thou*, which some editors follow. The pause, which is necessary in addressing various persons, stands in the place of a syllable.

<sup>b</sup> In *As You Like It* we have the familiar expression "God 'hid you," which is equivalent to God yield you, or God reward you. So in the passage before us.

<sup>c</sup> These interjections have the sense of stop.

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is  
the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you  
well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike 't is but a rumour:  
Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter Two other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,  
Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at  
their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*they take their posts.*] and  
if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute nope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?<sup>3</sup>

1 *Sold.* List, list

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,  
Does 't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should  
this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony  
lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

*Sold.* How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay: Is 't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have  
quarter;

Let's see how 't will give off.

*Sold.* [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'T is  
strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and others, attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Oleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter EROS, with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.  
What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this,  
this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well:  
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good  
fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely;  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou: Despatch—O  
love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and  
knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

A workman in 't—Good morrow to thee; wel-  
come:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike  
charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to 't with delight.

*1 Off.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

*[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.]*

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

*2 Off.* The morn is fair. Good morrow,  
general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'T is well blown, lads.  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

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So, so; come, give me that: this way; well  
said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,  
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel,—You that will fight  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

*[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.]*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar  
might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to  
Antony!

*Ant.* 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had  
once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who?  
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,  
He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men;—dispatch: Enobarbus!<sup>a</sup>

*[Exeunt.]*

<sup>a</sup> We follow the words of the original, but not the punctu-  
ation. That reading is "dispatch Enobarbus." It may  
possibly mean dispatch the business of Enobarbus; but it  
is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says  
"dispatch;" and then, thinking of his revolted friend,  
pronounces his name. The second folio changes the words,  
having "Eros, dispatch."

SCENE VI.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA,  
ENOBARBUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,  
Our will is Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd  
world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony  
Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,  
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: The messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: Best you saf'd<sup>a</sup> the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have  
paid

My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows<sup>b</sup> my  
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,  
I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek

<sup>a</sup> *Saf'd*—made safe.

<sup>b</sup> *Blows*—swells.

Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the  
Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,  
and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too  
far:

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought  
indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them  
home

With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 't is made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I  
have yet

Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advan-  
tage serves

For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;  
'T is sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold

For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,  
and Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: Run  
one before,

And let the queen know of our gests.—To-  
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood  
'That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;

For doughty-handed are you; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all  
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,

<sup>a</sup> The original has *gests*.



Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful  
tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and  
kiss  
Thy honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy  
hand; [To SCARUS.]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'  
the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?  
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger\* brown;  
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,  
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold  
this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march:  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe  
them:

Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril,—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
together

Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. *Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*1 Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: The  
night  
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

\* *Younger.* Steevens omits the epithet in his "regulation of the metre."

*2 Sold.* This last day was a shrewd one to us.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

*3 Sold.* What man is this?

*2 Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!—

*1 Sold.* Enobarbus!

*3 Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melan-  
choly,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon  
me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to  
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]

*2 Sold.* Let's speak to him.

*1 Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he  
speaks may concern Cæsar.

*3 Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*1 Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer  
as his was never yet for sleep.

*2 Sold.* Go we to him.

*3 Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

*2 Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*1 Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*]  
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

*3 Sold.* Come on then;  
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces  
marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in  
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven :<sup>a</sup>—  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by  
land,  
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd: Where yond  
pine does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*]

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look  
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost!  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:<sup>4</sup>  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!  
't is thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart,  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.  
[*Exit SCARUS.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The  
hearts  
That spaniel'd<sup>b</sup> me at heels, to whom I  
gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

<sup>a</sup> The sentence—

“Order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven”—  
is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot  
soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the  
city,

“Where their appointment we may best discover.”  
There are various modes of piecing out this line, such as,  
“*Let's seek a spot.*” Others give us “*further on.*”  
<sup>b</sup> *Spaniel'd.* The original has *pannell'd.* The emendation,  
which is by Hammer, is judicious; and it is supported by  
the fact that *spaniel* was formerly spelt *spannel.*

Y 2

On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd  
them home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his  
love?

*Ant.* Vanish; or I shall give thee thy de-  
serving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take  
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts;<sup>c</sup> and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'T is  
well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, hoa!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest  
club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and  
I fall

Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, hoa!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more  
mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thes-  
saly  
Was never so emboss'd.

<sup>c</sup> We follow the original. The ordinary reading is

“For poor'st diminutives to dolts;”

and it is explained that the poorest diminutives are the  
smallest pieces of money. Others read “for *dolts.*” diminu-  
tives and *dolts* each meaning small moneys. We believe  
that the “poor'st diminutives” are the lowest of the popu-  
lace, as the “*dolts*” are the most stupid. We must there-  
fore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of; or  
adopt a suggestion by Malone, be shown *for*, &c.

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*Char.* To the monument;  
There look yourself, and send him word you are  
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument:—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragon-  
ish:

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen  
these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.\*

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a  
thought

The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body; here I am Antony;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my  
glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.\*

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but  
once;  
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st  
do

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is  
done,

And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence  
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck  
off;— [*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my  
sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent;  
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—

No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne.—From me a  
while.— [*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no farther:—Now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.—  
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for  
me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in  
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,

And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's  
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind

\* T. Warton remarks upon this passage, "The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age." Whiter adds that "The rack dislimns" is a continuation of the same allusion.

\* The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image in King Henry V. :—

"And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love."

Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,  
Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me  
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace  
And horror, that, on my command, thou then  
Wouldst kill me:<sup>a</sup> do 't; the time is come:  
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,  
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with pleach'd<sup>b</sup> arms, bending  
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheeled seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be  
cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast  
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou  
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble counte-  
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor; let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike  
now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

<sup>a</sup> The passage is regulated thus in the original:—

"When I should see behind me  
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,  
That, on my command, thou then wilt kill me."

The ordinary metrical arrangement is—

"When I should see behind me  
Th' inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then wouldst kill me."

We trust our change is an improvement.

<sup>b</sup> Pleach'd—so' ded.

Eros. Why, there then:—[Falls on his sword.

Thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and  
Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

A nobleness in record: But I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—

The guard—ho!—O, dispatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What 's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O,  
make an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers  
fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy  
sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a  
prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with<sup>b</sup> Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was  
dead;

<sup>a</sup> The original has *how*, with a note of interrogation. The ordinary reading is *ho!*

<sup>b</sup> Dispos'd with—made terms with.

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,  
I prithee.

*Dio.* What, ho! the emperor's guard! The  
guard, what, ho!  
Come, your lord calls.

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra  
bides!

'T is the last service that I shall command you.

*1 Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not  
live to wear

All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please  
sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you off; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.<sup>6</sup>

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

As that which makes it.—How now? is he  
dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.  
Look out o' the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,<sup>a</sup>

Burn the great sphere thou movest in!—dark-  
ling stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!  
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras,  
help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

<sup>a</sup> O sun. Pope added *then*.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,<sup>a</sup>  
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd<sup>b</sup> with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,  
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, An-  
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee  
up;—

Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here 's sport, indeed!—How heavy  
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;  
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's  
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools:—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast  
liv'd:

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,  
This would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so  
high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her  
wheel,<sup>c</sup>

Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.  
—O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me;  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar.

<sup>a</sup> Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument, to bestow the poor last kiss.

<sup>b</sup> Brooch'd—adorned, as with a brooch.

<sup>c</sup> Johnson calls this a "despicable line." There are not many such despicable lines in 'Irene.'

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the  
world,

The noblest: and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman,—a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;  
I can no more. [Dies.]

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo 't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,  
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and  
girls

Are level now with men: the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en<sup>a</sup> a woman; and  
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares.<sup>b</sup>—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish; and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you,  
women?

What, what? good cheer! Why, how now,  
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take  
heart: [To the Guard below.]

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,  
what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

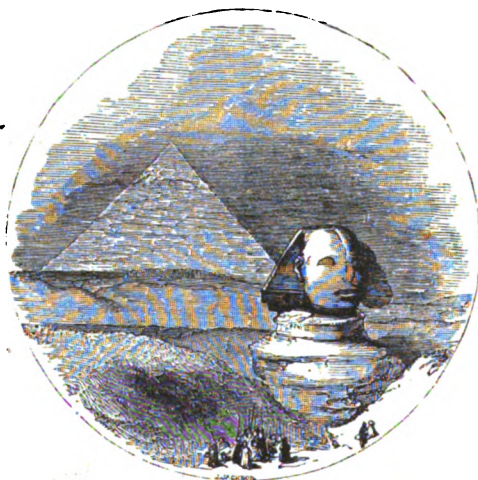
[Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S  
body.]

<sup>a</sup> *E'en*. The original has *is*.

<sup>b</sup> *Chares*. A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of work,—a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyran*, to turn. Hence, a charwoman.



[Pon pey's Pillar.]



[Pyramid and Sphynx.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.— “*Let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die,*” &c.

“So Cæsar came, and pitched his camp hard by the city (Alexandria), in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drove Cæsar’s horsemen back, fighting with his men, even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men-at-arms unto her that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold; howbeit, the man-at-arms, when he received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*Call forth my household servants.*”

“Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper (as it is reported), he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could,

for, said he, You know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—“*Peace, what noise?*”

“Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they used in Bacchus’ feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought it was the God unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him that did forsake them.”

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

<sup>1</sup> SCENE X.—“*This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me.*”

“The next morning by break of day he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city, and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did altogether row toward the city. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them, with whom he had made war for her sake.”

<sup>5</sup> SCENE XII.—“*My mistress lov'd thee,*” &c.

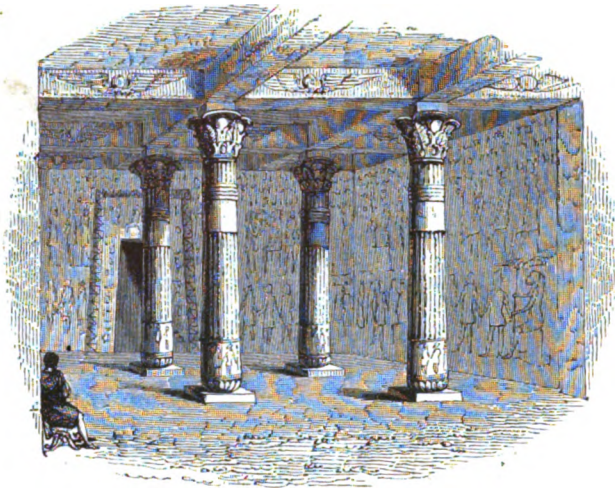
“Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius, believing it, said unto himself, What dost thou look for further, Antonius, with spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou haddest, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and, being naked, said thus:—O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman. Now he had a man of his, called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. This man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me. Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to

despatch him; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument.”

<sup>6</sup> SCENE XIII.—“*O Charmian, I will never go from hence.*”

“Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, ‘trised’ Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight; for they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had betrayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar; and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.”





[Interior of an Egyptian Monument.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MENCÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by \*]  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.]

*Enter DERCEIAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou  
that dar'st  
Appear thus to us? <sup>1</sup>

*Der.* I am call'd Derceias;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master: and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters: If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

\* The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them, and Steevens adopts them with some hesitation, saying, "We are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the word *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakspeare." It is difficult, however, to render the passage intelligible without some such words as those inserted.

*Cæs.* What is 't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should  
make

A greater crack: The round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens:—The death of  
Antony

Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did  
lend it,

Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

\* The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

*Agr.* And strange it is  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Wag'd equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set  
before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!  
I have follow'd thee to this:<sup>a</sup>—But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our  
stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meetest season:

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are  
you?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my  
mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say  
We purpose her no shame: give her what  
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,  
And, with your speediest, bring us what she  
says,

And how you find of her.

<sup>a</sup> Follow'd thee to this—driven thee to this.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]  
*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*]

*Agr., Mec.* Dolabella!

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the  
Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.<sup>b</sup>*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.<sup>b</sup>

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of  
Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;

<sup>a</sup> Malone says, "Our author here (as in King Henry VIII., Act v. Scene 1.), has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument." Our readers will recollect what we have so often said about the secondary stage of the old theatre, which contrivance got rid of the difficulty here pointed out. See Othello, Illustrations of Act v.

<sup>b</sup> The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's is unquestionably death; not, as Johnson explains it, the gross substance which equally nourishes the beggar and Cæsar. Upon the authority of Warburton and Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector, the ordinary reading is now *palates more the dung*, instead of *the dung of the folio*.

You are fallen into a princely hand ; fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
On all that need : Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency : and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort ; for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd ;

[*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.\*

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*

*Iras.* Royal queen !

*Char.* O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

*Pro.* [*Drawing a dagger.*  
Hold, worthy lady, hold :

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too  
That rids our dogs of languish ?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself : let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, Death ?  
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a  
queen

Worth many babes and beggars !

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady !

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,  
sir ;

If idle talk will once be necessary,  
I'll not sleep neither : \* This mortal house I'll  
ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make  
My country's high pyramids \* my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains !

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee : for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of  
me ?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or  
known.

You laugh, when boys or women tell their  
dreams ;

Is't not your trick ?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dreamt there was an emperor An-  
tony ;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man !

*Dol.* If it might please you,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens ; and  
therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and  
lighted

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd  
arm

Crested the world : his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

\* Johnson explains this, we think correctly, "I will not eat, and, if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither."

\* *Pyramides*—the Latin plural of pyramid ; used as a quadrisyllab<sup>l</sup>.

There was no winter in 't; an autumn<sup>a</sup> 't was,  
That grew the more by reaping: His delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: In his livery  
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands  
were

As plates<sup>b</sup> dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such  
a man

As this I dreamt of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants  
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam:  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might  
never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loth to tell you what I would you  
knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will;

I know it.

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen of Egypt?<sup>3</sup>

*Dol.* 'T is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

<sup>a</sup> *Autumn.* The original has *Antony*: evidently a mistake. The correction was made by Theobald.

<sup>b</sup> *Plates.* Pieces of silver money were called *plates*. So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*,—

“Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?”

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause so well  
To make it clear; but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall  
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 't is  
yours; and we  
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,  
shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good  
lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and  
jewels,

I am possess'd of; 't is exactly valued;  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him speak, my  
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is followed! mine will now be yours;  
And should we shift estates yours would be  
mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd—What, goest thou back?  
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine  
eyes,

Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain,  
dog!

O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern\* friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites  
me

Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou  
a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are  
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-  
ledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be  
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear  
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend: And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[Exit CÆSAR and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that  
I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is  
done,

And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;  
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

\* Modern—common.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-  
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before:  
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: Saucy  
lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald  
rhymer

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my  
nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch  
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give  
thee leave  
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and  
all.

Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS. A noise within.]

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence;  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. What poor an in-  
strument [*Exit Guard.*]  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]  
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him: but I would not  
be the party that should desire you to touch  
him, for his biting is immortal; those that do  
die of it do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died  
on 't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I  
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:  
a very honest woman, but something given to  
lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way  
of honesty: how she died of the biting of it,  
what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very  
good report o' the worm: But he that will  
believe all that they say, shall never be saved by  
half that they do: But this is most fallible, the  
worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that  
the worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be  
trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for,  
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good: give it nothing, I pray  
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple,  
but I know the devil himself will not eat a  
woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the  
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,  
these same whoreson devils do the gods great  
harm in their women; for in every ten that they  
make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the  
worm. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown;  
I have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men,  
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]  
Have I the asp in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that  
I may say,  
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou  
mortal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
Unpoliced!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as  
gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]  
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*]

*Char.* In this wild world?—So, fare thee  
well.—

Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies

<sup>a</sup> Steevens omits the impressive *thou*.

<sup>b</sup> *Wild*. Some of the modern editions have turned this  
into *wild*. Steevens suggests that the true word was *wild*—  
vile.

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well:  
Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;  
—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is  
this well done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there, a way for Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.*

*Dol.* O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last;  
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their  
deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought  
her figs.

This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and  
spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; trembling she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,

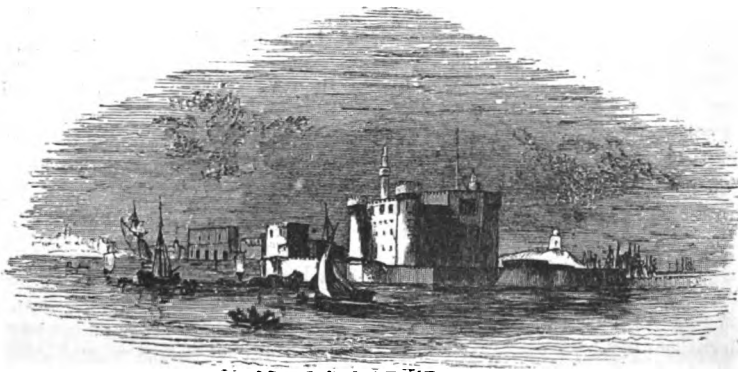
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an asp's trail: and these  
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:—  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*



[Alexandria.]



[Augustus.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“ *Wherefore is that! and what art thou that dar'st appear thus to us!* ”

“ AFTER ANTONIUS had thrust his sword into himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Dercetæus, took his sword with which he had stricken himself and hid it; then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife, and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that, if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“ *Guard her till Cæsar come.* ”

“ But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spoke together. For Proculeius came to the gates, that were very thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the

place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was 'trised' up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in the monument with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, O, poor Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to 'appeache' him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“ *Which is the queen of Egypt!* ”

“ Shortly after Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. \* \* \* \* \* When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O, Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought unto this pitiful and miserable estate; and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy mercy and favour upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself."

4 SCENE II.— *"Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey."*

"There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded

them all to go out of the tombs where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself; howbeit he sent one before him in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this asp was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that, when she should think to take out the figs the asp should bite her before she should see her. Howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the asp to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the asp, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth: for they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an asp biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."



## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

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THE German critic, Horn, concludes some remarks upon Shakspeare's *King John* with a passage that may startle those who believe that the truth of History, and the truth of our great dramatic teacher of history, are altogether different things :—

“The hero of this piece stands not in the list of personages, and could not stand with them; for the idea should be clear without personification.” The hero is England.

“What the poet chose to express of his view of the dignity and worth of his native land he has confided to the Bastard to embody in words :—

‘ This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.’

But Shakspeare is immeasurably more than Falconbridge, and he would have the reader and the spectator more also. These lines are not intended to be fixed upon England at the beginning of the fourteenth century alone; they are not even confined to England generally. They are for the elevation of the views of a state—of a people. Happy for England that she possesses a poet who so many years since has spoken to her people as the highest and most splendid teacher! The full consequences of his teaching have not yet been sufficiently revealed; they may perhaps never wholly be exhibited. We, however, know that in England a praiseworthy zeal for their country's history prevails amongst the people. But who first gave true life to that history ?”

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

In the three great dramas that are before us, the idea, not personified, but full of a life that animates and informs every scene, is **ROME**. Some one said that Chantrey's bust of a great living poet was more like than the poet himself. Shakspeare's Rome, we venture to think, is more like than the Rome of the Romans. It is the idealized Rome, true indeed to her every-day features, but embodying that expression of character which belongs to the universal rather than the accidental. And yet how varied is the idea of Rome which the poet presents to us in these three great mirrors of her history! In the young Rome of Coriolanus we see the terrible energy of her rising ambition checked and overpowered by the factious violence of her contending *classes*. We know that the prayer of Coriolanus is a vain prayer:—

“ The honour'd gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of Justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!”

In the matured Rome of Julius Cæsar we see her riches and her glories about to be swallowed up in a domestic conflict of *principles*:—

“ Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man!”

In the slightly older Rome of Antony, her power, her magnificence, are ready to perish in the selfishness of *individuals*:—

“ Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall!”

Rome was saved from anarchy by the supremacy of one. Shakspeare did not live to make the Cæsars more immortal.

Schlegel has observed that “these plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he [Shakspeare] found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed.” In our edition of these plays we have given, with great fulness, the passages from Plutarch, as translated by North, which the poet followed—sometimes even to the literal adoption of the biographer's words. This is the “apparent artlessness.” But Schlegel has also shown us the principles of the “uncommon art:”—“Of every historical transaction Shakspeare knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history, without in any degree changing them.” But he adopts the literal only when it enters into “the true poetical point of view;” and is therefore in harmony with the general poetical truth, which in many subordinate particulars necessarily discards all pretension of “adhering closely to history.” Jonson has left us two Roman plays produced essentially upon a different principle. In his ‘Sejanus’ there is scarcely a speech or an incident that is not derived from the ancient authorities; and Jonson's own edition of the play is crowded with references as minute as would have been required from any modern annalist. In his Address to the Readers he says—“Least in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to show my integrity in the story.” The character of the dramatist's mind, as well as the abundance of his learning, determined this mode of proceeding; but it is evident that he worked upon a false principle of art. His characters are, therefore, puppets carved and stuffed according to the descriptions, and made to speak according to the very words, of Tacitus and Suetonius;—but they are not living men. It is the same in his ‘Catiline.’ Cicero is the great actor in that play; and he moves as Sallust, corrected by other authorities, made him move; and speaks as he spoke himself in his own orations. Jonson gives the whole of Cicero's first oration against Catiline, in a translation amounting to some three hundred lines. It may be asked, what can we have that may better present Cicero to us than the descriptions of the Roman historians, and Cicero's own words? We answer, six lines of Shakspeare, not found in the books:—

## TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train.  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference with some senators.\*

Gifford, speaking of Jonson's two Roman tragedies, says—"He has apparently succeeded in his principal object, which was to exhibit the characters of the drama to the spectators of his days precisely as they appeared to those of their own. The plan was scholastic, but it was not judicious. The difference between the *dramatis personæ* and the spectators was too wide; and the very accuracy to which he aspired would seem to take away much of the power of pleasing. Had he drawn men instead of Romans, his success might have been more assured."\* We presume to think that there is here a slight confusion of terms. If Jonson had succeeded in his principal object, and had exhibited his characters precisely as they appeared in their own days, his representation would have been the truth. But he has drawn, according to this intelligent critic, Romans instead of men, and therefore his success was not perfectly assured. Not drawing *men*, he did not draw his characters as they appeared in their own days; but as he pieced out their supposed appearance from incidental descriptions or formal characterizations—from party historians or prejudiced rhetoricians. If he had drawn *Romans* as they were, he would have drawn *men* as they were. They were not the less men because they were Romans. He failed to draw the men, principally on account of the limited range of his imaginative power; he copied instead of created. He repeated, says Gifford, "the ideas, the language, the allusions," which "could only be readily caught by the contemporaries of Augustus and Tiberius." He gave us, partly on this account also, shadows of life, instead of the "living features of an age so distant from our own," as his biographer yet thinks he gave. Shakspeare worked upon different principles, and certainly with a different success.

The leading idea of *Coriolanus*—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessaries, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy, in any country or in any age—under a republic or a monarchy—in England under Queen Victoria, in the United States under President Tyler. The historical truth, and the philosophical principle, which Shakspeare has embodied in *Coriolanus* are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of *Coriolanus*, was probably dealing only with a legend; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch: further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art; and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. A polite democracy, a humane oligarchy, would be better. Johnson somewhat rejoices in the amusing exhibition of "plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence." Hazlitt, who is more than half angry on the other side of the question, says—"The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left." Let us see.

With his accustomed consummate judgment in his opening scenes, Shakspeare throws us at once

\* 'Memoirs of Jonson,' p. cxxx.—Works, 9 vols.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

into the centre of the contending classes of early Rome. We have no description of the nature of the factions; we behold them:—

"1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish.  
*Cit.* Resolved, resolved!  
 1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.  
*Cit.* We know't, we know't.  
 1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price.  
*Cit.* No more talking on't: let it be done."

The foundation of the violence is misery;—its great stimulant is ignorance. The people are famishing for want of corn;—they will kill one man, and that will give them corn at their own price: the murder will turn scarcity into plenty. Hazlitt says that Shakspeare "spared no occasion of baiting the rabble." If to show that misery acting upon ignorance produces the same effects in all ages be "baiting the rabble," he has baited them. But he has not painted the "mutinous citizens" with an indiscriminating contempt. One that displays a higher power than his fellows of reasoning or remonstrance, and yet is zealous enough to resist what he thinks injustice, says of Caius Marcius,

"Consider you what services he has done for his country."

The people are sometimes ungrateful; but Shakspeare chose to show that some amongst them could be just. The people have their favourites. "Worthy Menenius Agrippa" has the good word of the mutinous citizens. Shakspeare gave them no unworthy favourite. His rough humour, his true kindness, his noble constancy, form a character that the people have always loved, even whilst they are rebuked and chastened. But if the poet has exhibited the democratic ignorance in pretty strong colours, has he shrunk from presenting us a full-length portrait of patrician haughtiness? Caius Marcius in the first scene claims no sympathies:—

"Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
 As I could pick my lance."

Till Caius Marcius has become Coriolanus, and we see that the popular violence is under the direction of demagogues—the same never-varying result of the same circumstances—we feel no love for him. It is under oppression and ingratitude that his pride becomes sublime. But he has previously deserved our homage, and in some sort our affection. The poet gradually wins us to an admiration of the hero by the most skilful management. First, through his mother. What a glorious picture of an antique matron, from whom her son equally derived his pride and his heroism, is presented in the exquisite scene where Volumnia and Valeria talk of him they loved, according to their several natures! Who but Shakspeare could have seized upon the spirit of a Roman woman of the highest courage and mental power bursting out in words such as these?—

"*Vol.* His bloody brow  
 With his mall'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;  
 Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
 Or all, or lose his hire.  
*Fir.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!  
*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
 Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,  
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At Grecian swords' contending."

This is a noble preparation for the scenic exhibition of the deeds of Caius Marcius. Amidst the physical strength, and the mental energy, that make the triumphant warrior, the poet, by a few of his magical touches, has shown us the ever-present loftiness of mind that denotes qualities far beyond those which belong to mere animal courage. His contempt of the Romans who are "beaten back," and the "Romans with spoils," is equally withering. It is not sufficient for him to win one battle. The force of character through which he thinks that nothing is done whilst anything remains to do, shows that Shakspeare understood the stuff of which a great general is made. His remonstrance to Cominius—

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"Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so!"—

is not in Plutarch. It is supplied to us by a higher authority—by the instinct by which Shakspeare knew the great secret of success in every enterprise—the determination to be successful. One example more of the skill with which Shakspeare makes Caius Marcius gradually obtain the uncontrolled homage of our hearts. The proud conqueror who rejects all gifts and honours, who has said,

"I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd,"

asks a gift of his superior officer:—

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom."

We now see only the true hero. He realizes the noble description of the "Happy Warrior" which the great poet of our own days has drawn with so masterly a hand:—

"Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower:  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives,  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, render'd more compassionate."

We have forgotten the fierce patrician who would make a quarry of the Roman populace.

And this, we suppose, is what Hazlitt objects to in Shakspeare's conduct of this play. The character of Coriolanus rises upon us. The sufferings and complaints of his enemies are merged in their factious hatred. "Poetry," says the critic, "is right royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right." Now we apprehend that Shakspeare has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspeare's insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—"Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy." But in his representation of this fact Shakspeare had to create a character, and to make that character act and re-act upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is "bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean." He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation. He betrays his contempt for the canvassed, even whilst he is canvassing:—

"I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to  
earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they  
account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is  
rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the  
insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly:  
that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some  
popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers.  
Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul."

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The satire is not obsolete. The desperation with which he at last roars out his demand for their voices, as if he were a chorus mocking himself and the people with the most bitter irony, is the climax of this wonderful exhibition:—

“ Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen and heard of; for your voices  
Have done many things, some less, some more: your  
voices:  
Indeed, I would be consul.”

The people have justice enough to elect the man for his deeds; but they have not strength enough to abide by their own election. When they are told by the Tribunes that they have been treated scornfully, they can bear to be rebuked by their demagogues—to have their “ ignorant election ” revoked—to suffer falsehoods to be put in their mouth—to be the mere tools of their weak though crafty leaders. It is Shakspeare's praise, in his representation of this plebeian and patrician conflict, that he, for the most part, shows the people as they always are—just, generous, up to a certain point. But put that thing called a demagogue amongst them,—that cold, grovelling, selfish thing, without sympathies for the people, the real despiser of the people, because he uses them as tools,—and then there is no limit to their unjust violence. In the subsequent scenes we see not the people at all in the exercise of their own wills. We see only Brutus and Sicinius speaking the voice, not of the people, but of their individual selfishness. In the first scene of the third act the Tribunes insult Coriolanus; and from that moment the lion lashes himself up into a fury which will be deadly. The catastrophe is only deferred when the popular clamour for the Tarpeian Rock subsides into the demand that he should answer to them once again in the market-place. The mother of Coriolanus abates something of her high nature when she counsels her son to a dissembling submission:—

“ Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words as are but ruted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.”

This is the prudence even of an heroic woman; but she fears for her son. She is somewhat lowered by the instruction. But the poet knew that a real contempt for the people, allied to a strong desire for the honours which the people have to bestow, must produce this lip-service. Coriolanus does not heed the instructions of his mother. He approaches temperately to his questioners; he puts up vows for the safety of Rome from the depths of his full heart; he is in earnest to smother his pride and his resentment, but the coarse Tribune calls him “ traitor.” There can be but one issue; he is banished.

Some of the historians say that, although Coriolanus joined the enemies of his country, he provoked no jealousies amongst the native leaders of those enemies; that he died honoured and rewarded; that his memory was even revered at Rome. Shakspeare probably knew not this version of the legend of Coriolanus. If he had known it he would not have adopted it. He had to show the false step which Coriolanus took. He had to teach that his proud resentment hurried him upon a course which brought evils worse than the Tarpeian Rock. And yet we are compelled to admire him; we can scarcely blame him. It has not been our good fortune to see John Kemble in this his greatest character: if we had, we probably should have received into our minds an embodied image of the moral grandeur of that scene when Coriolanus stands upon the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, and says—

“ My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,  
Great hurt and mischief.”

The words are almost literally copied from Plutarch; but the wondrous art of the poet is shown in the perfect agreement of these words with the minutest traits of the man's character which had preceded them. The answer of Aufidius is not in Plutarch; and here Shakspeare invests the rival of Coriolanus with a majesty of language which has for its main object to call us back to the real greatness of the banished man:

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" Know thou first,  
I lov'd the maid I married: never man  
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold."

Brief and rapid is their agreement to make war upon Rome. In the great city herself "Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends," according to the Tribune; no harm can come to Rome; the popular authority will whip the slave that speaks of evil news. Shakspeare again "baits the rabble," according to Hazlitt; though he reluctantly adds, "what he says of them is very true:—"

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.  
*1 Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said banish him, I said 't was pity.  
*2 Cit.* And so did I.  
*3 Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did  
very many of us: That we did we did for the best;  
and though we willingly consented to his banish-  
ment, yet it was against our will."

When Shakspeare made Coriolanus ask the freedom of the poor man that had used him kindly he showed the tenderness that was at the bottom of that proud heart. When Rome is beleaguered Cominius reports thus of his unsuccessful mission to her banished son:—

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends: His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 't was folly  
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence."

His old general and companion in arms touched nothing but his pride. Menenius, his "belov'd in Rome," undertakes a similar mission. The answer of Coriolanus is—

" Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs  
Are servanted to others."

But the moment that Coriolanus has declared to Aufidius

" Fresh embassies  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to."

his mother, his wife, his child appear. But he will stand

" As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin."

What a scene follows! The warrior is externally calm, as if he were a god, above all passions and affections. The wondrous poetry in which he speaks seems in its full harmony as if it held the man's inmost soul in a profound consistency. But the passion is coming. "I have sat too long" is the prelude to

" O mother, mother,  
What have you done! Behold, the heavens do ope,  
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
You have won a happy victory to Rome:  
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him."

Volumnia speaks no other word. The mother and the son, the wife and the husband, the child and the father, have parted for ever. The death of Coriolanus in the "goodly city" of Antium is inevitable:—

" *Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Voices; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.—Boy!



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*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?  
*Con.* Let him die for't."

The struggle for power amongst the CLASSES of young Rome ends in the death of the proud patrician by the swords of those whom he had conquered. He had presented his throat to Tullus Aufidius,

"Which not to cut would show thee but a fool."

But Aufidius would first use him who said he would fight

"Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends."

The retribution is a fearful one. Hazlitt observes, "What Shakspeare says of them [the rabble] is very true; what he says of their betters is also very true; *though he dwells less upon it.*" Shakspeare teaches by action as well as by words. The silly rabble escape with a terrible fright: Coriolanus loses his home, his glory, his life, for his pride and his revenge.

Years, perhaps centuries, had rolled on. Rome had seen a constitution which had reconciled the differences of the patricians and the plebeians. The two orders had built a temple to Concord. Her power had increased; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand: the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the final termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle*. Shakspeare saw the grandeur of the crisis; and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy. He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

Shakspeare, in the opening scene of his Julius Cæsar, has marked very distinctly the difference between the citizens of this period, and the former period of Coriolanus. In the first play they are a turbulent body, without regular occupation. They are in some respects a military body. They would revenge with their pikes: the wars would eat them up. In Julius Cæsar, on the contrary, they are "mechanical"—the carpenter or the cobbler. They "make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph." The speech of Marullus, the Tribune, brings the Rome of the hour vividly before us. It is the Rome of mighty conquests and terrible factions. Pompey has had his triumphs; and now the men of Rome

"Strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood."

But the triumphant man himself appears. When he speaks, the music and the shouts are silent. When he speaks not, the air is again filled with sounds of greeting. There is a voice in the crowd, "shriller than the music." The Soothsayer cries, "Beware the Ides of March;" but "he is a dreamer." The procession passes on; two men remain who are to make the dream a reality. Of all Shakspeare's characters none require to be studied with more patient attention than those of Brutus and Cassius, that we may understand the resemblances and the differences of each. The leading distinctions between these two remarkable men, as drawn by Shakspeare, appear to us to be these: Brutus acts wholly upon principle; Cassius partly upon impulse. Brutus acts only when he has reconciled the contemplation of action with his speculative opinions; Cassius allows the necessity of *some* action to run before and govern his opinions. Brutus is a philosopher; Cassius is a partisan. Brutus therefore deliberates and spares; Cassius precipitates and denounces. Brutus is the nobler instructor; Cassius the better politician. Shakspeare, in the first great scene between them, brings out these distinctions of character upon which future events so mainly depend.

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Cassius does not, like a merely crafty man, use only the arguments to conspiracy which will most touch Brutus; but he mixes with them, in his zeal and vehemence, those which have presented themselves most strongly to his own mind. He had a personal dislike of Cæsar, as Cæsar had of him. Cassius begins artfully: he would first move Brutus through his affection, and next through his self-love. He is opening a set discourse on his own sincerity, when the shouting of the people makes Brutus express his fear that they "choose Cæsar for their king." Cassius at once leaves his prepared speeches, and assumes that because Brutus fears it he would not have it so:—

"I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well."

Cassius sees that the love which Brutus bears to Cæsar will be an obstacle; and he goes on to disparage Cæsar. He could not buffet the waves with Cassius: when he had a fever in Spain,

"Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius.'"

Brutus answers not: but marks "another general shout." Cassius then strikes a different note:—

"Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?"

At last Cassius hits upon a *principle*:—

"O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king."

The Stoic is at last moved:—

"Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions, as this time  
Is like to lay upon us."

In the next scene, when Cæsar is returning from the games, the great dictator describes Cassius—the Cassius with "a lean and hungry look," the "great observer,"—as one whom he could fear if he could fear anything. In the subsequent dialogue with Casca, where the narrative of what passed at the games is conducted with a truth that puts the very scene before us, Cassius again strikes in with the thought that is uppermost in his mind. Brutus says that Cæsar "hath the falling-sickness:" the reply of Cassius is most characteristic:—

"No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness."

Brutus goes home to meditate. The energy of Cassius is never weary. In the storm he is still the conspirator. The "impatience of the Heavens" furnishes him an argument against the man

"Prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange irruptions are."

The plot is maturing. Brutus especially is to be won.

Coleridge, who, when he doubts of a meaning in Shakspeare,—or, what is rarer, suggests that there is some inconsistency in the conduct of the scene, or the development of character,—has the highest claim upon our deferential regard, gives the soliloquy of Brutus in the beginning of the second act with the following observations:—"This speech is singular; at least, I do not at present see into Shakspeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For surely—(this I mean is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight only modified by my experience in how many instances I had ripened into a perception of beauties, where I had before descried faults)—surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely,—that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none—in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakspeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward.—True;—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakspeare mean

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his Brutus to be!"\* To this question we venture to reply, according to our imperfect conception of the character of Brutus. Shakspeare meant him not for a conspirator. He has a terror of conspiracy :—

" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage ?"

He has been "with himself at war," speculating, we doubt not, upon the strides of Cæsar towards absolute power, but unprepared to resist them. Of Cæsar he has said, "I love him well;" he now says—

" I know no personal cause to spurn at him."

We are by no means sure of the correct punctuation of this passage as it is usually given. Brutus has come to a conclusion in the watches of the night :—

" It must be by his death."

He disavows, however, any personal hatred to Cæsar :—

" And for my part,  
I know no *personal* cause to spurn at him."

He then adds—

" But for the *general*—he would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the question."

He goes from the personal cause to the general cause: "He would be crown'd." As a triumvir, a dictator, Brutus had no personal cause against Cæsar; but the name of king, which Cassius poured into his ear, rouses all his speculative republicanism. His experience of Cæsar calls from him the acknowledgment that Cæsar's affections sway not more than his reason; but crown him, and his nature might be changed. We must bear in mind that Brutus is not yet committed to the conspiracy. The character that Shakspeare meant his Brutus to be is not yet fully developed. He is yet irresolute; and his reasonings are therefore, to a certain extent, inconsequential :—

" Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

He is instigated from without; the principles associated with the name of Brutus stir him from within :—

" My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

The "faction" come. Cassius and Brutus speak together apart. Let us turn aside for a moment to see how Shakspeare fills up this terrible pause. Other poets would have made the inferior men exchange oaths, and cross hands, and whisper, and ejaculate. He makes everything depend upon the determination of Brutus and Cassius; and the others, knowing it so depends, speak thus :—

" *Dec.* Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?  
*Casca.* No.  
*Cis.* O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon grey lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.  
*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here."

Is this nature? The truest and most profound nature. The minds of all men thus disencumber

\* 'Literary Remains,' vol. II., p. 139.

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themselves, in the moments of the most anxious suspense, from the pressure of an overwhelming thought. There is a real relief, if some accidental circumstance, like

“ The grey lines that fret the clouds,”

can produce this disposition of the mind to go out of itself for an instant or two of forgetfulness.

But Brutus is changed. We have no doubt *now* of his character. He is the leader, Cassius the subordinate. He is decided in his course: he will not “break with” Cicero; he will not destroy Antony. We recognise the gentleness of his nature even while he is preparing for assassination:—

“ O, that we then could come by Cæsar’s spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar ! ”

In the exquisite scene with Portia which follows, our love for the man is completed; we learn what he has suffered before he has taken his resolution. There is something more than commonly touching in these words:—

“ You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.”

The pathos in some degree depends upon our knowledge of the situation of the speaker, which Portia does not know.

The scenes which we have now run over bring us to the end of the second act. Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakspeare with Plutarch in hand; and we have furnished the ready means of doing so in our Illustrations. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvass; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian’s picture. We turn to the poet. We recognise the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature, and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakspeare’s mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says—“Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him.” The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words. Hallitt, after noticing the profound knowledge of character displayed by Shakspeare in this play, says—“If there is any exception to this remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his ‘Commentaries.’ He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character is the fault of the plot.” The echoes of this opinion are many; and the small critics wax bold upon the occasion. Boswell says—“There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakspeare’s deficiency in classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them.” Courtenay had hazarded, in his notice of Henry VIII., the somewhat bold assertion “that Shakspeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of his historical characters.” Upon the character of Julius Cæsar he says that Plutarch having been supposed to pass over this character somewhat slightly is “a corroboration of my remark upon the slight attention which Shakspeare paid to his historical characters. The conversation with Antony about fat men, and with Calphurnia about her dreams, came conveniently into his plan; and some lofty expressions could hardly be avoided in portraying one who was known to the whole world as a great conqueror. Beyond this our poet gave himself no trouble.” This is certainly an easy way of disposing of a complicated question. Did Shakspeare give himself no trouble about the characterization of Brutus and Cassius? In them did he indicate no points of character but what he found in Plutarch? Is not his characterization of Cæsar himself

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a considerable expansion of what he found set down by the historian! At the exact period of the action of this drama, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says—"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakspeare's tragedy turns. There might have been another mode of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and the monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we then to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said—the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of "the covetous desire he had to be called king;" and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Cæsar is "in all but name a king." He is surrounded by all the external attributes of power; yet he is not satisfied:—

"The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow."

He is suspicious—he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what it is not. To his intimate friend he is an actor:—

"I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear: for always I am Cæsar."

When Calphurnia has recounted the terrible portents of the night—when the augurers would not that Cæsar should stir forth—he exclaims—

"The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We were two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth."

But to whom does he utter this, the "boastful language," which so offends Boswell? To the servant who has brought the message from the augurers; before *him* he could show no fear. But the very inflation of his language shows that he did fear; and an instant after, when the servant no doubt is intended to have left the scene, he says to his wife—

"Mark Antony shall say I am not well,  
And for thy humour I will stay at home."

Read Plutarch's account of the scene between Decius and Cæsar, when Decius prevails against Calphurnia, and Cæsar decides to go. In the historian we have not a hint of the splendid characterization of Cæsar struggling between his fear and his pride. Wherever Shakspeare found a minute touch in the historian that could harmonize with his general plan, he embodied it in his character of Cæsar. Who does not remember the magnificent lines which the poet puts into the mouth of Cæsar?—

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come."

A very slight passage in Plutarch, with reference to other circumstances of Cæsar's life, suggested this:—"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." We have already noticed the skill with which Shak-

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spere, upon a very bald narrative, has dramatized the last sad scene in which Cæsar was an actor. The tone of his last speech is indeed boastful—

“ I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he,  
Let me a little show it.”

That Cæsar knew his power, and made others know it, who can doubt? He was not one who, in his desire to be king, would put on the robe of humility. Altogether, then, we profess to receive Shakspeare's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is not the prominent character of the play; and it was not meant to be so. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakspeare founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

We have seen the stoic Brutus—in reality a man of strong passions and deep feelings—gradually warm up to the great enterprise of asserting his principles by one terrible blow, for triumph or for extinction. The blow is given. The excitement which succeeds is wondrously painted by the poet, without a hint from the historian. The calm of the gentle Brutus is lifted up, for the moment, into an attitude of terrible sublimity. It is he who says—

“ Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !”

From that moment the character flags; the calmness returns; something also of the irresolution comes back. Brutus is too high-minded for his position. Another comes upon the scene; another of different temperament, of different powers. He is not one that, like Brutus, will change “offence” to “virtue and to worthiness” by the force of character. He is one that “revels long o' nights.” But he possesses courage, eloquence, high talent, and, what renders him most dangerous, he is sufficiently unprincipled. Cassius knew him, and would have killed him. Brutus does not know him, and he suffers him “to bury Cæsar.” The conditions upon which Brutus permits Antony to speak are Shakspeare's own; and they show his wonderful penetration into the depths of character :—

“ You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;  
And say you do't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : And you shall speak,  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.”

The opportunity is not lost by Antony. Haslitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play :—“ Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it : that of Brutus certainly is not so good.” In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

“ I am no orator as Brutus is.”

Brutus was not an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory : when he addresses the conspirators—“ No, not an oath ;” and after the assassination—“ Stoop, Romans, stoop.” He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this :—

“ I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.”

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

And he does show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity than his times were like Brutus." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—“I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion.” The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counter-balance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote ‘A Fragment on Shakspeare,’ in a style sufficiently hyperbolic, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that “the barbarian,” Shakspeare, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony’s speech he thus expresses his opinion:—“Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better.” There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

“In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,”

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

“Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.”

He is already preparing in mind for “the pulpit.” He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the “reason of our Cæsar’s death.” He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar’s murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspeare knew, and he painted Antony. Another great poet made the portrait a description:—

“He seem’d  
For dignity compos’d and high exploit;  
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropp’d manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas’d the ear.”

The end of Antony’s oratory is perfect success:—

“Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot;  
Take thou what course thou wilt!”

The rhetoric has done its work: the conflict of principles is coming to a close; the conflict of individuals is about to begin; it is no longer a question of republican Rome, or monarchical Rome. The question is whether it shall be the Rome of Antony, or the Rome of Octavius; for Lepidus there is no chance:

“This is a slight unmeritable man.”

But even he is ready to do his work. He can proscribe; he can even consent to the death of his brother, “upon conditions.” He requires that “Publius shall not live.” Antony has no scruples to save his “sister’s son:”—

“He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.”

Such an intense representation of selfishness was never before given in a dozen lines. What power have Brutus and Cassius to oppose to this worldly wisdom? Is it the virtue of Brutus? Of him who

“Condemn’d and not’d Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians.”

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Of him who

"Had rather be a dog and bay the moon"

than

"Contaminate his fingers."

Of him who says—

"I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection!"

No; the man of principles must fall before the men of expediency. He can conquer Cassius by his high-mindedness; for Cassius, though somewhat politic, has nobility enough in him to bow before the majesty of virtue. Coleridge says—"I know no part of Shakspeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius." This language has been called idolatry: some critic we believe says "blasphemous;" yet let any one with common human powers try to produce such a scene. The wonderful thing in it, and that which,—in a subsequent sentence, which we scarcely dare quote,—Coleridge points out, is the complete preservation of character. All dramatic poets have tried to imitate this scene. Dryden preferred his imitation, in the famous dialogue between Antony and Ventidius, to anything which he had written "in this kind." It is full of high rhetoric, no doubt; but its rhetoric is that of generalizations. The plain rough soldier, the luxurious chief, reproach and weep, are angry and cool again, shake hands, and end in "hugging," as the stage direction has it. They say all that people would say under such circumstances, and they say it well. But the matchless art of Shakspeare consists as much in what he holds back as in what he puts forward. Brutus subdues Cassius by the force of his moral strength, without the slightest attempt to command the feelings of a sensitive man. When Cassius is subdued he owns that he has been hasty. They are friends again, hand and heart. Is not the knowledge of character something above the ordinary reach of human sagacity when the following words come in as if by accident?—

*Br.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.  
*Cass.* I did not think you could have been so angry.  
*Br.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.  
*Cass.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.  
*Br.* No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.  
*Cass.* Ha! Portia?  
*Br.* She is dead.  
*Cass.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?"

(This is not in Plutarch.

The shade of Cæsar has summoned Brutus to meet him at Philippi. The conversation of the republican chiefs before the battle is well to be noted:—

*Cass.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you then determined to do?  
*Br.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life:—arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.  
*Cass.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?  
*Br.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind."



## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

The parallel passage in Plutarch is as follows :—

“Then Cassius began to speak first, and said—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I *trust* (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune.”

The critics say that Shakspeare makes Brutus express himself inconsistently. He will await the determination of Providence, but he will not go bound to Rome. Mr. Courtenay explains how “the inconsistency arises from Shakspeare’s misreading of the first speech; for Brutus, according to North, referred to his opinion against suicide as one that he had entertained in his youth, but had now abandoned.” This writer in a note also explains that the perplexity consists in North saying *I trust*, instead of using the past tense. He then adds,—“Shakspeare’s adoption of a version contradicted not only by a passage immediately following, but by the event which he presently portrays, is a striking instance of his careless use of his authorities.” \* Very triumphant, no doubt. Most literal critics, why have you not rather confided in Shakspeare than in yourselves? When he deserts Plutarch he is true to something higher than Plutarch. In Brutus he has drawn a man of speculation; one who is moved to kill the man he loves upon no personal motive, but upon a theory; one who fights his last battle upon somewhat speculative principles; one, however, who, from his gentleness, his constancy, his fortitude, has subdued men of more active minds to the admiration of his temper and to the adoption of his opinions. Cassius never reasons about suicide: it is his instant remedy; a remedy which he rashly adopts, and ruins therefore his own cause. Brutus reasons against it; and he does not revoke his speculative opinions even when the consequences to which they lead are pointed out to him. Is not this nature? and must we be told that this nicety of characterization resulted from Shakspeare carelessly using his authorities; trusting to the false tense of a verb, regardless of the context? “But he contradicts himself,” says the critic, “by the event which he presently portrays.” Most wonderfully has Shakspeare redeemed his own consistency. It is when the mind of the speculative man is not only utterly subdued by adverse circumstances, but bowed down before the pressure of supernatural warnings, that he deliberately approaches his last fatal resolve. What is the work of an instant with Cassius is with Brutus a tentative process. Clitus, Dardanijus, Volumnius, Strato, are each tried. The irresistible pressure upon his mind, which leads him not to fly with his friends, is the *destiny* which hovers over him :—

“*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.  
*Fol.* What says my lord?  
*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:  
 The ghost of Cæsar hath appear’d to me  
 Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;  
 And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.  
*I know my hour is come.*”

The exclamation of Brutus over the body of Cassius is—

“The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!”

Brutus himself is the last assertor of the old Roman *principles* :—

“This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
 All the conspirators, save only he,  
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
 He only, in a general honest thought,  
 And common good to all, made one of them.”

\* ‘Commentaries on the Historical Plays,’ vol ii. p. 255.

## TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

The scene is changed. The boldest, perhaps the noblest, of the Roman triumvirs has almost forgotten Rome, and governs the Asiatic world with a magnificence equalled only by the voluptuousness into which he is plunged. In Rome, Octavius Cæsar is almost supreme. It is upon the cards which shall govern the *entire* world. The history of *individuals* is henceforth the history of Rome.

"Of all Shakspeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful." He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, "The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the Antony and Cleopatra is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello."\* The epithet "wonderful" is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses, that we cannot gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder. We can comprehend it, reduce its power to some standard, only by the analysis of a *part*. Mrs. Jameson has adopted this course in one of her most brilliant 'Characteristics of Women.' Treading in her steps timidly, we may venture to attempt a companion sketch to her portrait of 'Cleopatra.' It is in the spirit of the play itself, as the last of the Roman series, that we shall endeavour to follow it, by confining ourselves as much as may be to an *individual*. We use the word in the sense in which Mr. Hare uses it, after some good-natured ridicule of the newspaper "individuals:—"a man "is an individual, so far as he is an integral whole, different and distinct from other men; and that which makes him what he is, that in which he differs and is distinguished from other men, is his individuality, and individualizes him."†

The ANTONY of this play is of course the Antony of Julius Cæsar;—not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar's mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, "This was a man." We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the "masker and the reveller;" we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought at Philippi he has passed through various fortunes: Cæsar thus apostrophizes him:—

"When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer."

There came an after-time when, at Alexandria,

"Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart."

*This* is the Antony that Shakspeare, in the play before us, brings upon the scene. Rome is to him nothing. He will hear not its ambassadors:—

"There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now."

But "a Roman thought hath struck him." He does hear the messenger. Labienus has overrun Asia. He winces at the thought of his own inertness, but he will know the truth:—

"Speak to me home: vince not the general tongue."

\* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 142.

† 'Guesses at Truth,' p. 139.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

Another messenger comes. Brief is his news :—

“ Fulvia thy wife is dead ; ”

and brief is the question which follows :—

“ Where died she ? ”

The comment shows the man :—

“ There's a great spirit gone : *thus did I desire it.* ”

We learn why he did desire it, in the scene with Cleopatra, in which he announces his departure. Often has he heard, from the same lips, the bitter irony of

“ What says *the married woman* ? ”

He has been bound to Cleopatra not only by her “infinite variety,” but by her caprices and her force of ridicule. His moral power is as weak as his physical courage is strong. Cleopatra paints the magnificent soldier and the infatuated lover in a few words :—

“ The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring ‘Where's my *serpent* of old Nile ?’  
*For so he calls me.* ”

He has fled from Cleopatra, but he sends her his messenger :—

“ All the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. ”

In this temper he meets Cæsar, and he marries Octavia.

The interview between Antony and Cæsar is most masterly. The constrained courtesy on each side—the coldness of Cæsar—the frank apologies of Antony—the suggestion of Agrippa, so opportune, and yet apparently so unpremeditated—the ready assent of Antony—all this—matter for rhetorical flourishes of at least five hundred lines in the hands of an ordinary dramatist—may be read without a start or an elevation of the voice. It is solid business throughout. Antony, we might think, was a changed man. Enobarbus, who knows him, is of a different opinion. Wonderfully has he described Cleopatra; and when Mecænas says,

“ Now Antony must leave her utterly, ”

the answer is prophetic :—

“ Never; he will not;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. ”

Against this power Enobarbus knows that the “beauty, wisdom, modesty” of Octavia will be a fragile bond. And Antony knows this himself. He knows this while he protests,

“ I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. ”

And yet he is not wholly a dissembler. Shakspeare has most skilfully introduced the soothsayer, at the moment when Antony's moral weakness appears to have put on some show of strength. He found the incident in Plutarch; but he has made his own application of it :—

“ Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. ”

Therefore,

“ I will to Egypt. ”

## TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

To establish an independent throne?—to entrench himself against the power of Augustus in an Asiatic empire? No.

“ And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I’ the east my pleasure lies.”

The reckless, short-sighted voluptuary was never drawn more truly. His entire policy is shaped by his passion. The wonderful scene in which his marriage with Octavia is made known to Cleopatra assures us that in the extremest intemperance of self-will he will have his equal. Cleopatra would have Antony unmarried,

“ So half my Egypt were submerg’d, and made  
A cistern for scal’d snakes.”

According to Enobarbus, the unmarrying will scarcely be necessary for her gratification :—

“ *Eno.* Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.  
*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?  
*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark  
Antony.”

The drinking scene between the Triumvirs and Pompey is one of those creations which render Shakspeare so entirely above, and so utterly unlike, other poets. Every line is a trait of character. We here see the solemn, “unmeritable” Lepidus; the cautious Cæsar; the dashing, clever, genial Antony. His eye dances; his whole visage “doth cream and mantle;” the corners of his mouth are drawn down, as he hoaxes Lepidus with the most admirable fooling :—

“ *Lep.* What manner o’ thing is your crocodile?  
*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as  
it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with  
its own organs,” &c.  
“ *Lep.* ’T is a sharp serpent.”

The revelry grows louder and louder, till “the Egyptian bacchanals” close the scene. Who can doubt that Antony bears “the holding” the loudest of all?—

“ As loud  
As his strong sides can volley.”

These are not the lords of the world of the French tragedy. Grimm, who, upon the whole, has a leaning to Shakspeare, says—“Il est assez ridicule sans doute de faire parler les valets comme les héros; mais il est beaucoup *plus ridicule encore* de faire parler aux héros le langage du peuple.”\* To make them drunk is worse even than the worst of the ridiculous. It is impossible to define such a sin. We think, with Dogberry, it is “flat burglary as ever was committed.” Upton has a curious theory, which would partly make Shakspeare to belong to the French school. The hero of this play, according to this theory, does not speak “the language of the people.” Upton says—“Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade. \* \* \* \* \* This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony’s speeches.”† Unquestionably the language of Antony is more elevated than that of Enobarbus, for example. Antony was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius—an orator, who could move the passions dramatically—a lover, that knew no limits to his devotion because he loved imaginatively. When sorrow falls upon him, the poetical parts of his character are more and more developed; we forget the sensualist. But even before the touch of grief has somewhat exalted his nature, he takes the poetical view of poetical things. What can be more exquisite than his mention of Octavia’s weeping at the parting with her brother?—

“ The April’s in her eyes: it is love’s spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on ”

And, higher still :—

\* ‘Correspondance Littéraire, Troisième Partie,’ tom. i. p. 129.

† ‘Critical Observations,’ p. 100.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

" Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,  
And neither way inclines."

This, we think, is not " the Asiatic manner of speaking."

Cold is Antony's parting with Octavia :—

" Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to."

Rapid is his meeting with Cleopatra. She " hath nodded him to her." The voluptuary has put on his eastern magnificence :—

" I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthroned."

He rejects all counsel :—" I'll fight at sea." And so

" The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance."

Now comes the generosity of his character—of the same growth as his magnificence and his recklessness. He exhorts his friends to take his treasure and fly to Cæsar. His self-abasement is most profound :—

" I have offended reputation."

But he has not yet learnt wisdom. Cleopatra is present, and then—

" Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates  
All that is won or lost : Give me a kiss ;  
Even this repays me."

He then becomes a braggart ; he will challenge Cæsar " sword against sword." Profound is the comment of Enobarbus :—

" I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike."

Cæsar's ambassador comes to Cleopatra. He tempts her ;—and it almost looks as if she yielded to the temptation. He kisses her hand, at the instant Antony enters :—

" Moon and stars !  
Whip him."

This is partly jealousy ; partly the last assertion of small power by one accustomed to unlimited command. Truly Enobarbus says—

" 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying."

Shakspeare makes this man the interpreter of his own wisdom :—

" I see still  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him."

Enobarbus *does* leave him. But he first witnesses

" One of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind."

## TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

Antony puts forth the poetry of his nature in his touching words to his followers, ending in

“ Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration.”

When he hears of the treachery of Enobarbus he again tasks the generosity of his spirit to the utmost :—

“ Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:  
Detain no jot, I charge thee.”

He has driven Cæsar “to his camp.” All Cleopatra's trespass is forgotten in one burst of enthusiasm :—

“ My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown;  
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,  
And can get goal for goal of youth.”

Another day comes, and it brings another note :—

“ All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.”

Cleopatra says truly—

“ He is more mad  
Than Tetamon for his shield.”

The scene which terminates with Antony falling on his sword is in the highest style of Shakspeare—and that is to give the highest praise. Hazlitt has eloquently said of its magnificent opening—“This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakspeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness.” But, be it observed, the poetry is all in keeping with the character of the man. Let us once more repeat it :—

“ *Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me.  
*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.  
*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:  
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;  
They are black vespers' pageants.  
*Eros.* Ay, my lord.  
*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dissolves; and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.  
*Eros.* It does, my lord.  
*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
*Even such a body*: here I am Antony,  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.”

The images describe the Antony melting into nothingness; but the splendour of the imagery is the reflection of Antony's mind, which, thus enshrined in poetry, can never become “indistinct,”—will always “hold this visible shape.” Dryden has also tried to produce a poetical Antony, precisely under the same circumstances. We transcribe a passage :—

“ *Ant.* My eyes  
Are open to her falsehood: my whole life  
Has been a golden dream of Love and Friendship.  
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, rous'd  
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,  
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman!

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

Who follow'd me, but as the swallow summer,  
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,  
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake;  
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,  
And seeks the spring of Cæsar."

*All for Love, Act V.*

We hasten to the end. The magnificence of Antony's character breathes out of his parting spirit:—

"The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest: and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman,—A ROMAN BY A ROMAN  
VALIANTLY VANQUISH'D."

END OF THE TRAGEDIES.



W HARVEY G4

W T GREEN S4



THE

POEM

of  
William Shakespeare





## NOTICE.

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THE present edition of the Poems of Shakspeare comprises the VENUS AND ADONIS, THE RAPE OF LUCRECE, THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT, and the SONNETS. The Songs from the Plays of Shakspeare are necessarily excluded from this edition, it being sufficient to make a reference to the Dramas to which they respectively belong.





"Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

OVID.





TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

---

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear<sup>a</sup> so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour<sup>b</sup> to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

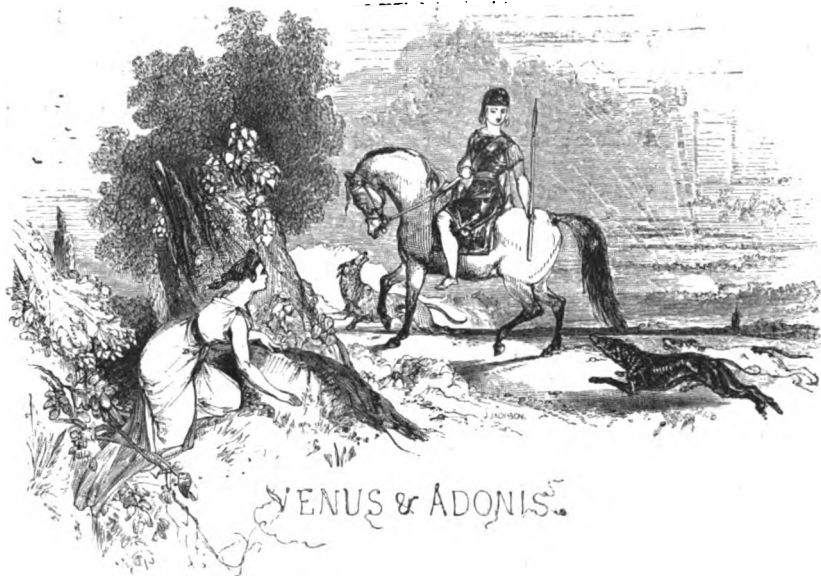
Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>a</sup> *Ear*—Plough.

<sup>b</sup> *Honour*. As a duke is now styled "your grace," so "your honour" was formerly the usual mode of address to nobleman in general.





EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
 Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis<sup>a</sup> hied him to the chase;  
 Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;  
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,  
 'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
 Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
 More white and red than doves or roses are;  
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
 A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:  
 Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
 And being set I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,

<sup>a</sup> The poem of 'Hero and Leander,' although Marlowe's portion of it was not published till 1598, was probably well known in the poetical circles. The following lines are in the first sestet:—

"The men of wealthy Sestos every year,  
 For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,  
 Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast."

Making them red and pale with fresh variety,  
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:  
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,  
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
 Under her other was the tender boy,  
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
 Nimble she fastens; (O how quick is love!)  
 The steed is stalled up, and even now  
 To tie the rider she begins to prove:  
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be  
 thrust,  
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in  
 lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:



VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he  
frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language  
broken,  
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her  
tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:  
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:  
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;<sup>a</sup>  
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires<sup>b</sup> with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;  
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his  
chin,  
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content,<sup>c</sup> but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of  
flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling  
showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies;  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes;  
Rain added to a river that is rank,<sup>d</sup>  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty ear<sup>e</sup> she tunes her tale

<sup>a</sup> *Mis*—amiss, fault. So in Sonnet CLI. :—

"Love is too young to know what conscience is:  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not *my amiss*,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove."

<sup>b</sup> *Tires*—tears, preys. The image is to be found without  
variation in Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Sc. I. :—

"Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and, like an *empty eagle*,  
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

<sup>c</sup> *Content*—acquiescence.

<sup>d</sup> *Rank*—full. Rank is often used to express excess or  
violence generally: and rankness is applied to a flood, in  
King John, Act v. Sc. iv. :—

"And like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course."

<sup>e</sup> *Ear*. So all the early editions. Mr. Grant White has  
*air*.

Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,  
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale;  
Being red, she loves him best; and being  
white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks  
all wet;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless  
debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper<sup>a</sup> peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave;  
But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink, than she for this good  
turn:

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
'O, pity,' gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!  
'T is but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt  
have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and  
dance,

To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;  
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:

<sup>a</sup> *Dive-dapper*. One of the familiar names of the Dab-chik  
is dive-dapper, or di-dapper; and this was the old poetical  
name, Beaumont and Fletcher, in 'The Woman Hater,' have  
a comparison of the mutability of fortune with this nimble  
water-bird:—"The misery of man may fitly be compared  
to a di-dapper, who, when she is under water past our sight,  
and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again, shakes but  
herself, and is the same she was."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength  
obey'd,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy  
head;

Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies:  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,  
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night:  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean  
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be  
tasted;

Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:  
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their  
prime

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not  
for thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are grey,<sup>a</sup> and bright, and quick in  
turning;

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand  
felt,

Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:

<sup>a</sup> *Grey* is said to be here used as *blue*. We have subsequently—

"Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth."  
But the eye-*ids* are the "blue windows."

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie!  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support  
me;

Two strengthless doves will draw me through  
the sky,  
From morn to night, even where I list to sport  
me:

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's  
abuse:

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth  
beauty,  
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou  
feed,

Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;  
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook  
them,

And Titan, 'tired<sup>a</sup> in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of  
love!

The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ah me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to begone!

<sup>a</sup> *Tired*—attired.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;  
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my  
 tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but  
 warm,

And lo, I lie between that sun and thee:  
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:  
 And were I not immortal, life were done,  
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
 Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?  
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
 What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?

O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
 She had not brought forth thee, but died un-  
 kind.<sup>a</sup>

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn<sup>b</sup> me  
 this?

Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
 Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be  
 mute:

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
 Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;  
 Thou art no man, though of a man's com-  
 plexion,  
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading  
 tongue,

And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;  
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:

And now she weeps, and now she fain would  
 speak,

And now her sobs do her intendments<sup>c</sup> break.

<sup>a</sup> *Unkind*. Milton applies the same epithet, in the same way, in his 'Doctrine of Divorce':—"The desire and longing to put off an *unkindly* solitariness by uniting another body, but not without a fit soul, to his, in the cheerful society of wedlock."

<sup>b</sup> *Contemn* is here used in the sense of throw aside; as Malone explains it, "Contemptuously refuse this favour."

<sup>c</sup> *Intendments*—intention. So in Othello, Act iv., Sc. ii.:—"I have said nothing but what I protest *intendments* of doing." The word continued to be used long after the time of Shakespeare.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his  
 hand,

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;  
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
 And when from thence he struggles to be  
 gone,

She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd  
 thee here,

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;  
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains  
 lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,  
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and  
 rough,

To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;  
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park;  
 No dog shall rouse thee, tho' a thousand  
 bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
 Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,  
 Why there Love liv'd and there he could  
 not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting  
 pits,

Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:  
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second strik-  
 ing?

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she  
 say?

Her words are done, her woes the more increas-  
 ing,

The time is spent, her object will away,  
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:

'Pity'—she cries,—'some favour—some re-  
 morse<sup>d</sup>—'

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

<sup>d</sup> *Remorse*—tenderness.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :  
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a  
tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's  
thunder ;  
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with.



His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd <sup>a</sup> crest now stand on end ;<sup>b</sup>  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,  
As who should say, lo !<sup>c</sup> thus my strength is  
tried ;

<sup>a</sup> *Compass'd*—arch'd.  
<sup>b</sup> *Mane* is here used as a plural noun. In a note on Othello, Act II., Sc. I., we justified the adoption of a new reading—  
"The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane"—upon the belief that in this line we have a picture which was probably suggested in the noble passage of Job:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" The passage before us shows that the image was familiar to the mind of Shakspeare, of the majesty of the war-horse erecting his mane under the influence of passion.  
<sup>c</sup> This is a faint echo of the wonderful passage in Job—"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!"

And this I do to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering 'holla,'<sup>a</sup> or his 'Stand, I say' ?  
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur ?  
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In linning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed ;  
So did this horse excel a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and  
bone.

<sup>a</sup> *Holla*. *Ho* is the ancient interjection, giving notice to stop. The word before us is certainly the same as the French *Holla*, and is explained in Cotgrave's French Dictionary as meaning "enough, soft, soft, no more of that."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:  
 Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;  
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;  
 To bid the wind a base<sup>a</sup> he now prepares,  
 And whe'r he run, or fly, they knew not whether;  
 For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;  
 She answers him as if she knew his mind:  
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;  
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,  
 He vails<sup>b</sup> his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;  
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:  
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;  
 When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there:  
 As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,  
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,  
 Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;  
 And now the happy season once more fits,  
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;

<sup>a</sup> In the game of *base*, or *prison base*, one runs and challenges another to pursue. "To bid the wind a base" is therefore to challenge the wind to speed. We have the same expression in the early play of the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

"Indeed, *I bid the base for Proteus.*"

<sup>b</sup> *Vails*—lowers.

For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,  
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
 So of concealed sorrow may be said;  
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
 But when the heart's attorney<sup>a</sup> once is mute,  
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind  
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue!  
 How white and red each other did destroy!  
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
 As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!  
 Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;  
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
 And all this dumb play had his<sup>b</sup> acts made plain  
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;  
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:  
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

<sup>a</sup> In Richard III. we have—

"Why should calamity be full of words?  
 Windy attorneys to their client woes."

The tongue, in the passage before us, is the *attorney* to the heart.

<sup>b</sup> *His* for *its*.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :  
 ' O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my  
 wound ;<sup>a</sup>

For one sweet look thy help I would assure  
 thee,  
 Though nothing but my body's bane would  
 cure thee.'

' Give me my hand,' saith he, ' why dost thou  
 feel it ?'

' Give me my heart,' saith she, ' and thou shalt  
 have it ;

O give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it ;<sup>b</sup>  
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

' For shame,' he cries, ' let go, and let me go ;  
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so ;  
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone :  
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies : ' Thy palfrey, as he should,  
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.  
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;  
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :  
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath  
 none,  
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be  
 gone.

' How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !  
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;  
 Throwing the base thong from his bending  
 crest,  
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

' Who sees his true love in her naked bed,  
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
 His other agents aim at like delight ?  
 Who is so faint that dare not be so bold  
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

' Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;  
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,

To take advantage on presented joy ;  
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach  
 thee.

O learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,  
 And, once made perfect, never lost again.'

' I know not love,' quoth he, ' nor will not  
 know it,

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it :  
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;  
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;  
 For I have heard it is a life in death,  
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a  
 breath.

' Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?  
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?  
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :  
 The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being  
 young  
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

' You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,  
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :  
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;  
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.  
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your  
 flattery ;  
 For where a heart is hard, they make no  
 battery.'

' What ! canst thou talk,' quoth she, ' hast thou  
 a tongue ?  
 O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !  
 Thy mermaid's voice<sup>a</sup> hath done me double  
 wrong ;  
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :  
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh  
 sounding,  
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-  
 sore wounding.

' Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
 That inward beauty and invisible ;  
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
 Each part in me that were but sensible :  
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

' Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,

<sup>a</sup> *Mermaid's voice.* *Mermaid* and *syren* were formerly  
 used as synonymous. So in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act III.  
 Scene II. :

" O, train me not, sweet *mermaid*, with thy note.  
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears  
 Sing, *syren*, for thyself, and I will dote."

<sup>a</sup> Malone explains this "thy heart wounded as mine is."  
<sup>b</sup> *Grave—engrave.*

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;  
 For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
 Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love  
 by smelling.

'But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four !  
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door ?  
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;  
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
 Gusts and foul flaws<sup>a</sup> to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :  
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
 Or as the wolf doth grin before it barketh,  
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,  
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :  
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,  
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !  
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it  
 red ;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :  
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !  
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.



He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;  
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks  
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;  
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,  
 Will never rise so he will kiss her still.

<sup>a</sup> *Flaws* is here used in the sense of violent blasts.  
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The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :  
 Her two blue windows<sup>a</sup> faintly she upheaveth,

<sup>a</sup> The windows are doubtless the eyelids, but the epithet blue is somewhat startling. We must remember that Shakspeare has described violets as

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

The propriety of this epithet is fully noticed by us in *Cymbeline*, Act 11., Scene 11.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine.  
But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave  
light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.<sup>b</sup>

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of  
thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such  
disdain  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their  
queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
O never let their crimson liveries wear!  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection<sup>c</sup> from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say the plague is banished by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips im-  
printed,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of  
lips,  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

<sup>a</sup> *Repins*. Used as a substantive. Chaucer employs *pine* in the same manner.

<sup>b</sup> In Shakspeare's early plays we frequently meet the same image that is found in these early poems. Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep."

<sup>c</sup> The custom of strewing houses with fragrant herbs was universal at a period when the constant recurrence of the plague habituated families to the use of what they considered preventives. It was this cause which rendered Bucklersbury at simpling time such a crowded mart.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should  
double,<sup>a</sup>  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness<sup>b</sup> with my unripe years;  
Before I know myself seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks  
fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'t is very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's  
light  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say "good night," and so say you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'  
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says  
'adieu,'  
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to  
face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with  
dearth,  
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding  
prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so  
high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;

<sup>a</sup> Here is one of the many traces of Shakspeare's legal studies—an allusion to the penalty for non-payment which formed the condition of a money-bond.

<sup>b</sup> *Strangeness*—coyness or bashfulness.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth  
boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's  
wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much  
handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression ?<sup>a</sup>  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with ven-  
turing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave<sup>b</sup> exceeds commis-  
sion :  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice is  
froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is  
pluck'd :  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all  
at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;  
The poor fool<sup>c</sup> prays her that he may depart :  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in  
sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?  
Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the  
match ?'  
He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

<sup>a</sup> The soft wax upon which the seal attached to a legal instrument was impressed required to be tempered before the impression was made upon it. So Falstaff says of Justice Shallow—'I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.'

<sup>b</sup> Leave—licence.

<sup>c</sup> No reader of Shakspere can forget the pathos with which he has employed this expression in another place—'And my poor fool is hanged.'

'The boar !' quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheeks ; she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount  
her ;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her aunoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted  
grapes,<sup>a</sup>  
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless<sup>b</sup> berries saw :  
The warm effects which she in him finds  
missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me ; let me go ;  
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy,  
ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the  
boar.  
O be advis'd ! thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth  
still,  
Like to a mortal<sup>c</sup> butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of hristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;  
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth  
fret :  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;

<sup>a</sup> The allusion is to the picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny. We may observe that there was no English translation of Pliny so early as the date of this poem.

<sup>b</sup> Helpless—that afford no help.

<sup>c</sup> Mortal—deadly

VENUS AND ADONIS.

His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;  
Being ireful on the lion he will venture :

The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he  
rushes.

' Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;

But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)  
Would root these beauties as he roots the  
mead.

' O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still !  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul  
fiends :

Come not within his danger\* by thy will :  
They that thrive well take counsel of their  
friends.

When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-  
semble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

' Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not  
white ?

Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?  
Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no  
rest,

But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my  
breast.

' For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, " kill, kill ; "

Distemper gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

' This sour informer, this bate-breeding<sup>b</sup> spy,  
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,<sup>c</sup>  
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth  
bring,

Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine  
ear,

That if I love thee I thy death should fear :

\* *Danger*—power of doing harm. So in the Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1. :—

" You stand within his danger."

See note on that passage.

<sup>b</sup> *Bate*—signifies strife. Mrs. Quickly says that John Rugby is no breed-bate.

<sup>c</sup> *Spring*—bud or young shoot.

' And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being  
shed

Doth make them droop with grief, and hang  
the head.

' What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at the imagination ?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart  
bleed,

And fear doth teach it divination :

I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

' But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me ;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with  
thy hounds.

' And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot<sup>a</sup> his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks<sup>b</sup> and crosses, with a thousand doubles :  
The many musits<sup>c</sup> through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

' Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,<sup>d</sup>  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;  
And sometime sorteth<sup>e</sup> with a herd of deer ;  
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

' For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to  
doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;  
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo re-  
plies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

<sup>a</sup> *Overshoot*. The original editions read *overshust*. This reading is retained by Malone.

<sup>b</sup> *Crank*—winds. So in Henry IV., Part I. :—

" See how this river comes me cranking in."

<sup>c</sup> *Musits*. The term is explained in Markham's 'Gentlemen's Academy,' 1595 :—" We term the place where she [the hare] sitteth her form ; the place through which she goes to relief her musit."

<sup>d</sup> *Keep*—dwell.

<sup>e</sup> *Sorteth*—consorteth.



'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;

And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur  
stay:

For misery is trodden on by many  
And being low never reliev'd by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,\*

Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?'—'No matter where,'  
quoth he;

'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent.'—'Why, what of that?'  
quoth she.

'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;  
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall.'  
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O then imagine this,  
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make true men thieves so do thy  
lips

Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die for-  
sworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were  
divine,

Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's  
despite,  
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

'And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature;  
Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,\*  
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd de-  
spair,  
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,<sup>b</sup>  
As mountain-snow melts with the midday  
sun.

\* Moralize—comment.

\* Wood—mad.

<sup>b</sup> Done—destroyed.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must  
have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do  
slay,  
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.  
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme;  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul  
nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and  
worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

'Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;

Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon be  
reaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.  
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:  
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;<sup>a</sup>  
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark laund<sup>b</sup> runs  
apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.  
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting-clouds contend;  
So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming trou-  
bled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
'Ah me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'woe,  
woe!'  
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

<sup>a</sup> Teen—grief.  
<sup>b</sup> Laund—lawn. Camden describes a lawn as a plain  
among trees, and the epithet dark confirms this explanation.  
We have such a scene in Henry VI., Part III., Act III. :-  
"Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,  
For through this laund anon the deer will come."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men  
dote;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer<sup>a</sup> so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds resembling parasites.  
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every  
call,

Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?  
She says, "'t is so:' they answer all, "'t is  
so;'  
And would say after her, if she said 'no.'

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:  
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth  
borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly  
mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to  
other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:

<sup>a</sup> *Answer*. So the original—not *answers*. No doubt, according to the rules of modern construction, *answers* is more correct, and Malone talks of Shakspeare having fallen into the error of "hasty writers, who are deceived by the noun immediately preceding the verb being in the plural number." We hold that to be a false refinement which destroys the landmarks of an age's phraseology. Ben Jonson, in his 'English Grammar,' lays down as a rule that "nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a verb plural." The rule would appear still more reasonable when the plural is more apparently expressed in the noun of multitude, as in the form before us—"the choir of echoes."

Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth<sup>a</sup> to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do  
ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and  
shudder;  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him  
first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale<sup>b</sup> weakness numbs each feeling  
part:  
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth  
yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,<sup>c</sup>  
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no  
more;—  
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both to-  
gether,

A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder,

<sup>a</sup> *Coasteth*—advanceth.  
<sup>b</sup> *Cold-pale*. The hyphen denoting the compound adjective is marked in the original edition of 1593.  
<sup>c</sup> *Sore-dismay'd*. This is the reading of the edition of 1596. The original has *all* dismayed.



A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;  
 She treads the path that she untreads again ;  
 Her more than haste is mated<sup>a</sup> with delays,  
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
 Full of respect,<sup>b</sup> yet nought at all respecting,  
 In hand with all things, nought at all effect-  
 ing.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;  
 And there another licking of his wound,  
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign  
 plaster ;

And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with  
 howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;  
 Another and another answer him,  
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground be-  
 low,  
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they  
 go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd  
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,

<sup>a</sup> *Mated*—confounded.    <sup>b</sup> *Respect*—circumspection.

Whereon with fearful eyes they long have  
 gaz'd,  
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :  
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

' Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 Hateful divorce of love,' (thus chides she  
 Death,)

' Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost  
 thou mean  
 To stife beauty, and to steal his breath,  
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

' If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—  
 O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,  
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.  
 Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart  
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's  
 heart.

' Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And hearing him thy power had lost his<sup>a</sup> power.  
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a  
 flower :

<sup>a</sup> *His* for *its*.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him  
dead.<sup>a</sup>

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such  
weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?  
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She veil'd<sup>b</sup> her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;  
But through the floodgates breaks the silver  
rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's  
sorrow,

Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet  
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief;  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
But none is best; then join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen holla:<sup>c</sup>  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:  
The dire imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;  
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should  
pass,

To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

<sup>a</sup> Boswell has quoted a passage from Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr,' alluding, as Shakspeare here does, to the beautiful fable of Cupid and Death exchanging arrows:—

"Strange affection!  
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death,  
And kills, instead of giving life."

<sup>b</sup> *Veil'd*—lowered.

<sup>c</sup> *Holla*, or *hollow*, is not quite the same word as *holla*, which we have already noticed, although the usual spelling of this word in the passage before us is *holla*.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath  
wrought;  
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;  
It was not she that called him all-to naught:  
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;  
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for  
kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but  
jest;  
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;  
Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my  
tongue;  
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee  
wrong;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both, without ten women's  
wit.'

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and  
stories  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I,  
To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.'

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves,

<sup>a</sup> Shakspeare in his greater works was not ashamed to recur to the treasury of his early thoughts:—

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not  
Chaos is come again."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
Thy ooward heart with false bethinking grieves.  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the  
view,  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves with-  
drew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again;  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation  
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-  
found,  
The mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
That from their dark beds once more leap her  
eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was  
drench'd:

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or  
weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to  
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.  
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem  
three;

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And then she reprehends her mangling eye  
That makes more gashes where no breach should  
be:

His face seems twain, each several limb is  
doubled;  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being  
troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;  
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the view-  
ing?

Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou  
boast

Of things long since, or anything ensuing?  
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and  
trim;

But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with  
him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
Having no fair\* to lose, you need not fear;  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss  
you:

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:  
And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry  
his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear  
him:

To recreate himself, when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:  
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his  
prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took  
That some would sing, some other in their bills

\* Fair—beauty.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red  
cherries;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with  
berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted<sup>a</sup>  
boar,

Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore:

Witness the entertainment that he gave;

If he did see his face, why then I know

He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;

He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,

Who did not whet his teeth at him again,

But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;

And nuzzling in his flank the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first:

But he is dead, and never did he bless

My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'

With this she falleth in the place she stood,

And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;

She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;

She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,

As if they heard the woeful words she told:

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,

Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness

lies:



Two glasses where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:

'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,

That you being dead the day should yet be  
light.

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,

Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;

It shall be waited on with jealousy,

Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;

That all love's pleasure shall not match his  
woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;

Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;

The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd<sup>a</sup>

With sweets that shall the truest sight be-  
guile:

The strongest body shall it make most weak,

Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to  
speak.

<sup>a</sup> *Urchin-snouted*—with the snout of the urchin, or hedge-  
hog.

<sup>a</sup> *O'erstraw'd*—o'erstraw'd.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

'It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;<sup>a</sup>  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-  
sures :

It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most  
toward,

Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire ;  
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with  
white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the  
blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness  
stood.

<sup>a</sup> *Measures*—grave dances suited to age.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to  
smell,

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death :  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to  
tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's  
guise,

(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)

For every little grief to wet his eyes :  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine ; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right :  
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and  
night :

There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's  
flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she lies,  
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty  
skies

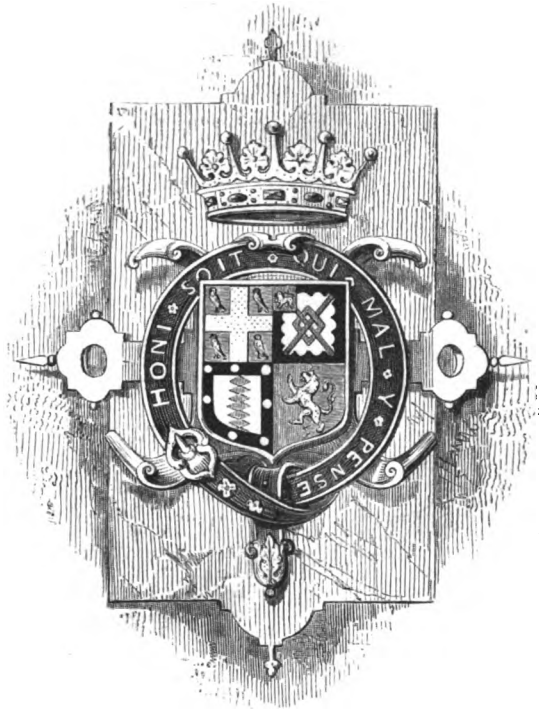
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their  
queen  
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.











TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

---

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.<sup>a</sup> The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater : meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

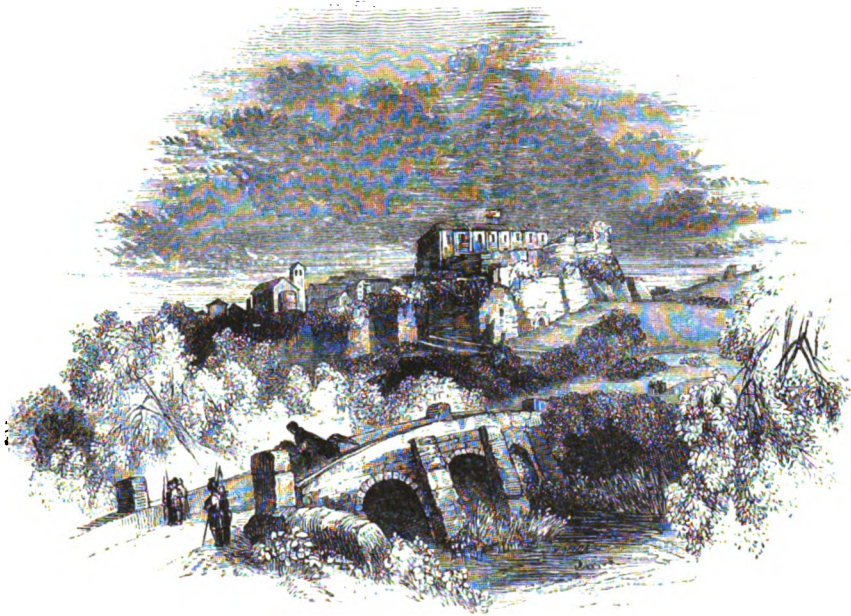
Your Lordship's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>a</sup> *Moiety*. In Henry IV., Part I., and in Lear, Shakspeare uses *moiety* as it is here used, meaning a portion, not a half.

## THE ARGUMENT.

---

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatinus. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,  
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set  
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite;  
 When Collatine unwisely did not let<sup>a</sup>  
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's  
 beauties,  
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state,  
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
 In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

<sup>a</sup> Let—forbear.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done<sup>a</sup>  
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
 Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
 The eyes of men without an orator;  
 What needeth then apologies be made  
 To set forth that which is so singular?  
 Or why is Collatine the publisher  
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
 From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
 Suggested<sup>b</sup> this proud issue of a king;  
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting

<sup>a</sup> Done. The word is here used as in a previous passage of the Venus and Adonis:—

“Wasted, thaw'd, and done,  
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.”

<sup>b</sup> Suggested—tempted



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men  
should vaunt,  
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts,<sup>a</sup> and ne'er grows  
old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd  
Which of them both should underprop her fame:  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for  
shame;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that or<sup>b</sup> with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,<sup>c</sup>  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:  
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—  
When shame assal'd, the red should fence  
the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white :  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right :  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield

<sup>a</sup> *Blasts* is here used as a verb neuter. It is so used in the poem ascribed to Raleigh, entitled 'The Farewell':—

"Tell age, it dally wasteth ;  
Tell honour, how it alters ;  
Tell beauty, that it *blasteth*."

<sup>c</sup> Or. The line usually stands thus:—

Virtue would stain that *o'er* with silver white."

The original has *ore*. Malone has suggested, but he does not act upon the suggestion, that "the word intended was perhaps *or*, i.e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a blush." The lines in the subsequent stanza complete the heraldic allusion:—

"Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield."

<sup>c</sup> *Intituled*—having a title to, or in.

To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow  
tongue  
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,<sup>a</sup>  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;  
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;  
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store  
That cloy'd with much he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their *parling*<sup>b</sup>  
looks,  
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;<sup>c</sup>  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no  
books ;  
Nor could she moralize<sup>d</sup> his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth ex-  
press,  
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his suc-  
cess.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither  
He makes excuses for his being there.  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;  
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,

<sup>a</sup> The object of praise which Collatine doth possess.

<sup>b</sup> *Parling*—speaking.

<sup>c</sup> See Romeo and Juliet. Illustrations of Act 1.

<sup>d</sup> *Moralize*—interpret.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
Intending<sup>a</sup> weariness with heavy spright;  
For, after supper, long he questioned<sup>b</sup>  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth  
fight;  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,  
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-  
staining;  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed pro-  
pos'd,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death  
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond  
That what they have not, that which they  
possess  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,<sup>c</sup>  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich  
gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;  
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth  
cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

<sup>a</sup> *Intending*—pretending.

<sup>b</sup> *Questioned*—conversed.

<sup>c</sup> This is the reading of the original edition of 1694. That of 1616 reads—

"are with gain so fond,  
That oft they have not that which they possess;  
They scatter and unloose it."

Malone adopts the reading of the original, and he thus explains it: "Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter what they have not, i. e. what they cannot be truly said to have; what they do not enjoy, though possessed of it." This is clearly a misinterpretation. The reasoning of the two following stanzas is directed against the folly of venturing a certainty for an expectation, by which we "make something nothing." The meaning then, though obscurely expressed, is that the covetous are so fond of gaining what they have not, that they scatter and unloose from their bond (safe hold) that which they possess.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
And for himself himself he must forsake:  
Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds,<sup>a</sup> betrays  
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful  
days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding  
cries;  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and  
still,  
While lust and murder wake to stain and  
kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul  
charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:  
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprize,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise;  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

<sup>a</sup> *Confounds* Malone interprets this as *destroys*; but the meaning is sufficiently clear if we accept *confounds* in its usual sense.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



' Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!  
And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine!  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-  
white weed.<sup>a</sup>

' O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave;<sup>b</sup>  
True valour still a true respect should have;  
Then my digression<sup>c</sup> is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

' Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Weed*—garment. The word is more commonly used in the plural, as in Milton's 'Paradise Regained':—

"But now an aged man in rural *weeds*."

But in the same scene of Coriolanus (Act II., Scene III.) we have both *weed* and *weeds*.

<sup>b</sup> *Fancy's slave*—love's slave.

<sup>c</sup> *Digression* is here used in the sense of *transgression*.

<sup>d</sup> Here is one of the frequent examples with which the works of Shakspeare and his contemporaries abound, of applying the usages of chivalry to the more remote antiquity of Greece and Rome. The poem of Lucrece contains many such allusions. In particular, towards the close we have this line:—

"*Knights* by their oaths should right poor ladies' harms."  
This was indeed an anticipation of chivalry; but the poet could in no way so forcibly express the spirit which animated the avengers of Lucrece, and which the injured lady here invokes, as by employing the language of chivalry. The use of the word *ladies* in this line is as much an anachronism

To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not been.

' What win I if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken  
down?

' If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

' O what excuse can my invention make  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a  
deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints  
shake?  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart  
bleed?  
The guilt being great the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

as that of *knights*; but what other words will express the meaning intended?

## THE RAPE OF LUCRICE.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;  
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor  
end.

'Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving;  
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own;<sup>a</sup>  
The worst is but denial, and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a painted cloth<sup>b</sup> be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.'<sup>c</sup>

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear;  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the  
flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows  
dreadeth:

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

<sup>a</sup> Malone says the words such as *shameful it is* are "supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor." Surely the poet only meant to express that contest of thoughts which goes forward in a mind distracted between reason and passion; and which the dramatic poet can only represent by soliloquy, as it is here represented.

<sup>b</sup> As You Like It, Illustrations of Act III.

<sup>c</sup> Took away—being taken away.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect<sup>a</sup> and reason wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;  
Sad<sup>b</sup> pause and deep regard besem the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the  
stage:  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure  
lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with opening listening ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now in-  
vasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward;  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him  
there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct<sup>c</sup> in this case;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth  
scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

<sup>a</sup> Respect—prudence,—in the sense of the original Latin, looking again.

<sup>b</sup> Sad—grave.

<sup>c</sup> Conduct—conductor.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;  
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
 And gripping it, the needl<sup>a</sup> his finger pricks :  
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
 Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;  
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;  
 He in the worst sense construes their denial :  
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay  
 him,  
 He takes for accidental things of trial ;  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,<sup>b</sup>  
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
 And give the sneaped<sup>c</sup> birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,  
 shelves and sands,  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he  
 sought.

So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited the eternal power,  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair  
 fair,

That they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts :—quoth he, 'I must de-  
 flower ;

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
 How can they then assist me in the act ?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is back'd with resolution :  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,  
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution ;  
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

<sup>a</sup> Needl—needle.

<sup>b</sup> Let—obstruct.

<sup>c</sup> Sneaped—checked. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I.,  
 Scene 1. :—

"Biron is like an envious *sneaping* frost,  
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide :  
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will  
 catch ;

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;  
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such  
 thing,  
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,<sup>a</sup>  
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
 The curtains being close, about he walks,  
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head ;  
 By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
 Which gives the watchword to his hand full  
 soon,  
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-  
 posed ;  
 But blind they are, and keep themselves en-  
 closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill !  
 Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side  
 In his clear bed might have reposed still :  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;  
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;  
 Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;  
 Between whose hills her head entombed is :  
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

<sup>a</sup> *Stalks*—Malone says, "That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet movement, appears from a subsequent passage :—

'For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight  
 With shining falchion in my chamber came  
 A creeping creature.'"

Malone appears from a subsequent part of his note to con-  
 found *stalk* with *stride*. He says, "A person apprehensive  
 of being discovered naturally takes *long steps*, the sooner to  
 arrive at his point." But long steps are noisy steps ; and  
 therefore "Tarquin's ravishing *strides*" cannot be the true  
 reading of the famous passage in *Macbeth*. But *stalk*, on  
 the contrary, literally means, to go warily or softly. It is  
 the Anglo-Saxon *stalcian*—*pedantim ire*. The fowler who  
 creeps upon the birds *stalks*, and his *stalking*-horse derives  
 its name from the character of the fowler's movement.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their  
 light,  
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her  
 breath;  
 O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
 And death's dim look in life's mortality:  
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
 As if between them twain there were no strife,  
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.



Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
 And him by oath they truly honoured.  
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred:  
 Who like a foul usurper went about  
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?  
 What did he note but strongly he desir'd?  
 What he beheld on that he firmly doted,  
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.\*  
 With more than admiration he admir'd  
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
 Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her  
 side,

\* Tir'd—satiated, glutted—as a falcon *flies* on his prey.

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:  
 And they, like straggling slaves for pillage  
 fighting,  
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,  
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
 Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans re-  
 specting,  
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:  
 Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,  
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their  
 liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his  
 stand  
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did  
 scale,  
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up  
     eyes,  
     Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
     Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-  
     troll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;  
 What terror 't is ! but she, in worsor taking,  
     From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
     The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :  
     Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
     In darkness daunts them with more dreadful  
     sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
 (Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)  
 May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,  
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
 Beating her bulk,\* that his hand shakes withal.  
     This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
     To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe,  
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;  
     But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
     Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : ' The colour in thy face  
 (That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)  
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :  
 Under that colour am I come to scale

\* *Bulk*—the body, the whole mass. Johnson, however, defines the word as the breast, or largest part, of a man; deriving it from the Dutch *bulcke*. A passage in Hamlet employs the word in the same way as in the text before us:—

" He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound  
 As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*."

Turberville, who preceded Shakspeare about twenty years, has this line:—

" My liver leapt within my *bulk*."

Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,  
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

' Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :  
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
 My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
     But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
     By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

' I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;  
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;  
 I think the honey guarded with a sting :  
 All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :  
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;  
     Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
     And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or  
     duty.

' I have debated, even in my soul,  
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall  
     breed ;  
 But nothing can Affection's course control,  
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
     Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;  
     Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
 Coucheth<sup>a</sup> the fowl below with his wing's shade,  
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he  
     dies :

So under his insulting falchion lies  
     Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
     With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's  
     bells.<sup>b</sup>

' Lucrece,' quoth he, ' this night I must enjoy  
     thee :  
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;  
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll  
     slay,

To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;  
     And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him.  
     Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

' So thy surviving husband shall remain  
 The scornful mark of every open eye ;  
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

<sup>a</sup> *Coucheth*—causes to couch.

<sup>b</sup> We have the same image in Henry VI., Part III. :—

" Not he that loves him best  
 Dares stir a wing if Warwick *shake his bells*."

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

‘But if thou yield I rest thy secret friend :  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound ; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

‘Then, for thy husband and thy children’s  
sake,  
Tender<sup>a</sup> my suit : bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot ;  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour’s  
blot :<sup>b</sup>  
For marks descried in men’s nativity  
Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.’

Here with a cockatrice’ dead-killing eye  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the grype’s<sup>c</sup> sharp  
claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle  
right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite :

But<sup>d</sup> when a black-fac’d cloud the world doth  
threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth’s dark womb some gentle gust doth  
get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their  
biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing ;  
So his unhallow’d haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

<sup>a</sup> Tender—heed, regard.

<sup>b</sup> Birth-hour’s blot—corporal blemish. So in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* :

“And the blots of nature’s hand  
Shall not in their issue stand ;  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious.”

<sup>c</sup> Steevens says the grype is properly the griffin. But in the passage before us, as in the early English writers, the word is applied to birds of prey,—the eagle especially.

<sup>d</sup> Malone, who has certainly made very few deviations from the original text of this poem, here changes *but* to *look*, “there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage.” An opposition is however intended. Lucretia pleads the “rough beast” that “knows no right ;” *but*, as the gentle gust divides the black cloud,  
“So his unhallow’d haste her words delays.”

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse  
panteth ;  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart  
granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with  
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix’d  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix’d,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place.\*  
And ‘midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship’s  
oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband’s love,  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow’d bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, ‘Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pro-  
tended ;<sup>b</sup>  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;  
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot<sup>c</sup> be ended :  
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

‘My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare  
me ;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me ;  
Thou look’st not like deceit ; do not deceive me ;  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave  
thee.

<sup>a</sup> Shakspeare, whose knowledge of the outward effects of the passions was universal, makes the terror of poor Lucrece display itself in the same manner as that of “great clerks” greeting their prince with “premeditated welcomes.” They also

“Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Tittle their practis’d accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off.”  
(*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Act v., Sc. 1.)

<sup>b</sup> Pretended—proposed.

<sup>c</sup> Shoot. Malone says that the author intended this word to be taken in a double sense, *shoot* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. We doubt this. *Shoot* is not the word that the indignation of Lucrece would have used ; nor is the double sense carried forward at all.



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans :

' All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart ;  
To soften it with their continual motion ;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

' In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee ;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
name.  
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;  
For kings like gods should govern everything.

' How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king !  
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

' This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove :  
If but for fear of this thy will remove ;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do  
look.

' And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall  
learn ?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?  
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

' Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may  
say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the  
way ?

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' Think but how vile a spectacle it were  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother :  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy  
brother.

O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their  
eyes !

' To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal ;\*  
Let him return and flattering thoughts retire :  
His true respect will ' prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.'

' Have done,' quoth he ; ' my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires  
abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'  
baste,  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

' Thou art,' quoth she, ' a sea, a sovereign king ;  
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

' So shall these slaves be king, and thou their  
slave ;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

' So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—  
' No more,' quoth he ; ' by heaven, I will not  
hear thee :  
Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear  
thee ;  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

\* *Repeal*—recall ; from the French *rappeler*.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

This said, he sets the foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deadly enemies;  
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries  
 Till with her own white fleece her voice con-  
 troll'd

Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears  
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head;  
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone<sup>a</sup> lust should stain so pure a bed!  
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again.  
 This forced league doth force a further strife,  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:  
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;  
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:  
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
 Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination!  
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While lust is in his pride no exclamation  
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless  
 pace,  
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:  
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with  
 grace,  
 For there it revels; and when that decays,  
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;

<sup>a</sup> *Prone*—having inclination or propensity, and so self-willed, headstrong.

For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
 That through the length of times he stands dis-  
 grac'd:

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;  
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
 Her immortality, and make her thrall  
 To living death, and pain perpetual;  
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
 But her foresight could not forestall their  
 will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
 stealeth,  
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain;  
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,  
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;  
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;  
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;  
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth  
 tear;  
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;  
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd  
 delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;  
 She there remains a hopeless castaway:  
 He in his speed looks for the morning light;  
 She prays she never may behold the day;  
 'For day,'<sup>b</sup> quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open  
 lay;  
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves be-  
 hold;  
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
 And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,  
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her  
spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night :

‘O comfort-killing night, image of hell !  
Dim register and notary of shame !  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !  
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !  
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !  
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,  
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

‘O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Must’er thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion’d course of time !  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

‘With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;  
Let their exhal’d unwholesome breaths make  
sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ;<sup>a</sup>  
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,

<sup>a</sup> Noontide prick—the point of noon.

That in their smoky ranks his smother’d light,  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

‘Were Tarquin night (as he is but night’s child),  
The silver-shining queen he would distain ;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil’d,  
Through night’s black bosom should not peep  
again ;

So should I have copartners in my pain :  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers’ chat makes short their pilgrim-  
age.

‘Where<sup>a</sup> now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with  
mine,  
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with  
groans,

Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

‘O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace !  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,

<sup>a</sup> Where—whereas.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

That all the faults which in thy reign are  
made  
May likewise be sepulchred<sup>a</sup> in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale day!  
The light will show, character'd<sup>b</sup> in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote<sup>c</sup> my loathsome trespass in my  
looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's  
name;

The orator, to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:  
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
That is as clear from this attaind of mine,  
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot<sup>d</sup> afar,  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves but he that gives them  
knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee  
kept.

<sup>a</sup> *Sepulchred*. Milton uses the word with the same accent in his lines on Shakspeare:—

"And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

<sup>b</sup> *Character'd*. Here again is an accentuation different from the present, but which is common to all Shakspeare's contemporaries. Malone has observed that this is still the pronunciation of the Irish people; and he adds, with great truth, that much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained in Ireland.

<sup>c</sup> *Quote*—observe.

<sup>d</sup> *Mot*—motto.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,<sup>a</sup>—  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;<sup>b</sup>  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
Besides of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?<sup>c</sup>  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold  
Is plagued with cramps, and gout, and painful  
fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious  
flowers;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours,

<sup>a</sup> *Wrack*. Mr. Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' pointed out the necessity of restoring to Shakspeare's text the old word *wrack*, instead of the modern *wreck*. He asks, "What could editors, who proceed upon principles which lead to such a substitution, do with this couplet of the Lucrece:—

'O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,  
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy *wrack*!'"

In this particular instance they have preserved the original word; but in that before us, where *wrack* is equally required to rhyme with *back*, they have substituted *wreck*. Even Mr. Dyce herein copies Malone without alteration. This is probably mere carelessness; but it shows the danger of tampering with an original reading.

<sup>b</sup> This is again an instance of the dramatic crowding of thought upon thought, and making one thought answer and repel the other, which render Shakspeare's soliloquies such matchless revelations of the heart. Malone, not perceiving this dramatic power, changes *guilty* to *guiltless*; because the idea of the first line does not correspond with that of the second.

<sup>c</sup> *Folly* is here used in the sense of wickedness; and *gentle* in that of well-born.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But ill-annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

'O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:  
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may  
get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;  
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
And in thy shady cell, whete none may spy  
him,  
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by  
him.

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast;  
Thy smoothing<sup>a</sup> titles to a ragged<sup>b</sup> name;  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's  
friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort<sup>c</sup> an hour great strifes to  
end?  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath  
chain'd?  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for  
thee;  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;<sup>d</sup>  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:

<sup>a</sup> *Smoothing*—flattering.

<sup>b</sup> *Ragged* is here used in the sense of contemptible. It means something broken, torn, and therefore worthless. See Note on Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene I.

<sup>c</sup> *Sort*—assign, appropriate. So in Richard III. —

"But I will sort a pitchy day for thee."

<sup>d</sup> The constant allusions of the Elizabethan poets to that familiar terror the plague show how completely the evil, whether present or absent, was associated with the habitual thoughts of the people. *Advice* is here used in the sense of

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's  
rages,  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their  
pages.

'When truth and virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;  
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd<sup>a</sup>  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee,

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;  
Guilty of perjury and subornation;  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination:  
An accessory by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's  
snare;  
Thou nursest all, and murtherest all that are.  
O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?  
Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes?  
Time's office is to fine<sup>b</sup> the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right;  
To rinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden  
towers:

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books, and alter their contents,

government, municipal or civil; and the line too correctly describes the carelessness of those in high places, who abated not their feasting and their revelry while pestilence was doing its terrible work around them.

<sup>a</sup> *Appay'd*—satisfied, pleased. *Well appay'd, ill appay'd*, are constantly used by Chaucer and other ancient writers.

<sup>b</sup> *To fine*—to bring an end

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;<sup>a</sup>  
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful  
crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-  
drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?  
One poor retiring<sup>b</sup> minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand  
friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour  
come back,  
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy  
wrack !

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his  
flight :  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than  
stones ;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wildier to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,<sup>c</sup>  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;  
And time to see one that by alms doth live  
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

<sup>a</sup> Springs—shoots, saplings. Time, which dries up the old oak's sap, cherishes the plants.

<sup>b</sup> Retiring is here used in the sense of coming back again.

<sup>c</sup> Curled hair is the characteristic of Tarquin as it was of all men of high rank in Shakspeare's time. Perhaps it implied a notion of luxuriousness. In this way we have "the curled Antony;" and in Othello,

"The wealthy curled darlings of our nation."

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport :  
And ever let his unrecalling<sup>a</sup> crime  
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this  
ill !

At his own shadow let the thief run mad !  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood  
should spill :  
For who so base would such an office have  
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they  
list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in  
mire,  
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away,  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious  
day.  
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;  
To trembling clients be you mediators :  
For me, I force<sup>b</sup> not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;  
In vain I cavil with my infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

<sup>a</sup> Unrecalling—not to be recalled. The elder writers use the participle with much more licence than we do.

<sup>b</sup> Force is here used in the sense of value or regard.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;  
For if I die my honour lives in thee,  
But if I live thou liv'st in my defame:  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And was afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death:  
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth  
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;  
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O! that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;<sup>a</sup>  
A dying life to living infamy;  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:  
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.



'I will not poison thee with my attain,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,  
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a  
dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure  
tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the badges which servants or retainers of families of rank wore on their liveries.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits  
weeping;

To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,  
Why pryest thou through my window? leave  
thy peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are  
sleeping:

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing  
light,

For day hath nought to do what's done by  
night.'

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:

True grief is fond<sup>a</sup> and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought  
agrees.

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,

Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still  
With too much labour drowns for want of  
skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;

No object but her passion's strength renews;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:

Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no  
words;

Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.

For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company:

Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache  
more;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it  
good;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks  
o'erflows:

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes  
entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!

*Fond* - foolish.

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;  
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes dumps<sup>a</sup> when time is kept with  
tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear:  
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.<sup>b</sup>

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy  
part,

To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heartstrings to true languish-  
ment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the  
day,

As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,  
We will find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their  
kinds:

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle  
minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and Death reproach's  
debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless conclusion

Who, having two sweet babes, when death  
takes one,  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

<sup>a</sup> *Dumps*—melancholy airs.

<sup>b</sup> *Better skill*. We must probably here understand with  
better skill.



## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer?  
When the one pure, the other made divine.  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.  
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
Then let it not be call'd impiety  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
Through which I may convey this troubled  
soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;  
The one will live, the other being dead:  
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.  
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe;  
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgment of my will I make:  
My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take;  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my  
wound;  
My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;<sup>a</sup>  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;

<sup>a</sup> The executor of a will was sometimes called the *over-seer*; but our ancestors often appointed overseers as well as executors. Shakspeare's own will contains such an appointment.

My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.  
Faint not faint heart, but stoutly say, "so be it."

Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer  
thee;

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers  
flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their  
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery.)  
But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with  
woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,<sup>a</sup>  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,  
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy  
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
And then they drown their eyes, or break  
their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;<sup>b</sup>  
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange  
kinds

<sup>a</sup> In the folio edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, as well as in the quarto of 1597, we find the line—

"When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew."

Here the image completely agrees with that in the text before us. But in the undated quarto, which the modern editors follow, we have "the air doth drizzle dew." Science was long puzzled to decide whether the earth or the air produced dew; but it was reserved for the accurate experiments of modern times to show that the earth and the air must unite to produce this effect under particular circumstances of temperature and radiation. The correction of the undated edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was certainly unnecessary.

<sup>b</sup> *Marble* here stands for men, whose minds have just been compared to marble.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign  
plain,

Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:  
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern  
looks,  
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath  
kill'd!

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour  
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild<sup>a</sup>  
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd<sup>b</sup>  
With men's abuses! those proud lords, to  
blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their  
shame

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying fear through all her body spread;  
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild Patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit<sup>c</sup> of her complaining:  
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
If tears could help, mine own would do me  
good.

'But tell me, girl, when went?'—(and there she  
stay'd

Till after a deep groan) 'Tarquin from hence?'  
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,  
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

<sup>a</sup> *Hild*—held. Such a change for the sake of rhyme is frequent in Spenser.

<sup>b</sup> *Fulfill'd*—completely filled.

<sup>c</sup> *Counterfeit*. A likeness or copy.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness.'  
'O peace!' quoth Lucrece; 'if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express:  
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
What should I say?—One of my husband's men  
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:  
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be  
writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:  
Much like a press of people at a door,  
Through her inventions, which shall be before.

At last she thus begins:—'Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me:  
So I commend me from our house in grief;<sup>a</sup>  
My woes are tedious, though my words are  
brief.'

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd  
excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace  
the fashion  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
From that suspicion which the world might bear  
her.

<sup>a</sup> The simplicity of this letter is exquisitely beautiful; and its pathos is deeper from the circumstance that it is scarcely raised above the tone of ordinary correspondence.

"So I commend me from our house in grief" is such a formula as we constantly find in ancient correspondence. In the 'Paston Letters' we have such conclusions, as this: "Written at ——— when I was not well at ease."

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
With words, till action might become them  
better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them  
told ;

For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion<sup>a</sup> that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear.  
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :

Deep sounds<sup>b</sup> make lesser noise than shallow  
fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of  
words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste :'  
The post attends, and she delivers it,

Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she  
deems :

Extremity still ureth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low ;  
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her  
shame ;

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect



To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :  
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to  
gage.

<sup>a</sup> *Motion*—dumb show.

<sup>b</sup> *Sounds*. Malone proposes to read *fords*. This Steevens resists, and says that *sounds* is such a part of the sea as may be sounded. To this Malone replies that a sound cannot be deep, and therefore sounds is not here intended. A sound is a bay or frith ; and Dampier, who is better authority than the commentators on nautical matters, mentions a *sound* as "large and deep." The stillness of a sound, in consequence of being land-locked, testifies to the correctness of the poet's image.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;  
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's  
lust,  
And, blushing with him, wistly on him  
gaz'd ;

Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-  
plenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some  
blemish.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
 The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:  
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
     That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
 Before the which is drawn<sup>a</sup> the power of Greece,  
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
 Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy;  
     Which the conceited<sup>b</sup> painter drew so proud,  
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
 In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:  
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:  
 The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;  
     And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy  
     lights,  
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;  
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
 The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,  
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:  
     Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces;  
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;  
 And here and there the painter interlaces  
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling  
     paces;  
     Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
 That one would swear he saw them quake and  
 tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art  
 Of physiognomy might one behold!  
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;  
 Their face their manners most expressly told:  
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;  
     But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent  
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor  
 stand,

As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
 Making such sober action with his hand

<sup>a</sup> *Drawn*. Drawn out into the field.  
<sup>b</sup> *Conceited*—ingenious, imaginative

That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:  
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white  
     Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did  
     fly  
 Thin winding breath, which pur'l'd up<sup>a</sup> to the  
 sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;  
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice;  
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:  
     The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
 To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;  
 Here one being through'd bears back, all boll'n<sup>b</sup>  
     and red;  
 Another smother'd seems to pelt<sup>c</sup> and swear;  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
     As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
 It seem'd they would debate with angry  
 swords.

For much imaginary work was there;  
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,<sup>d</sup>  
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
 Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,  
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:  
     A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd  
     to field,  
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons  
     wield;  
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
     That through their light joy seemed to appear  
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy  
 fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they  
     fought,  
 To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran,  
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought

<sup>a</sup> *Pur'l'd*. The meaning of *pur'l* as applied to a sound is familiar to all. Bacon, in speaking of the sound of a pipe, mentions "a sweet degree of sibilation or purling." Thus, in the passage before us, the thin winding breath of Nestor, the soft flowing words, *pur'l'd* up to the sky. But the commentators believe that *pur'l'd* here expresses motion and not sound; and Stevens proposes to substitute *curl'd*.

<sup>b</sup> *Boll'n*—swollen.

<sup>c</sup> *Pelt*—to be clamorous, to discharge hasty words as pellets.

<sup>d</sup> *Kind*—natural.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

With swelling ridges; <sup>and</sup> their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than<sup>a</sup>  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois'  
banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stel'd.<sup>b</sup>  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old  
eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot  
lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's  
reign;  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-  
guis'd;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain:  
Her blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes  
had fed,  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:  
The painter was no god to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her  
wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,

<sup>a</sup> *Thou* used for *then*. This is another example (we had one before in *Mid*) of changing a termination for the sake of rhyme. In Fairfax's 'Tasso' there is a parallel instance:—

'Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,  
These silver locks were golden tresses *thou*,)  
That country life I hated as a crime,  
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran.'

<sup>b</sup> *Stel'd*. A passage in the twenty-fourth Sonnet may explain the lines in the text:—

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stel'd*  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

The word *stel'd* in both instances has a distinct association with something painted; but *to stel* is interpreted as to fix, from *steth*, a fixed place of abode. It appears to us that the word is connected in Shakspeare's mind with the word *stille*, the pencil by which forms are traced and copied. The application does not appear forced, when we subsequently find the poet using the expression of "*pencil'd* pensiveness." We constantly use the term *stille* as applied to painting; but we all know that *stille*, as describing the manner of delineating forms, is derived from the instrument by which characters were anciently written. *Stel'd* is probably then *stille'd*, the word being slightly changed to suit the rhyme.

And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so  
long;  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
'That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter,  
die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many mo?<sup>a</sup>  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;<sup>b</sup>  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised<sup>c</sup> wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:<sup>d</sup>  
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with  
fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks  
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds leant;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd con-  
tent:

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he  
goes,  
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his  
woes.

<sup>a</sup> *Mo*—more.

<sup>b</sup> *Swoonds*—swoons. It is probable that the word was so usually pronounced. In Drayton *swoond* rhymes to wound.

<sup>c</sup> *Unadvised*—unknowing.

<sup>d</sup> *Confounds* is here used in the sense of destroys.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like  
forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining  
glory  
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
faces.<sup>a</sup>

This picture she advisedly<sup>b</sup> perus'd,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;  
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—  
(She would have said) 'can lurk in such a look';  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot'  
took;

'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus: 'It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)

<sup>a</sup> Malone objects to this image of Priam's palace being the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves. Boswell has answered Malone by quoting Lydgate's description of the same wonderful edifice:—

"That verely when so the sonne shone  
Upon the golde meynt amonge the stone,  
They gave a lyght withouten any were,  
As doth Apollo in his mid-day sphere."

<sup>b</sup> *Advisedly*—*a*'tentively.

To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd<sup>a</sup>  
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls<sup>b</sup> a Trojan bleeds;  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;  
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy  
pity  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless heil;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
These contraries such unity do hold  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold;  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth  
flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with  
water.'

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest;  
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;  
'Fool! fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will  
not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complain-  
ing.

She looks for night, and then she longs for  
morrow,  
And both she thinks too long with her remain-  
ing:

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sus-  
taining.

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;  
And they that watch see time how slow it  
creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent;  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

<sup>a</sup> *So beguil'd*. The original has *to beguil'd*. Beguiled is masked with fraud. In *The Merchant of Venice* we have—  
"Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore  
To a most dangerous sea."

<sup>b</sup> *Falls*—lets fall.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,  
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
Brings home his lord and other company;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.  
These water-galls<sup>a</sup> in her dim element  
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and  
raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,  
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's  
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling  
stand?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour  
spent?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:  
At length address'd<sup>b</sup> to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:  
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass  
best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:  
In me more woes than words are now depending;  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:—  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;  
And what wrong else may be imagined

<sup>a</sup> *Water-galls.* Steevens says the word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury Plain.  
<sup>b</sup> *Address'd*—prepared.

By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth  
he,  
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,  
And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

'With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word:  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her  
groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,  
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner  
dies.

'O teach me how to make mine own excuse!  
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this  
abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd  
To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with  
woe,  
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away that stops his answer so:  
But wretched as he is he strives in vain;  
What he breathes out his breath drinks up  
again.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste ;  
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
 Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;  
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :  
 Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,  
 To push grief on, and back the same grief  
 draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
 ' Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
 More feeling-painful : let it then suffice  
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

' And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend  
 me  
 From what is past : the help that thou shalt  
 lend me  
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;  
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

' But ere I name him, you, fair lords,' quoth she,  
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine)  
 ' Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
 For 't is a meritorious fair design  
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :  
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor  
 ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
 The protestation stops. ' O speak,' quoth she,  
 ' How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

' What is the quality of mine offence,  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
 My low-declined honour to advance ?  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?  
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;  
 And why not I from this compelled stain ?'

With this, they all at once began to say,  
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;  
 While with a joyless smile she turns away

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The face, that map which deep impression bears  
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.  
 ' No, no,' quoth she, ' no dame, hereafter  
 living,  
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: ' He, he,'  
 she says,  
 But more than ' he' her poor tongue could not  
 speak ;

Till after many accents and delays,  
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
 She utters this: ' He, he, fair lords, 't is he,  
 That guides this hand to give this wound to  
 me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:  
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
 Of that polluted prison where it breath'd :  
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds  
 doth fly  
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
 Till Lucrece's father that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;  
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,  
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly<sup>a</sup> stood  
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.  
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
 And some look'd black, and that false Tar-  
 quin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood a watery rigol<sup>b</sup> goes,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
 Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,  
 ' That life was mine which thou hast here de-  
 priv'd.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,

<sup>a</sup> Vastly—like a waste.

<sup>b</sup> Rigol—circle.  
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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?  
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.  
If children predecease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn;  
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!  
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should survive.  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
And then in key-cold<sup>a</sup> Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's  
aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he  
tore.

This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:  
Then son and father weep with equal strife,  
Who should weep most for daughter or for  
wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says, 'She's mine,' 'O, mine she  
is,'

<sup>a</sup> *Key-cold.* So in Richard III., Act I., Scene II.:-  
"Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king."

Replies her husband: 'do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life  
Which she too early and too late<sup>a</sup> hath spill'd.'  
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my  
wife,  
I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd.'  
'My daughter!' and 'My wife!' with clamours  
fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, 'My daughter!' and 'My  
wife!'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'  
side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise;  
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous  
deeds?'

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds pro-  
ceeds:

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her  
foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-  
grac'd,)

By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
chas'd.

<sup>a</sup> *Too late.* - too recently.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's  
store,

By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd<sup>a</sup>

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

<sup>a</sup> *Complain'd* was formerly used without a subjoined preposition.

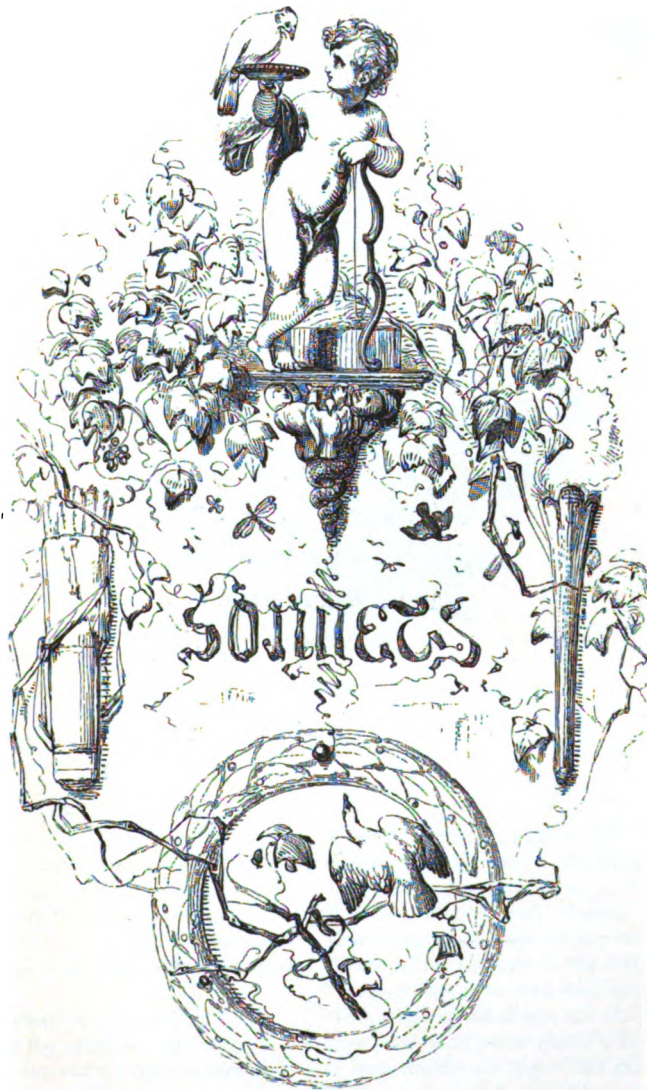
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow ;  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;  
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Romè,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly<sup>b</sup> did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

<sup>a</sup> *Allow*—approve.  
<sup>b</sup> *Plausibly*—with expressions of applause—with acclamation. *Plausively*, *applausively*.







TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .  
THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .  
MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .  
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .  
PROMISED .  
BY .  
OUR . EVER - LIVING . POET .  
WISHETH .  
THE . WELL - WISHING .  
ADVENTURER . IN ,  
SETTING .  
FORTH .

T. T.



## SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
 But as the ripener should by time decease,  
 His tender heir might bear his memory :  
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial  
 fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies,  
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
 Within thine own buduriest thy content,  
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and  
 thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
 Will be a tatter'd weed,<sup>a</sup> of small worth held :  
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;  
 To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
 If thou couldst answer—'This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—'  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine !

This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it  
 cold.

<sup>a</sup> Weed—garment.

## SONNETS.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some  
mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd<sup>a</sup> womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond<sup>b</sup> will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.  
Then,auteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
For having traffic with thyself alone,  
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

The unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

## V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair<sup>c</sup> which fairly doth excel;  
For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite  
gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
meet,  
Leese<sup>d</sup> but their show; their substance still  
lives sweet.

<sup>a</sup> *Unear'd*—unploughed.

<sup>b</sup> *Fond*—foolish.

<sup>c</sup> *Unfair*—a verb—deprive of fairness, of beauty.

<sup>d</sup> *Leese*—lose.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happier<sup>a</sup> those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:  
Then what could Death do if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine  
heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way:  
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?<sup>b</sup>  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not  
gladly?

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;<sup>c</sup>  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming  
one,

Sings this to thee, 'thou single wilt prove none.'

<sup>a</sup> *Happier*—makes happy.

<sup>b</sup> Malone thus explains this passage:—"O thou whom to hear is music, why hear'st thou," &c.

<sup>c</sup> If two strings are tuned in perfect unison, and one only is struck, a very sensible vibration takes place in the other. This is called sympathetic vibration.

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IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless<sup>a</sup>  
wife:

The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep,  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in  
mind.

Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
That on himself such murderous shame com-  
mits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant if thou wilt thou art below'd of many,  
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-  
spire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O change thy thought, that I may change my  
mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-  
stow'st,

Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth  
convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;  
Without this folly, age, and cold decay:  
If all were minded so the times should cease,  
And threescore years would make the world  
away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:

<sup>a</sup> *Makeless*—mateless. *Make* and *mate* are synonymous  
in our elder writers.

Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the  
more;

Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty  
cherish;

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy  
die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls, all<sup>a</sup> silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
defence

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee  
hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination: then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O! none but unthrif:—Dear my love, you  
know

You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:

<sup>a</sup> *All*. The original has *or*.



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But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert :  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

xv.

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
 That this huge state presenteth nought but  
 shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky ;  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;  
 And, all in war with Time, for love of you,  
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

xvi.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren  
 rhyme ?

Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;  
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
 With virtuous wish would bear your<sup>a</sup> living  
 flowers,

Much liker than your painted counterfeit :<sup>b</sup>  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,<sup>c</sup>  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still ;  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet  
 skill.

xvii.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
 Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your  
 parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,

<sup>a</sup> *Your*. The ordinary reading is *you*, Malone conceiving that *your* in the original is an error of the press.

<sup>b</sup> *Counterfeit*—portrait.

<sup>c</sup> *Fair*—beauty. The word is used in the same sense in the 18th Sonnet.

The age to come would say, this poet lies,  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly  
 faces.

So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than  
 tongue ;

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretched metre of an antique song :

But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice;—in it, and in my  
 rhyme.

xviii.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven<sup>a</sup> shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, un-  
 trimm'd ;<sup>b</sup>

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;  
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

xix.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet  
 brood ;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;  
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,  
 And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :  
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy  
 wrong,  
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

xx.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;

<sup>a</sup> So in Richard II. :—

" When the searching eye of heaven is hid  
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

<sup>b</sup> *Untrimm'd*—undecorated.

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An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,  
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
Making a complement<sup>a</sup> of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure<sup>b</sup> hems.  
O let me, true in love, but truly write,  
And then believe me, my love is as fair  
As any mother's child, though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:  
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;  
How can I then be elder than thou art?  
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
As I not for myself but for thee will;  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

<sup>a</sup> *Complement*—union. So in Spenser:—  
"Allied with bands of mutual complement."  
<sup>b</sup> *Rondure*—circumference.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
'The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.

O let my books be then the eloquence  
And dumb presages of my speaking breast;  
Who plead for love, and look for recompence  
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd

Thy beauty's form in table<sup>a</sup> of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For through the painter must you see his skill,  
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.

<sup>a</sup> *Table*—so in All's Well that Ends Well:—  
" 'T was pretty, though a plague  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brow, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table."

*Table*, though sometimes used in the sense of a picture, more commonly means the tabular surface upon which a picture is painted.

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The painful warrior famoused for fight,\*  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :  
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd  
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
 To thee I send this written embassy,  
 To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to  
 show it ;

But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :  
 Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,  
 Till then, not show my head where thou  
 mayst prove me.

\* *Flight*. The original has *worlh*. Theobald, who saw that the alternate rhyme is invariably preserved in the other Sonnets, proposed to make one of two changes ; to read *flight* instead of *worlh*, or *forlh* instead of *quite*. We are not perfectly satisfied with either change ; but as the first has been adopted in most modern editions we will not attempt to disturb the received reading, and we have no doubt that some error is involved in the original.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work's ex-  
 pir'd :

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face  
 new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my  
 mind,  
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.

SONNETS.

I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the  
heaven:

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;  
When sparkling stars twire<sup>a</sup> not, thou gild'st  
the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's strength  
seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's  
gate;<sup>b</sup>

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth  
brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with  
kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear times'  
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless<sup>c</sup>  
night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Twire*. Malone proposed to read *twirl*, and Steevens conjectured that *twire* means *twirl*. Gifford, in a note upon Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd,' explains that in the passage before us the meaning is "when the stars do not gleam or appear at intervals." He adds, "*Twire* should not have been suffered to grow obsolete, for we have no word now in use that can take its place, or be considered as precisely synonymous with it in sense: keer and twinkle are merely shades of it." Gifford quotes several passages from Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher in confirmation of his opinion. But there are four lines in Drayton's 'Polyolbion' which contain a parallel use of the word:—

"Suppose 'twixt noon and night the sun is half-way wrought,  
(The shadows to be large, by his descending brought,  
Who with a fervent eye looks through the *twiring* glades,  
And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades."

<sup>b</sup> See *Cymbeline*, Illustrations of Act II.

<sup>c</sup> *Dateless*—endless—having no certain time of expiration.

<sup>d</sup> If we understand *expense* to be used as analogous to *passing away*, there is no difficulty in this line. What we expend is gone from us; and so the poet moans the *expense* of many a vanished sight. Malone thinks that *sight* is used for *sigh*; but this is certainly a very strained conjecture.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious<sup>a</sup> tear  
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone:  
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust  
shall cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve<sup>b</sup> them for my love, not for their rhyme.  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!  
'Had my friend's muse grown with this grow-  
ing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack<sup>c</sup> on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:

<sup>a</sup> *Obsequious*—funereal.

<sup>b</sup> *Reserve*—the same as *preserve*. In Pericles we have—  
"Reserve that excellent complexion."

<sup>c</sup> *Rack*. Tooke, in his full discussion of the meaning of this word ('Divisions of Purley,' Part II., Chap. IV.), holds that *rack* means "merely that which is *rected*;" and

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Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
 But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's  
 sun staineth.<sup>a</sup>

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?  
 'T is not enough that through the cloud thou  
 break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
 That heals the wound, and cures not the dis-  
 grace :  
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;  
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :  
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.<sup>b</sup>  
 Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love  
 sheds,  
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast  
 done :  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorising thy trespass with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,<sup>c</sup>  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
 That I an accessory needs must be  
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

that in all the instances of its use by Shakspeare the word signifies *vapour*. He illustrates the passage before us by quoting the lines in the First Part of Henry IV., where the Prince in some degree justifies his course of profligacy:—

" Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
 To smother up his beauty from the world,  
 That when he please again to be himself,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mist  
 Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him."

<sup>a</sup> *Stain* and *staineth* are here used with the signification of a verb neuter. Suns of the world may be stained as heaven's sun is stained

<sup>b</sup> *Cross*. The original has *loss*—evidently a mistake. Malone substituted *cross*.

<sup>c</sup> *Amis*—fault.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one :  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable<sup>a</sup> spite,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name :  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest<sup>b</sup> spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance  
 give,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;  
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my  
 verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invocates ;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.  
 If my slight muse do please these curious  
 days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the  
 praise.

<sup>a</sup> *Separable*—separating.

<sup>b</sup> *Dearest*. So in Hamlet:—

" Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven !"

## SONNETS.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth de-  
 ceive,)

And that thou teachest how to make one  
 twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?  
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;  
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee for<sup>a</sup> my love thou usest;  
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;  
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?  
 Ah me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;

<sup>a</sup> For here signifies because.

That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—  
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love  
 her;

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things unrespected;<sup>a</sup>  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;  
 Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make  
 bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?  
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do  
 show thee me.<sup>b</sup>

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
 No matter then, although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,  
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.  
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,<sup>c</sup>  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
 Receiving nought by elements so slow  
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

<sup>a</sup> Unrespected—unregarded. . . <sup>b</sup> *These me*—thee to me.  
<sup>c</sup> A passage in Henry V. explains this:—"He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." The thought is continued in the first line of the 45th Sonnet, in which Sonnet we also find "My life being made of four." This was the theory of life in Shakspeare's time; and Sir Toby, in Twelfth Night, speaks learnedly when he says, "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" Shakspeare, however, somewhat laughs at the theory when he makes Sir Andrew reply, "Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."

SONNETS.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone  
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
 Until life's composition be recur'd  
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
 Mine eye my heart thy<sup>a</sup> picture's sight would  
 bar,  
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,  
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
 To 'cide<sup>b</sup> this title is impannelled  
 A quest<sup>c</sup> of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The clear eye's moiety,<sup>d</sup> and the dear heart's  
 part:  
 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
 And my heart's right thine inward love of  
 heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
 So, either by thy picture or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst  
 move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;

<sup>a</sup> *Thy*. The original has *their*; and it is remarkable that the same typographical error occurs four times in this one Sonnet—a pretty convincing proof that no competent or authorised person superintended the publication. Errors of this sort are very frequent in the original; but we have not thought it necessary to notice them when there can be no doubt of the meaning.

<sup>b</sup> *Cide*. Malone explains that this is a contraction of *decide*. The original reads *side*.

<sup>c</sup> *Quest*—inquest or jury.

<sup>d</sup> *Moiety*—portion.

Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
 That, to my use, it might unused stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and  
 part;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,  
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.\*

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
 Whenas<sup>b</sup> thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;  
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely  
 pass,  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
 When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;  
 Against that time do I ensconce<sup>c</sup> me here  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
 And this my hand against myself uprear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of  
 laws,  
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy  
 friend!'  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

\* The same thought is in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"Rich preys make true men thieves."

<sup>b</sup> *Whenas*—when.

<sup>c</sup> *Ensconce*—fortify.

SONNETS.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :  
From where thou art why should I haste me  
thence ?

Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know :  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,  
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;  
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to  
go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,<sup>a</sup>  
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,

Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain<sup>a</sup> jewels in the carcanet.<sup>b</sup>  
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special-blest,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?  
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit<sup>c</sup>  
Is poorly imitated after you ;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :  
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;<sup>d</sup>  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear,  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant  
heart.



[ ' Broils root out the work of masonry. ]

<sup>a</sup> There is a somewhat similar thought in Henry IV., Part I. :—

“ My state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast,  
And won by rareness much solemnity.”

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<sup>a</sup> Captain— used adjectively for chief.

<sup>b</sup> Carcanet—necklace.

<sup>c</sup> Counterfeit—portrait.

<sup>d</sup> Foison is plenty ; and the foison of the year is the autumn, or plentiful season.



SONNETS.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms<sup>a</sup> have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-  
closes :

But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, by<sup>b</sup> verse distils your  
truth.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish  
time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall  
burn

The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find  
room,

Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; he it not said,  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :  
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with  
fulness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view ;

Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

<sup>a</sup> *Canker-blooms*—the flowers of the canker or dog-rose.

<sup>b</sup> *By*. The word of the original is altered by Maloué to *my*. The change is certainly not wanted.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
Save, where you are how happy you make those :  
So true a fool is love, that in your will  
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of plea-  
sure,

Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !  
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)  
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check  
Without accusing you of injury.

Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time :  
Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
Which labouring for invention bear amiss  
The second burthen of a former child !

O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done !  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame ;  
Whether we are mended, or whe'r<sup>a</sup> better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.

O ! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled  
shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end ;

<sup>a</sup> *Whe'r*—whether.

SONNETS.

Each changing place with that which goes before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,<sup>a</sup>  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels<sup>b</sup> in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?  
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious<sup>c</sup> is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for myself mine own worth to define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated<sup>d</sup> and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

<sup>a</sup> *Main of light.* As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light, into which a new-born child is launched.

<sup>b</sup> *Parallels.* We have exactly the same idea in the 2nd Sonnet:

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And *diy* deep trenches in thy beauty's field."

<sup>c</sup> *Gracious*—beautiful.

<sup>d</sup> *Beated.* So in the old copy; and it has been followed by Malone. He suggests that the true word may be *bated*; but he receives *bated* as the participle of the verb to *beat*.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd  
his brow  
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful  
morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;<sup>a</sup>  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd  
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—  
That Time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot  
choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless  
sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful seige of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack!  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie  
hid?<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Steepy night.* It has been proposed to read *sleepy night*; but in the 7th Sonnet we have the same notion of man climbing up the hill of age; and here the idea is also connected with the antithesis of *morn* and *night*.

<sup>b</sup> In *Troilus* and *Cressida*, Ulysses says—

"Time hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,  
In which he puts aims for oblivion."

Time's *chest* and Time's *wallet* are the same; they are the depositories of what was once great and beautiful, passed away, perished, and forgotten.

## SONNETS.

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot  
back ?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?

O none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,<sup>a</sup>  
And captive good attending captain ill :

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be  
gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And lace<sup>b</sup> itself with his society ?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?  
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,  
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins ?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she  
had

In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do  
now,

Before these bastard signs of fair<sup>c</sup> were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head,  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Simplicity* is here used for folly.

<sup>b</sup> *Lace*—embellish—ornament.

<sup>c</sup> *Fair*—beauty.

<sup>d</sup> See Merchant of Venice, Illustrations of Act III.

In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth  
view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts can  
mend :

All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that  
due,<sup>a</sup>

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.

Thine outward thus with outward praise is  
crown'd ;

But those same tongues that give thee so thine  
own,

In other accents do this praise confound,

By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,

And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;

Ther (churls) their thoughts, although their  
eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,

The solve<sup>b</sup> is this,—that thou dost common  
grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;

The ornament of beauty is suspect,<sup>c</sup>

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve

Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,

And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.

Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,

Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,

To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :

<sup>a</sup> *Due*. The original has *end*. Tyrwhitt sagaciously made the change; knowing that such a typographical error is not unfrequent. The separate letters drop out at the press; and the workman, who does not stand upon niceties, puts them together again after his own fashion. By the inversion of the *u* a pretty metamorphosis of *due* into *end* is made; and such feats of legerdemain are performed with a dexterity which, however satisfactory to the operator, is not the most agreeable part of an author's experience, if he should ever indulge himself with the perusal of his own writings after they have passed the printer.

<sup>b</sup> *Solve*. The original has *soltye*. Malone reads *solue* in the sense of *solution*. We have no parallel example of the use of *solue* as a noun.

<sup>c</sup> *Susp-ct*—suspicion. So in King Henry IV., Part II. :—

“ If my *suspect* be false, forgive me.”

SONNETS.

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst  
owe.\*

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;  
But let your love even with my life decay :  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :  
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing  
worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds  
sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love  
more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere  
long :

\* *Owe*—own.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part was consecrate to thee.  
The earth can have but earth, which is his  
due ;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :  
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.  
The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :  
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the flching age will steal his treasure ;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my plea-  
sure :  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look ;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be took.  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?  
So far from variation or quick change ?  
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds  
strange ?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a noted weed,\*  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth, and where they did pro-  
ceed ?  
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument ;  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent ;  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love still telling what is told.

\* *A noted weed*—a dress known and familar, through being always the same.

SONNETS.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look what thy memory cannot contain,  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to  
sing,

And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !

But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride :  
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this ;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

O I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;  
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
Where breath most breathes,—even in the  
mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd  
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd  
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;  
And their gross painting might be better us'd  
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your fair no painting set.  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt :  
And therefore have I slept in your report  
That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a modern<sup>a</sup> quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.

<sup>a</sup> Modern—trite—common.

SONNETS.

This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;  
For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more  
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you ?  
In whose confine immured is the store  
Which should example where your equal grew ?  
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
That to his subject lends not some small glory ;  
But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
Being fond on praise, which makes your  
praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
Reserve<sup>a</sup> their character with golden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.  
I think good thoughts, while others write good  
words,

And, like unlettered clerk, still cry ' Amen '  
To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
Hearing you prais'd, I say, ' 'T is so, 't is true, '  
And to the most of praise add something more ;  
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank  
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the prond full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Reserve is here again used for preserve.

<sup>b</sup> Stevens conjectures that this is an allusion to Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with a familiar spirit.

As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence.  
But when your countenance fil'd<sup>a</sup> up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?  
And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-  
sworn :

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;  
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :  
And I by this will be a gainer too ;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence :  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strange,<sup>b</sup> and look strange ;

<sup>a</sup> Fil'd—gave the last polish. Ben Jonson, in his verses on Shakspeare, speaks of his

" Well-torned and true-fil'd lines."

<sup>b</sup> Strange. Malone gives several examples of the use of the verb ; and Stevens adds, " This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare." Why is any word called *uncouth* which expresses a meaning more clearly and forcibly than any other word ? The miserable affectation of the last age, in rejecting words that in sound ap-

SONNETS.

Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue  
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell ;  
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 And do not drop in for an after-loss :  
 Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this  
     sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
 But in the onset come ; so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
     And other strains of woe, which now seem  
     woe,  
 Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
     horse ;  
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;  
 But these particulars are not my measure,  
 All these I better in one general best.  
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'  
     cost,  
 Of more delight than hawks and horses be ;  
 And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
     Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
     All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine.  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.

peared not to harmonise with the mincing prettiness of polite conversation, emasculated our language ; and it will take some time to restore it to its ancient nervousness.

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Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
     But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?—  
     Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not :

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles  
     strange ;  
 But heaven in thy creation did decree  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness  
     tell.  
     How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
     If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show ?

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
 They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die ;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity :  
     For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :  
     Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
 O, what a mansion have those vices got  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee !  
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see !  
     Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
     The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge .

SONNETS.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :  
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lams might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !  
 What old December's bareness everywhere !  
 And yet this time remov'd \* was summer's time ;  
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's  
 near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his  
 trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with  
 him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
 grew :  
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and you, away,  
 As with your shadow I with these did play :



[ ' Proud-pied April.' ]

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;—  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
 that smells,  
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,

\* Malone explains this as, " This time in which I was remote or absent from thee."

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of  
 both,  
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;



## SONNETS.

But for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so  
so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.  
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked  
knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
'Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?'—  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.  
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shows  
now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
seeming;  
I love not less, though less the show appear;  
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the  
night,  
But that wild music burthens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear de-  
light.

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Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my  
tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
O blame me not if I no more can write!  
Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well?  
For to no other pass my verses tend,  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
And more, much more, than in my verse can  
sit,  
Your own glass shows you, when you look  
in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters'  
cold  
Have from the forests shook three summers'  
pride;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
In process of the seasons have I seen;  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth  
stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer  
dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, and varying to other words;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope  
affords.

SONNETS.

Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
For we, which now behold these present  
days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to  
praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
And the sad augers mock their own presage;  
Uncertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-  
scribes,\*  
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are  
spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what new<sup>b</sup> to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same;  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page;

\* *Subscribes*—submits—acknowledges as a superior.  
b *New*. The original has *now*.

Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
Where time and outward form would show it  
dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
Like him that travels, I return again;  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley\* to the view,  
Gor'd<sup>b</sup> mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is  
most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
These blenches<sup>c</sup> gave my heart another youth,  
And worst essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have<sup>d</sup> what shall have no end:  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the  
best,  
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means, which public manners  
breeds.

\* *Motley*. Jacques, in *As You Like It*, exclaims, "Invest me in my *molley*." *Motley* was the dress of the domestic fool, or jester; and thus the buffoon himself came to be called a *molley*. Jacques, addressing Touchatoune, says, "Will you be married, *Molley*?"

<sup>b</sup> *Gor'd*—wounded. In *Hamlet* we have—  
"I have a voice and precedent of peace  
To keep my name *ungor'd*."

<sup>c</sup> *Blenches*—deviations.  
<sup>d</sup> *Have*. This is the word of the old copy. An altered reading is—

"Now all is done, *save* what shall have no end."  
Malone says the original reading is unintelligible. His conjectural reading, which Tyrwhitt recommended, appears to us more so. "Now all is done" clearly applies to the *blenches*, the *worse essays*; but the poet then adds, "Have thou what shall have no end,"—my constant affection, my undivided friendship.

## SONNETS.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eyesell,<sup>a</sup> 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?<sup>b</sup>  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your  
 tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or  
 wrong,<sup>c</sup>  
 In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of other's voices, that my adder's sense  
 'To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense;—  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks are  
 dead.<sup>d</sup>

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;<sup>e</sup>  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;

<sup>a</sup> *Eyrell*—vinegar.

<sup>b</sup> *Allow*—approve.

<sup>c</sup> This passage is obscure, and there is probably some slight misprint. Steevens says, with his usual amenity, "The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—'You are the only person who has the power to change my stubborn resolution, either to what is right, or to what is wrong.'" We have little doubt that something like this is the meaning; but why has not this great conjectural critic, instead of calling out "purblind and obscure stuff," tried his hand at some slight emendation? He is venturesome enough when the text is clear. We might read thus:

"That my steel'd sense so changes right or wrong;" or we might read, as Malone has proposed, "E'er changes."

<sup>d</sup> This line presents in the old copy one of the many examples of how little the context was heeded. We there find—

"That all the world besides me thinks y' are dead."

Malone changes this to—

"That all the world besides methinks they are dead."

We adopt Mr. Dyce's first reading.

<sup>e</sup> *Latch*. The original has *lack*. Malone substituted *latch*, which signifies to lay hold of.

For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour,<sup>a</sup> or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your fea-  
 ture.

Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.<sup>b</sup>

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind being crown'd with  
 you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,  
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is  
 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie;  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn  
 clearer.  
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of  
 kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering  
 things;  
 Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best,'  
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth  
 grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:

<sup>a</sup> *Favour*—countenance.

<sup>b</sup> *Untrue* is here used as a substantive. So in Measure for Measure—

"Say what you can, my false outweighs your true."

SONNETS.

O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height  
    be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
    cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
    If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
    I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd  
    right;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your  
    sight.  
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate,  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:  
    Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
    The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager<sup>a</sup> compounds we our palate urge;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;  
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying  
    sweetness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
To be discas'd, ere that there was true needings.  
Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.  
    But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
    Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!

<sup>a</sup> *Eager*—sour; the French *aigre*

What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been  
    fitted,<sup>a</sup>

In the distraction of this madding fever!  
O benefit of ill! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far  
    greater.  
    So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
    And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,  
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
O that our night of woe might have remember'd<sup>b</sup>  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
    But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
    Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom  
    me.

CXXI.

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being,  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think  
    good?  
No.—I am that I am; and they that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their own:  
I may be straight, though they themselves be  
    bevel;<sup>c</sup>  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be  
    shown;  
    Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
    All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,

<sup>a</sup> *Fitted*—subjected to fits.   <sup>b</sup> *Remember'd*—reminded.  
<sup>c</sup> *Bevel*—bent in an angle.

SONNETS.

Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
 Beyond all date, even to eternity :  
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist ;  
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
 That poor retention could not so much hold,<sup>a</sup>  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;  
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more :  
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;  
 And rather make them born to our desire,  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past ;  
 For thy records and what we see do lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste :  
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee :

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
 As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers  
 gather'd.  
 No, it was builded far from accident ;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls .  
 It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with  
 showers.  
 To this I witness call the fools of time,  
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for  
 crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honouring,  
 Or laid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?

<sup>a</sup> Malone says, " *That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the tablet of the brain "

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?  
 No ;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds,<sup>a</sup> knows no  
 art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.  
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,  
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy  
 control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st !  
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee  
 back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;  
 She may detain, but not still keep her trea-  
 sure :  
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :

<sup>a</sup> *Seconds*. The only note on the passage in the variorum editions is that of Stevens :—" I am just informed by an old lady that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unsized with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say." Mr. Dyce called this note " *preposterously absurd*." Stevens, however, knew what he was doing. He mentions the flour, as in almost every other note upon the Sonnets, to throw discredit upon compositions with which he could not sympathise. He had a sharp, cunning, pettifogging mind ; and he knew many prosaic things well enough. He knew that a *second* in a duel, a *second* in a debate, a *secondary* in ecclesiastical affairs, meant one next to the principal. The poet's friend has his chief oblation ; no *seconds*, or inferior persons, are mixed up with his tribute of affection.

In the copy of the Sonnets in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to Malone (and which is bound in the same volume with the ' *Lucrece*, &c.), is a very cleverly drawn caricature representing Shakspeare addressing a periwig-pated old fellow in these lines :—

" If thou couldst, Doctor, cast  
 The water of my Sonnets, find their disease,  
 Or purge my Editor till he understood them,  
 I would applaud thee."

Under this Malone has written, " Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the ' *Rape of Lucrece*' in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr. Atkinson, the apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature."

SONNETS.

For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,  
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem  
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks,\* that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest  
 reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;  
 Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:  
 All this the world well knows; yet none  
 knows well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

\* *Jacks*. The small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the strings of a virginal. In the comedy of 'Ram Alley' we have—

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down  
 Like virginal jacks?"

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—  
 My mistress when she walks, treads on the  
 ground;  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them  
 cruel;  
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love  
 groan:  
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone,  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck, do witness bear  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, pro-  
 ceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
 O, let it then as well bescem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee  
 grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to  
 groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and  
 me!  
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?

SONNETS.

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;  
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;  
 Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :  
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;  
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute\* of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;  
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,  
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus ;

\* *Statute*—security, or oblivion.

More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;  
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will  
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one  
*Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove ;  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee ;  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that  
 still,  
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is  
*Will*.



SONNETS.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
That they behold, and see not what they see?  
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
Why should my heart think that a several plot,<sup>a</sup>  
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,  
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies;  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.  
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.<sup>b</sup>

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;

<sup>a</sup> See note on Love's Labour's Lost, Act II. Sc. 1.  
<sup>b</sup> There are many variations in the copy of this Sonnet as originally published in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The differences are of that character which would lead us to believe that the author, after the lapse of a few years, wrote it out a second time from memory. The variations are certainly not those of a transcriber:—

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
*Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.*  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although *I know my years be past the best,*  
*I smiling* credit her false-speaking tongue,  
*Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.*  
But wherefore says *my love* that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is a *soothing tongue,*  
And age in love loves not to have years told  
Therefore *I'll* lie with *love,* and *love* with me,  
*Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.*"

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;  
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.  
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might  
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?  
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;  
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;  
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know;)  
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:  
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;  
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:



## SONNETS.

O, but with mine compare thou thine own  
state,

And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;  
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;  
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost  
hide,  
By self-example mayst thou be denied !

## CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift de-  
spatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy  
*Will*,  
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest<sup>a</sup> me still ;  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
But, being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in  
doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Suggest—tempt.

<sup>b</sup> The variations in the copy of this Sonnet in The Passionate Pilgrim are very slight. In the eighth line, instead of *foul pride*, we have *fair pride*; in the eleventh, instead of *from me*, we have *to me*; in the thirteenth, instead of *Yet this shall I ne'er know*, we have *The truth I shall not know*.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breath'd forth the sound that said, ' I hate,'  
To me that languish'd for her sake :  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
Was used in giving gentle doom ;  
And taught it thus anew to greet :  
' I hate ' she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
From heaven to hell is flown away.  
' I hate ' from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying—' not you.'

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,<sup>a</sup>  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more :  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on  
men,  
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying  
then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease ;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic mad with evermore unrest ;  
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's  
are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd ;

<sup>a</sup> In the original copy we have the following reading :—

" Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.

*My sinful earth* these rebel powers that thee array."

The received reading is a conjectural emendation by Malone. When the change in a text must rest wholly on conjecture, and some change is absolutely necessary, it appears to us that the change which has been established is in most cases better than any improvement.

SONNETS.

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee  
bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
That censures<sup>a</sup> falsely what they see aright?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then love doth well denote  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
No marvel then though I mistake my view;  
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me  
blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should  
find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
When I, against myself, with thee partake?<sup>b</sup>  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
Nay if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
But, love, hat'st on, for now I know thy mind;  
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful  
might,

With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the  
day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;  
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

<sup>a</sup> *Censures*—judges, estimates.

<sup>b</sup> *Partake*—take part. A partaker was a confederate.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,<sup>b</sup>  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
For thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther rea-  
son;

But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and  
fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-  
ing;

In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse  
thee,

When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-  
ness,

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the thing they  
see;

For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,  
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid lay by his brand, and fell asleep:  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men  
prove

Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,

<sup>a</sup> *Amis*—fault.

SONNETS.

But found no cure: the bath for my help  
lies  
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'  
eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god, lying once asleep  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to  
keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand

The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I  
prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.





## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

THE original edition of this collection of poems bore the following title: 'Shake-speare's Sonnets. Never before imprinted. At London, by G. Eld, for T. T., and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church-gate. 1609.' The volume is a small quarto. In addition to the Sonnets it contains, at the end, 'A Lover's Complaint. By William Shake-speare.' In this collection the Sonnets are numbered from I. to CLIV., and they follow in their numerical order, as in the text we have presented to our readers. But, although this arrangement of the Sonnets is now the only one adopted in editions of Shakspeare's Poems, another occasionally prevailed up to the time of the publication of Steevens's fac-simile reprint of the Sonnets in 1766. An interval of thirty-one years elapsed between the publication of the volume by T. T. (Thomas Thorpe) in 1609, and the demand for a reprint of these remarkable poems. In 1640 appeared 'Poems, written by Wil. Shre ke-speare, Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by John Benson.' This volume, in duodecimo, con-

tains the Sonnets, but in a totally different order, the original arrangement not only being departed from, but the lyrical poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim* scattered here and there, and sometimes a single Sonnet, sometimes two or three, and more rarely four or five, distinguished by some quaint title. No title includes more than five. In the editions of the Poems which appeared during a century afterwards, the original order of the Sonnets was adopted in some—that of the edition of 1640 in others. Lintot's, in 1709, for example, adheres to the original; Curl's, in 1710, follows the second edition. Cotes, the printer of the second edition, was also the printer of the second edition of the plays. That the principle of arrangement adopted in this edition was altogether arbitrary, and proceeded upon a false conception of many of these poems, we have no hesitation in believing; but it is remarkable that within twenty-four years of Shakspeare's death an opinion should have existed that the original arrangement was also arbitrary, and that the Sonnets were essentially that collection of *fragments* which Meres

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described in 1598, when he wrote, "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends." Upon the question of the continuity of the Sonnets depend many important considerations with reference to the life and personal character of the poet; and it is necessary, therefore, in this place to examine that question with proportionate care.

The Sonnets of Shakspeare are distinguished from the general character of that class of poems by the continuity manifestly existing in many successive stanzas, which form, as it were, a group of flowers of the same hue and fragrance. Mr. Hallam has justly explained this peculiarity:—

"No one ever entered more fully than Shakspeare into the character of this species of poetry, which admits of no expletive imagery, no merely ornamental line. But, though each Sonnet has generally its proper unity, the sense—I do not mean the grammatical construction—will sometimes be found to spread from one to another, independently of that repetition of the leading idea, like variations of an air, which a series of them frequently exhibits, and on account of which they have latterly been reckoned by some rather an integral poem than a collection of Sonnets. But this is not uncommon among the Italians, and belongs, in fact, to those of Petrarch himself."

But, although a series may frequently exhibit a "repetition of the leading idea, like variations of an air," it by no means follows that they are to be therefore considered "rather an integral poem than a collection of Sonnets." In the edition of 1640 the "variations" were arbitrarily separated, in many cases, from the "air;" but, on the other hand, it is scarcely conceivable that in the earlier edition of 1609 these verses were intended to be presented as "an integral poem." Before we examine this matter let us inquire into some of the circumstances connected with the original publication.

The first seventeen Sonnets contain a "leading idea" under every form of "variation." They are an exhortation to a friend, a male friend, to marry. Who this friend was has been the subject of infinite discussion. Chalmers maintains that it was Queen Elizabeth, and that there was no impropriety in Shakspeare addressing the queen by the masculine pronoun, because a queen is a prince; as we still say in the Liturgy, "our queen and governor." The reasoning of Chalmers on this subject, which may be found in his 'Supplementary Apology,' is one of the most amusing pieces of learned and ingenious nonsense that ever met our view. We believe that we must very summarily dismiss Queen Elizabeth. But Chalmers with more reason threw over the idea that the dedication of the bookseller to the edition of 1609 implied the person to whom the Sonnets were addressed. T. T., who dedicates, is, as we have mentioned, Thomas Thorpe, the publisher. W. H., to whom the dedication is addressed, was, according to the earlier critics, an humble person.

He was either William Harte, the poet's nephew, or William Hews, some unknown individual; but Drake said, and said truly, that the person addressed in some of the Sonnets themselves was one of rank; and he maintained that it was Lord Southampton. "W. H." he said, ought to have been H. W.—Henry Wriothesly. But Mr. Loden and Mr. Brown have each affirmed that "W. H." is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who, in his youth and his rank, exactly corresponded with the person addressed by the poet. The words "begetter of these Sonnets," in the dedication, must mean, it is maintained, the person who was the immediate cause of their being written—to whom they were addressed. But he was "the only begetter of these Sonnets." The latter portion of the Sonnets are unquestionably addressed to a female, which at once disposes of the assertion that he was the only begetter, assuming the "begetter" to be used in the sense of *inspirer*. Chalmers disposes of this meaning of the word very cleverly: "W. H. was the bringer forth of the Sonnets. *Beget* is derived by Skinner from the Anglo-Saxon *begettian*, *obtinere*. Johnson adopts this derivation and sense: so that *begetter*, in the quaint language of Thorpe the bookseller, Pistol the ancient, and such affected persons, signified the *obtainer*: as to *get* and *getter*, in the present day, mean *obtain* and *obtainer*, or to procure and the procurer." But then, on the other hand, it is held that, when the bookseller wishes Mr. W. H. "that eternity promised by our ever-living poet," he means promised *him*. This inference we must think is somewhat strained. Be this as it may, the material question to examine is this—are the greater portion of the Sonnets, putting aside those which manifestly apply to a female, or females, addressed to one male friend? Or are these the "sugared Sonnets" scattered among many "private friends?" When Meres printed his 'Palladis Tamia,' in 1598, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare's Sonnets, then existing only in manuscript, had obtained a reputation in the literary and courtly circles of that time. Probably the notoriety which Meres had given to the "sugared Sonnets" excited a publisher, in 1599, to produce something which should gratify the general curiosity. In that year appeared a collection of poems bearing the name of Shakspeare, and published by W. Jaggard, entitled 'The Passionate Pilgrim.' This little collection contains two Sonnets which are also given in the larger collection of 1609. They are also numbered CXXXVIII. and CXLIV. in that collection. In the modern reprints of The Passionate Pilgrim it is usual to omit these two Sonnets without explanation, because they have been previously given in the larger collection of Sonnets. But it is essential to bear in mind the fact that in 1599 two of the Sonnets of the hundred and fifty-four published in 1609 were printed; and that one of them especially, that numbered CXLIV., has been held to form an important part of the supposed "integral poem." We may therefore conclude that the other Sonnets which appear to relate to the same persons as are referred to in the 144th Sonnet were also in existence. Further, the publication of

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these Sonnets in 1599 tends to remove the impression that might be derived from the tone of some of those in the larger collection of 1609,—that they were written when Shakspeare had passed the middle period of life. For example, in the 73rd Sonnet the poet refers to the autumn of his years, the twilight of his day, the ashes of his youth. In the 138th, printed in 1599, he describes himself as “past the best”—as “old.” He was then thirty-five. Dante was exactly this age when he described himself in “the midway of this our mortal life.” In these remarkable particulars, therefore,—the mention of two persons, real or fictitious, who occupy an important position in the larger collection, and in the notice of the poet’s age,—the two Sonnets of *The Passionate Pilgrim* are strictly connected with those published in 1609, of which they also form a part; and they lead to the conclusion that they were obtained for publication out of the scattered leaves floating about amongst “private friends.” The publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was unquestionably unauthorised and piratical. The publisher got all he could which existed in manuscript; and he took two poems out of *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, which was printed only the year before. In 1609, we have no hesitation in believing that the same process was repeated; that without the consent of the writer the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets—some forming a continuous poem, or poems; others isolated, in the subjects to which they relate, and the persons to whom they were addressed—were collected together without any key to their arrangement, and given to the public. Believing as we do that “W. H.,” be he who he may, who put these poems in the hands of “T. T.,” the publisher, arranged them in the most arbitrary manner (of which there are many proofs), we believe that the assumption of continuity, however ingeniously it may be maintained, is altogether fallacious. Where is the difficulty of imagining, with regard to poems of which each separate poem, sonnet, or stanza, is either a “leading idea,” or its “variation,” that, picked up as we think they were from many quarters, the supposed connexion must be in many respects fanciful, in some a result of chance, mixing what the poet wrote in his own person, either in moments of elation or depression, with other apparently continuous stanzas that painted an imaginary character, indulging in all the warmth of an exaggerated friendship, in the complaints of an abused confidence, in the pictures of an unhallowed and unhappy love; sometimes speaking with the real earnestness of true friendship and a modest estimation of his own merits; sometimes employing the language of an extravagant eulogy, and a more extravagant estimation of the powers of the man who was writing that eulogy? Suppose, for example, that in the leisure hours, we will say, of William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, and William Shakspeare, the poet should have undertaken to address to the youth an argument why he should marry. Without believing the Earl to be the W. H. of the Dedication, we know that he was a friend of Shakspeare. There is nothing in the first seventeen Sonnets which might not have been written in the artificial tone of

the Italian poetry, in the working out of this scheme. Suppose, again, that in other Sonnets the poet, in the same artificial spirit, complains that the friend has robbed him of his mistress, and avows that he forgives the falsehood. There is nothing in all this which might not have been written essentially as a work of fiction,—received as a work of fiction,—handed about amongst “private friends” without the slightest apprehension that it would be regarded as an exposition of the private relations of two persons separated in rank as they probably were in their habitual intimacies,—of very different ages,—the one an avowedly profligate boy, the other a matured man. But this supposition does not exclude the idea that the poet had also, at various times, composed, in the same measure, other poems, truly expressing his personal feelings,—with nothing inflated in their tone, perfectly simple and natural, offering praise, expressing love to his actual friends (in the language of the time “lovers”), showing regret in separation, dreading unkindness, hopeful of continued affection. These are also circulated amongst “private friends.” Some “W. H.” collects them together, ten, or twelve, or fifteen years after they have been written; and a publisher, of course, is found to give to the world any productions of a man so eminent as Shakspeare. But who arranged them? Certainly not the poet himself: for those who believe in their continuity must admit that there are portions which it is impossible to regard as continuous. In the same volume with these Sonnets was published a most exquisite narrative poem, *A Lover’s Complaint*. The form of it entirely prevents any attempt to consider it autobiographical. The Sonnets, on the contrary, are personal in their form; but it is not therefore to be assumed that they are *all* personal in their relation to the author.\*

It is our intention, without at all presuming to think that we have discovered any real order in which these extraordinary productions may be arranged, to offer them to the reader upon a principle of classification, which, on the one hand, does not attempt to reject the idea that a continuous poem, or rather several continuous poems, may be traced

\* Some of our literary journals have made the most of what they consider “a discovery” by M. Philirète Charles. Without attempting any controversial discussion of this matter, we translate, from the article on Shakspeare in the “Nouvelle Biographie Générale,” the opinion of one who writes sensibly and impartially. In directing attention to the conjectures of Drake and Boaden (p. 94 col. 2), the French biographer says:—“We must bestow more attention upon Boaden, who in W. H. sees William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and upon Drake, who considers them to point to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. It is true that William Herbert, born in 1580, was, at the epoch at which these Sonnets were composed, only from fourteen to seventeen years of age. It was not to him, therefore, that Shakspeare could have addressed an earnest exhortation to marry. But if he were not the inspirer of these Sonnets, could he not, at a later period, have been the confidential depository and finally the editor of these poems? In this case W. H. would be, according to a very ingenious conjecture of M. Philirète Charles, not the ‘only begetter’ who received the offering of the collection, but the editor who had collected ‘the sugared sonnets’ amongst the friends of the immortal poet, and who offers them to the friend who had inspired them.”

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throughout the series, nor adopt the belief that the whole can be broken up into fragments; but which, on the other hand, does no violence to the meaning of the author by a pertinacious adherence to a principle of continuity, sometimes obvious enough.

### I.

The earliest productions of a youthful poet are commonly Love-Sonnets, or Elegies as they were termed in Shakspeare's time. The next *age* to that of the schoolboy is that of

"the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

We commence our series with three Sonnets which certainly bear the marks of juvenility, when compared with others in this collection, as distinctly impressed upon them as the character of the poet's mind at different periods of his life is impressed upon *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Macbeth* :—

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,  
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store;  
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will  
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.—135.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full of wills, and my will one,  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;  
Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
Then in the number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.  
—136.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;

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Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,  
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

—143.

The figures which we subjoin to each Sonnet show the place which it occupies in the collection of 1609. If the reader will turn to our reprint of that text, he will see where these Sonnets, through each of which the same play upon the poet's name is kept up with a boyish vivacity, are found. The two first follow one of those from which Mr. Brown derives the title of what he calls "The Sixth Poem," being "To his Mistress, on her Infidelity."\* Mr. Brown, however, qualifies the dissimilarity of tone by the following admission:—"All the stanzas in the preceding poems (to Stanza 126) are retained in their original order; the printers, without disturbing the links, having done no worse than the joining together of five chains into one. But I suspect the same attention has not been paid to this address to his mistress. Indeed, I farther suspect that some stanzas, irrelevant to the subject, have been introduced into the body of it." The stanzas to which Mr. Brown objects are the 135th and 136th just given. But let us proceed. The poet now sings the praise of those eyes which so took his brother-poet, Phineas Fletcher:—

"But most I wonder how that *jelly ray*,  
Which those two *blackest suns* do fair display,  
Should shine so bright, and night should make so  
sweet a day."

We know not the colour of Anne Hathaway's eyes; but how can we affirm that the following three Sonnets were not addressed to her!—

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or, if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,  
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem  
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

—127.

\* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems, p. 96.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel :  
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :  
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone.  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck, do witness bear  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

—131.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even,  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face :  
 O, let it then as well besem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack. —132.

But the two last immediately precede the Sonnet beginning

" Beshrew that heart that makes thy heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me ;"—

and so the lady of the "mourning eyes" is associated with a tale of treachery and sin. The line of the 131st Sonnet,

" In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,"

may be held to imply something atrocious. The two first lines, however, show of what the poet-lover complains :—

" Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel."

The 128th Sonnet has never been exceeded in airy elegance, even by the professed writers of amatory poems :—

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !

To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.—128.

The 130th, too, is one of the prettiest *vers de société* that a Suckling, or a Moore, could have produced :—

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red :  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground ;  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.—130.

And of what character is the 129th Sonnet, which separates these two playful compositions ? It is a solemn denunciation against unlicensed gratifications—a warning

" To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

If we are to bring those Sonnets in apposition where the "leading idea" is repeated, we shall have to go far back to find one that will accord with the 130th :—

So is it not with me as with that muse,  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;  
 Making a couplement of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :  
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well :  
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.—21.

This is the 21st Sonnet ; and it has as much the character of a love-sonnet as any we have just given.

The *tyranny* of which the poet complains in the 131st Sonnet forms the subject of the three following.—

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.



ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
 might  
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide !  
 Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been my enemies ;  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :  
 Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

—139.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;  
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know ;)  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be,  
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart  
 go wide.—140.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee partake ?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?  
 Nay if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

—149.

And yet the tyranny is meekly borne by the  
 lover :—

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;  
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
 Save, where you are how happy you make those :  
 So true a fool is love, that in your will  
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.—57.

458

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure ?  
 O, let me suffer (being at your beck)  
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,  
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check  
 Without accusing you of injury.  
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,  
 That you yourself may privilege your time :  
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;  
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well. 58.

The Sonnets last given are the 57th and 58th. These are especially noticed by Mr. Brown as evidence that the person to whom he considers the Sonnets are addressed—W. H.—was “a man of rank.” He adds, “Reproach is conveyed more forcibly, and, at the same time, with more kindness, in their strained humility, than it would have been by direct expostulation.” The reproach, according to Mr. Brown, is for the “coldness” which the noble youth had evinced towards his friend. The “coldness” is implied in these stanzas, and in that which precedes them :—

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said  
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might ;  
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill  
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness  
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.  
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love, more bless'd may be the view ;  
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
 Make's summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
 more rare.—56.

We believe, on the contrary, that the three Sonnets are addressed to a female. It appears to us that a line in the 57th is decisive upon this :—

“ When you have bid your *servant* once adieu.”

The lady was *the mistress*, the lover *the servant*, in the gallantry of Shakspeare's time. In Beaumont and Fletcher's ‘*Scornful Lady*’ we have, “ Was I not once your mistress, and you *my servant* ? ” The three stanzas, 56, 57, 58, are completely isolated from what precedes and what follows them ; and therefore we have no hesitation in transposing them to this class.

We are about to give a Sonnet which Mr. Brown thinks “should be expunged from the poem.” We should regret to lose so pretty and playful a love-verse :—

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
 Breath'd forth the sound that said *I hate*,  
 To me that languish'd for her sake :  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
 Was used in giving gentle doom ;  
 And taught it thus anew to greet ;  
*I hate* she alter'd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day  
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
 From heaven to hell is flown away.  
*I hate* from hate away she threw,  
 And sav'd my life, saying—*not you*.—145.

It is, however, strangely opposed to the theory of continuity : for it occurs between the Sonnet which first appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*—

“ Two loves I have, of comfort and despair ”—

and the magnificent lines beginning

“ Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.”

This sublime Sonnet Mr. Brown would also expunge. This is a hard sentence against it for being out of place. We shall endeavour to remove it to fitter company.

We have now very much reduced the number of stanzas which Mr. Brown assigns to the Sixth Poem, entitled by him, “ To his Mistress, on her Infidelity.” There are only twenty-six stanzas in this division of Mr. Brown's Six Poems ; for he rejects the Sonnets numbered 153 and 154, as belonging “ to nothing but themselves.” They belong, indeed, to the same class of poems as constitute the bulk of those printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. But, being printed in the collection of 1609, they offer very satisfactory evidence that “ the begetter ” of the Sonnets had no distinct principle of connexion to work upon. He has printed, as already mentioned, two Sonnets which had previously appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. But if they were taken out from the larger collection no one could say that its continuity would be deranged. There are other Sonnets, properly so called, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which, if they were to be added to the larger collection, there would be no difficulty in inserting them, so as to be as continuous as the two which are common to both works. We have no objection to proceed with our analytical classification without including the two Sonnets on “ the little love-god ; ” because, if we were attempting here to present all Shakspeare's love-verses which exist in print, not being in the plays, we should have to insert six other poems which are in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

What, then, have we left of the Sonnets from the 127th to the 152nd which may warrant those twenty-six stanzas being regarded (with two exceptions pointed out by Mr. Brown himself) as a continuous poem, to be entitled, “ To his Mistress, on her Infidelity ” ? We have, indeed, a “ leading idea,” and a very distinct one, of some delusion,

once cherished by the poet, against the power of which he struggles, and which his better reason finally rejects. But the complaint is not wholly that of the *infidelity* of a mistress ; it is that the love which he bears towards her is incompatible with his sense of duty, and with that tranquillity of mind which belongs to a pure and lawful affection. This “ leading idea ” is expressed in *ten* stanzas, which we print in the order in which they occur. They are more or less strong and direct in their allusions ; but, whether the situation which the poet describes be real or imaginary—whether he speak from the depth of his own feelings, or with his wonderful dramatic power—there are no verses in our language more expressive of the torments of a passion based upon unlawfulness. Threes such as these were somewhat uncommon amongst the gallants of the days of Elizabeth :—

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust  
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight ;  
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad ;  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;  
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;  
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream ;  
 All this the world well knows : yet none knows  
 well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.  
—129.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine  
 eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 place ?  
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.  
—137.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies ;  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue ;  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.—138.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

—141.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;  
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st at those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
 Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!—142.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
 Desire is death, which physio did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest;  
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee  
 bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

—147.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?

460

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
 How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me  
 blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

—148.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.—150.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
 For thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,  
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it that I call  
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

—151.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;  
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most:  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost;  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-  
 ness,

Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,  
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

—152.

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

We have only three Sonnets left, out of the twenty-six stanzas, in which we may find any allusion to the "infidelity" of the poet's "mistress." They are these:—

Behrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !  
Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart  
    bail ;  
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail :  
    And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.—133.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;  
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
    Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;  
    He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.—134.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still ;  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, but not directly tell ;  
But being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's bell.  
    Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
    Till my bad angel fire my good one out.—144.

The 144th, we must again point out, was printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599. This Sonnet, then, referring, as it appears to do, to private circumstances of considerable delicacy, was public enough to fall into the hands of a piratical bookseller, ten years before the larger collection in which it a second time appears was printed. But in that larger collection the poet accuses the friend as well as the mistress. We have no means of knowing whether the six Sonnets, in which this accusation

appears, existed in 1599, or what was the extent of their publicity ; but by their publication in 1609 we are enabled to compare "the better angel" with "the worse spirit :"—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
    Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
    Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun  
    staineth.—33.

Why didst thou promise such a beautiful day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'rtake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :  
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
    Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love  
    sheds,  
    And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.—34.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorising thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
    That I an accessory needs must be  
    To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.  
    — 35.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before !  
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;  
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;  
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.  
 —40.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauceous thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd ?  
 Ah me ! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth ;  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.—41.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly ;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—  
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love  
 her ;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross :  
 But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one ;  
 Sweet flattery ! then she loves but me alone.—42.

It is probably to the same friend that the following  
 mild reflections upon the general faults of his char-  
 acter are addressed :—

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die ;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity :  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;  
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.—94.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !

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That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
 O, what a mansion have those vices got,  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee !  
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see !  
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.—95.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :  
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.  
 —96.

But the poet, true to his general principle of morals,  
 holds that forgiveness should follow upon repented  
 transgressions :—

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge :  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;  
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
 The ill that were not, grew to faults assur'd,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd.  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.—118.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
 Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win !  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been  
 fitted,  
 In the distraction of this madding fever !  
 O benefit of ill ! now I find true  
 That better is by evil still made better ;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.  
 —119.

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That you were once unkind, befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time:  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.  
 —120.

### II.

We have thus selected all the Sonnets, or stanzas, that appear to have reference to the subject of love, —whether those which express the light playfulness of affection, the abiding confidence, the distracting doubts, the reproaches for pride or neglect, the fierce jealousies, the complaints that another is preferred. Much of this may be real, much merely dramatic. But it appears to us that it would have been quite impossible to have maintained that these fragments relate to a particular incident of the poet's life—the indulgence of an illicit love, with which the equally illicit attachment of a youthful friend interfered—unless there had been a forced association of the whole series of Sonnets with that youthful friend to whom the first seventeen Sonnets are clearly addressed. Mr. Brown groups the Sonnets from the 27th to the 55th as the "Second Poem," which he entitles, 'To his Friend—who had robbed him of his mistress—forgiving him.' Now, literally, the Sonnets we have already given, the 33rd, 34th, 35th, 40th, 41st, and 42nd, are all that within these limits can be held to have reference to such a subject. The 27th and 28th Sonnets have not the slightest allusion to this supposed injury; and we shall presently endeavour to show that they have been wrested from their proper place. The 29th, 30th, 31st, and 32nd are Sonnets of the most confiding friendship, full of the simplest and therefore the deepest pathos, and which we have no hesitation in classing amongst those which are strictly personal—those to which the lines of Wordsworth apply:—

"Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic, you have frown'd  
 Mindless of its just honours. With this key  
 Shakspeare unlock'd his heart."

The following exquisite lines are familiar to most poetical students:—

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;  
 Yet in these thoughts almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth  
 brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.  
 —29.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste:  
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.—30.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious tear  
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
 That due of many now is thine alone;  
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.—31.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
 cover,  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
 And though they be outtripp'd by every pen,  
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!  
 Had my friend's muse grown with this growing  
 age,  
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage:  
 But since he died, and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.  
 —32.

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Immediately succeeding these are the three stanzas we have already quoted, in which the poet is held to accuse his friend of having robbed him of his mistress. In these stanzas the friend is spoken of in connexion with a "sensual fault," a "trespass," &c. But in those which follow, the "bewailed guilt" belongs to the poet—the "worth and truth" to his friend. Surely these are not continuous. In the 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th Sonnets, we have the expression of that deep humility which may be traced through many of these remarkable compositions, and of which we find the first sound in the 29th Sonnet:—

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one :  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite,  
 Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me.  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name :  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

—36.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store ;  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;  
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !—37.

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my  
 verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

—38.

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O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me ?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee ?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain !

—39

The 40th, 41st, and 42nd Sonnets return to the complaint of his friend's faithlessness. Surely, then, the Sonnets we have just quoted must be interpolated. The 43rd is entirely isolated from what precedes and what follows. But in the 39th we have allusions to "separation" and "absence ;" and in the 44th we return to the subject of "injurious distance." With some alterations of arrangement we can group nine Sonnets together, which form a connected epistle to an absent friend, and which convey those sentiments of real affection which can only be adequately transmitted in language and imagery possessing, as these portions do, the charm of nature and simplicity. The tone of truth and reality is remarkably contrasted with those artificial passages which have imparted their character to the whole series in the estimation of many:—

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !'  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.—40.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :  
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?  
 Till I return, of posting is no need.  
 O what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seem but slow ?  
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;  
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :  
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;  
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,  
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;  
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;

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Since from thee going he went wilful slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.  
—51.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special bless'd,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.  
—52.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd ;  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beautiful, and her old face  
new.

Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.—27.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the  
heaven :  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;  
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the  
even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem  
stronger.—28.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry ;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy ?

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O no ! thy love, though much, is not so great ;  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake :  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all-too-near.—61.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected :  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed ;  
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make  
bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !  
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay !  
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show  
thee me.—43.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then, although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe :—44.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;  
Until life's composition be recur'd  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :  
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.  
—45.

The transpositions we have made in the arrange-  
ment are justified by the consideration that in the  
original text the 50th, 51st, and 52nd Sonnets are  
entirely isolated ; that the 27th and 28th are also  
perfectly unconnected with what precedes and what  
follows ; that the 61st stands equally alone ; and



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that the 43rd, 44th, and 45th are in a similar position. We have now a perfect little poem describing the journey—the restless pilgrimage of thought—the desire for return.

The thoughts of a temporary separation lead to the fear that absence may produce estrangement:—

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That, to my use, it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and  
part ;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.—48.

The sentiment is somewhat differently repeated in a Sonnet which is entirely isolated in the place where it stands in the original:—

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :  
New proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look ;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.—75.

But the 49th Sonnet carries forward the dread expressed in the 48th that his friend will “ be stolen,” into the apprehension that coldness, and neglect, and desertion may one day ensue:—

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;  
Against that time do I ensouce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.—49.

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This Sonnet is also completely isolated ; but much further on, according to the original arrangement, we find the idea here conveyed of that self-sacrificing humility which will endure unkindness without complaint, worked out with exquisite tenderness:—

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn  
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults consoal'd, wherein I am attainted ;  
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :  
And I by this will be a gainer too ;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

—88.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence :  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;  
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell ;  
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

—89.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss :  
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.—90.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
horse ;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;  
But these particulars are not my measure,  
All these I better in one general best.

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Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.—91.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine.  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than on which that thy humour doth depend.  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?—  
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not :—92.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new ;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;  
 But Heaven in thy creation did decree  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness  
 tell.  
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !—93.

Separated from the preceding stanzas by three Sonnets, the 94th, 95th, and 96th, which we have already given—(they are those in which a friend is mildly upbraided for the defects in his character)—we have a second little poem on Absence. It would be difficult to find anything more perfect in our own or any other language :—

How like a winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !  
 What old December's bareness everywhere !  
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;  
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease :  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.  
 —97.

2 H 2

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
 grew :  
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
 As with your shadow I with these did play :—98.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
 smells,  
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;  
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.—99.

But this poem is quite unconnected with what precedes it. It is placed where it is upon no principle of continuity. Are we then to infer that the friend whose "shame" is "like a canker in the budding rose" is the person who is immediately afterwards addressed as one from whom every flower had stolen "sweet or colour" ? If we read these three stanzas without any impression of their connexion with something that has gone before, we shall irresistibly feel that they are addressed to a female. They point at repeated absences ; and why may they not then be addressed to the poet's first love ? The Earl of Southampton, or the Earl of Pembroke, to whom the series of Sonnets are held all to refer, except when they specially address a dark-haired lady of questionable character, would not have been greatly pleased to have been complimented on the sweetness of his breath, or the whiteness of his hand. The Sonnets which are unquestionably addressed to a male, although they employ the term "beauty" in a way which we cannot easily comprehend in our own days, have always reference to *manly* beauty. The comparisons in the above Sonnets as clearly relate to *female* beauty. They are precisely the same as Spenser uses in one of his Amoretti,—the 64th ; which thus concludes :—

"Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell,  
 But her sweet odour did them all excel."

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It appears to us that in both the poems on Absence, in the stanzas which anticipate neglect and coldness, and in others which we have given and are about to give, we must not be too ready to connect their images with the person who is addressed in the first seventeen Sonnets; or be always prepared to "seize a clue which *innumerable* passages give us," according to Mr. Hallam, "and suppose that they allude to a youth of high rank as well as personal beauty and accomplishment." \* The chief characteristic of those passages which clearly apply to that "unknown youth" is, as it appears to us, extravagance of admiration conveyed in very hyperbolic language. Much that we have quoted offers no example of the justness of Mr. Hallam's complaint against these productions:—"There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of Sonnets." It would be difficult, we think, to find more forcible thoughts expressed in more simple, and therefore touching language, than in the following continuous verses. They comprise all the Sonnets numbered from 109 to 125, with the exception of 118, 119, 120, 121, three of which we have already printed as belonging to another subject than the poet's constancy of affection; and one of which we shall give as an isolated fragment:—

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!  
 As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:  
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd  
 Like him that travels, I return again;  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.—109.

Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view,  
 God's mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
 dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new.  
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.  
 —110.

\* Literature of Europe, vol. iii. p. 503.  
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O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide,  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.—111.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow!  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.  
 In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of other's voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopp'd are,  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.  
 —112

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.  
 —113

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with  
 you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,  
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigent  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:

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If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.  
—114.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie;  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;  
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best,'  
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?  
—115.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.—116.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;  
Forget upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your  
sight.  
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And on just proof surmise accumulate,  
Bring me within the level of your frown,  
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:  
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
The constancy and virtue of your love.—117.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full character'd with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity:  
Or at the least so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.

That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more;  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.—122.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might,  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
And rather make them born to our desire,  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past;  
For thy records and what we see do lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste:  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee:—123

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers ga  
ther'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thralled discontent,  
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with  
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.  
—124.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring,  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruining!  
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,  
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
But mutual render, only me for thee.  
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.  
—125.

Dr. Drake, in maintaining that the Sonnets, from the 1st to the 126th, were addressed to Lord Southampton, has alleged, as "one of the most striking proofs of this position," the fact "that the language

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of the Dedication of the Rape of Lucrece, and that of the 26th Sonnet, are almost precisely the same." If the reader will turn to this Dedication, he will at once see the resemblance. "The *love* I dedicate to your lordship is without end," shows that, in the Sonnets as in the works of contemporary writers, the perpetually recurring terms of *love* and *lover* were meant to convey the most profound respect as well as the strongest affection. In that age friendship was not considered as a mere conventional intercourse for social gratification. There was depth and strength in it. It partook of the spiritual energy which belonged to a higher philosophy of the affections than now presides over clubs and dinner-parties. "My friend," or "my lover," meant something more than one who is ordinarily civil, returns our calls, and shakes hands upon great occasions. Lord Southampton, is held in a letter of introduction to a Lord Chancellor, to call Shakspeare "my especial friend." To Lord Southampton Shakspeare dedicates "love without end." This 26th Sonnet, we have little doubt, is *also* a dedication, accompanying some new production of the mighty dramatist, in accordance with his declaration, "What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours :—"

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassage,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
But that I hope that some conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:  
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,  
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst  
prove me.—26.

The Sonnet which precedes this has also the marked character of the same respectful affection; and, like the 26th, in all probability accompanied some offering of friendship :—

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,  
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.—25.

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Again, the 23rd Sonnet is precisely of the same character. All these appear to us wholly unconnected with the poems which surround them—little gems, perfect in themselves, and wanting no setting to add to their beauty :—

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;  
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.  
O let my books be then the eloquence  
And dumb presages of my speaking breast;  
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.  
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.—23.

Between the 23rd and 25th Sonnets, which we have just given—remarkable as they are for the most exquisite simplicity of thought and diction—occurs the following conceit :—

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,  
And perspective it is best painter's art.  
For through the painter must you see his skill,  
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.—24.

But, separated by a long interval, we find two variations of the air, entirely out of place where they occur. Can we doubt that these three form one little poem of themselves ?—

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,  
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impannelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:  
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.—46.

—46.

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Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
 So, either by thy picture or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me ;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst  
     move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee ;  
     Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
     Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

—47.

The 77th Sonnet interrupts the continuity of a poem which we shall presently give, in which the writer refers, with some appearance of jealousy, to an "alien pen." There can be no doubt that this Sonnet is completely isolated. It is clearly intended to accompany the present of a notebook :—

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.—77.

The 76th to the 87th Sonnets (omitting the 77th and 81st) have been held to refer to a particular event in the poetical career of Shakspeare. He expresses something like jealousy of a rival poet—a "better spirit." By some, Spenser is supposed to be alluded to ; by others, Daniel. But we do not accept these stanzas as a proof that William Herbert is the person always addressed in the Sonnets, for the alleged reason that Daniel was patronised by the Pembroke family, and that, in 1601, he dedicated a book to William Herbert, to which Shakspeare is held to allude in the 82nd Sonnet, by the expression "dedicated words." This is Mr. Boaden's theory. One of the Sonnets supposed also to refer to William Herbert as "a man right fair" was published in 1599, when the young nobleman was only 19 years of age. But in the stanzas which relate to some poetical rivalry, real or imaginary, the person addressed has

"added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty."

He is

"as fair in knowledge as in hue."

The praises of the "lovely boy," be he William Herbert or not, are always confined to his personal appearance and his good nature. There is a quiet tone about the following which separates them from the Sonnets addressed to that "unknown youth ;" and yet they may be as unreal as we believe most of those to be :—

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?  
 So far from variation or quick change ?  
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a noted weed,  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?  
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument ;  
 So all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent :  
     For as the sun is daily new and old,  
     So is my love still telling what is told.—76.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath got my use,  
 And under thee their poesy disperse.  
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :  
 In other's works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;  
     But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
     As high as learning my rude ignorance.—78.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
 And my sick muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give  
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
     Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
     Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.—79

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !  
 But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is),  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.

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Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:  
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

—80.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
 And therefore mayst without attain't o'erlook  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd  
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;  
 And their gross painting might be better us'd  
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

—82.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set.  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
 For I impair not beauty being mute,  
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.—83.

Who is it that says most? which can say more  
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?  
 In whose confine immured is the store  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired everywhere.  
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
 worse.—84.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.

I think good thoughts, while others write good  
 words,  
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'Tis so, 'tis true,'  
 And to the most of praise add something more;  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank  
 before.  
 Then others for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

—85.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast:  
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.  
 But when your countenance fil'd up his line,  
 Then lack'd I matter: that enfeebled mine.—86.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
 knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.—87.

We cannot trace the connexion of the 121st  
 Sonnet with what precedes and what follows it. It  
 may stand alone—a somewhat impatient expression  
 of contempt for the opinion of the world, which too  
 often galls those most who, in the consciousness of  
 right, ought to be best prepared to be indifferent to  
 it:—

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,  
 When not to be receives reproach of being,  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?

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No.—I am that I am ; and they that level  
 At my abuser, reckon up their own :  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be  
     bevel ;  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be  
     shown ;  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.—121.

Lastly, of the Sonnets entirely independent of the other portions of the series, the following, already mentioned, furnishes one of the many proofs which we have endeavoured to produce that the original arrangement was in many respects an arbitrary one :—

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more :  
     So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
     And, death once dead, there's no more dying  
     then.—146.

### III.

We have thus, with a labour which we fear may be disproportionate to the results, separated those parts of this series of poems which appeared to be manifestly complete in themselves, or not essentially connected with what has been supposed to be the "leading idea" which prevails throughout the collection. It has been said, with great eloquence, "It is true that in the poetry as well as in the fictions of early ages we find a more ardent tone of affection in the language of friendship than has since been usual ; and yet no instance has been adduced of such rapturous devotedness, such an idolatry of admiring love, as the greatest being whom nature ever produced in the human form pours forth to some unknown youth in the majority of these Sonnets."\* The same accomplished critic further speaks of the strangeness of "Shakspere's humiliation in addressing him (the youth) as a being before whose feet he crouched, whose frown he feared, whose injuries, and those of the most insulting kind—the seduction of the mistress to whom we have alluded—he felt and bewailed without resenting." We should agree with Mr. Hallam, *if these circumstances were manifest*, that, notwithstanding the frequent beauties of these Sonnets, the pleasure of their perusal would be much diminished. But we believe that these impressions have been in a great degree

\* Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 502.

produced by regarding the original arrangement as the natural and proper one—as one suggested by the dependence of one part upon another, in a poem essentially continuous. Mr. Hallam, with these impressions, adds, somewhat strongly, "it is impossible not to wish that Shakspere had never written them." Let us, however, analyse what we have presented to the reader in a different order than that of the original edition :—

I.	
<i>Will</i> . . . . .	3 Sonnets.
<i>Black eyes</i> . . . . .	3 "
<i>The virginal</i> . . . . .	1 "
<i>False compare</i> . . . . .	2 "
<i>Tyranny</i> . . . . .	3 "
<i>Slavery</i> . . . . .	2 "
<i>Coldness</i> . . . . .	1 "
<i>I hate not you</i> . . . . .	1 "
<i>The little love-god</i> (not reprinted)	2 "
<i>Love and hatred</i> . . . . .	10 "
<i>InAdelity</i> . . . . .	3 "
<i>Injury</i> . . . . .	6 "
<i>A friend's faults</i> . . . . .	3 "
<i>Forgiveness</i> . . . . .	3 "
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II.	
<i>Confiding friendship</i> . . . . .	4 "
<i>Humility</i> . . . . .	4 "
<i>Absence</i> . . . . .	9 "
<i>Estrangement</i> . . . . .	9 "
<i>A second absence</i> . . . . .	3 "
<i>Fidelity</i> . . . . .	13 "
<i>Dedications</i> . . . . .	3 "
<i>The picture</i> . . . . .	3 "
<i>The note-book</i> . . . . .	1 "
<i>Rivalry</i> . . . . .	10 "
<i>Reputation</i> . . . . .	1 "
<i>The soul</i> . . . . .	1 "
	— 61

We have thus as many as 104 Sonnets which, if they had been differently arranged upon their original publication, might have been read with undiminished pleasure, as far as regards the strangeness of their author's humiliation before one unknown youth, and have therefore left us no regret that he had written them. If we are to regard a few of these as real disclosures, with reference to a "dark-haired lady whom the poet loved, but over whose relations to him there is thrown a veil of mystery, allowing us to see little except the feeling of the parties—that their love was guilt,"—we are to consider, what is so justly added by the writer from whom we quote, that "much that is most unpleasing in the circumstances connected with those magnificent lyrics is removed by the air of despondency and remorse which breathes through those which come most closely on the facts."\* But it must not be forgotten that, in an age when the Italian models of poetry were so diligently cultivated, imaginary loves and imaginary jealousies were freely admitted into verses which appeared to address themselves to the reader in the personal character of the poet. Regarding a poem, whether a sonnet or an epic, essentially as a

\* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 466.



## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

work of art, the artist was not careful to separate his own identity from the sentiments and situations which he delineated—any more than the pastoral poets of the next century were solicitous to tell their readers that their Corydons and Phyllises were not absolutely themselves and their mistresses. The 'Amoretti' of Spenser, for example, consisting of eighty-eight Sonnets, is also a puzzle to all those who regard such productions as necessarily autobiographical. These poems were published in 1596; in several passages a date is tolerably distinctly marked, for there are lines which refer to the completion of the first six Books of the 'Fairy Queen,' and to Spenser's appointment to the laureatship—"the badge which I do bear." And yet they are full of the complaints of an unrequited love, and of a disdainful mistress, at a period when Spenser was married, and settled with his family in Ireland. Chalmers is here again ready with his solution of the difficulty. They were addressed, as well as Shakspeare's Sonnets, to Queen Elizabeth. We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the Sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Drayton, of Shakspeare, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings, and be outpourings of the inmost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. The most usual form which such compositions assumed was that of love-verse. Spenser's 'Amoretti' are entirely of this character, as their name implies. Daniel's, which are fifty-seven in number, are all addressed to "Delia;" Drayton's, which he calls "Ideas," are somewhat more miscellaneous in their character. These were the three great poets of Shakspeare's days. Spenser's 'Amoretti' was first printed in 1595; Daniel's 'Delia' in 1592; Drayton's 'Ideas' in 1594. In 1593 was also published 'Licia, or Poems of Love in honour of the admirable and singular virtues of his Lady.' This book contains fifty-two Sonnets, all conceived in the language of passionate affection and extravagant praise. And yet the author, in his Address to the Reader, says,—“If thou muse what my Licia is, take her to be some Diana, at the least chaste, or some Minerva, no Venus, fairer far. It may be she is Learning's image, or some heavenly wonder, which the precisest may not mislike: perhaps under that name I have shadowed Discipline.” This fashion of sonnet-writing upon a continuous subject prevailed thus about the period of the publication of the Venus and Adonis and the Lucrece, when Shakspeare had taken his rank amongst the poets of his time— independent of his dramatic rank. He chose a new subject for a series of Sonnets; he addressed them to some youth, some imaginary person, as we conceive; he made this fiction the vehicle for stringing together a succession of brilliant images, exhausting every artifice of language to present one idea under a thousand different forms—

“varying to other words;  
And in this change is my invention spent.”

Coleridge, with his usual critical discrimination, speaking of the Italian poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and glancing also at our own of the

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same period, says, “In opposition to the present age, and perhaps in as faulty an extreme, they placed the essence of poetry in the art. The excellence at which they aimed consisted in the exquisite polish of the diction, combined with perfect simplicity.” \* This, we apprehend, is the characteristic excellence of Shakspeare's Sonnets; displaying, to the careful reader, “the studied position of words and phrases, so that not only each part should be melodious in itself, but contribute to the harmony of the whole.” He sought for a canvas in which this elaborate colouring, this skilful management of light and shade, might be attempted, in an address to a young man, instead of a scornful Delia or a proud Daphne; and he commenced with an exhortation to that young man to marry. To allow of that energy of language which would result from the assumption of strong feeling, THE POET links himself with the young man's happiness by the strongest expressions of friendship—in the common language of that day, love. We say, advisedly, *the poet*; for it is in this character that the connexion between the two friends is preserved throughout; and it is in this character that the personal beauty of the young man is made a constantly recurring theme. With these imperfect observations, we present the continuous poem which appears in the first nineteen Sonnets:—

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripener should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light'st flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.—1.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;  
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou could'st answer—'This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—'  
Proving his beauty by succession thine!  
This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

—2.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.

\* Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 27.

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For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
 Of his self love, to stop posterity?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
 But if thou live remember'd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.—3.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
 And, being frank, she lends to those are free.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?  
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.—4.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel;  
 For never-resting time leads summer on  
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there  
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
 Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.  
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
 meet,  
 Leese but their show; their substance still lives  
 sweet.—5.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
 Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
 That use is not forbidden usury,  
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:  
 Then, what could Death do if thou shouldst de-  
 part,  
 Leaving the living in posterity?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine  
 heir.—6.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
 But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way:  
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.—7.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming  
 one,  
 Sings this to thee, 'Thou single wilt prove none.'—8.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;  
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire;  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O change thy thought that I may change my mind,  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
 Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.—10.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife:  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep  
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend,  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it:  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
 No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.—9

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,  
 Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth con-  
 vertest.  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;

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Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore years would make the world away.  
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :  
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;  
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty  
 cherish :  
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
 Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

—11.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white ;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee  
 hence.—12.

O that you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
 No longer yours than you yourself here live :  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
 Find no determination : then you were  
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
 bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?  
 O ! none but unthrifths :—Dear my love, you  
 know  
 You had a father ; let your son say so.—13.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;  
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality :  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
 Or say, with princes if it shall go well,  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find :  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert :  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

—14.

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When I consider everything that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment :  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheer'd and check'd ever by the selfsame sky ;  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;  
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,  
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.—15.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;  
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still ;  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

—16.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
 Though yet Heaven knows it is but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your  
 parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say, this poet lies,  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.  
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue ;  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretched metre of an antique song :  
 But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice ;—in it, and in my rhyme.

—17.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.—18.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;  
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime ;  
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.—19.

That this series of Sonnets, powerful as they are, displaying not only the most abundant variety of imagery, but the greatest felicity in making the whole harmonious, constitutes a poem ambitious only of the honours of a work of Art, is we think manifest. If it had been addressed to a real person, no other object could have been proposed than a display of the most brilliant ingenuity. In the next age it would have been called an exquisite "copy of verses." But in the next age, probably—certainly in our own—the author would have been pronounced arrogant beyond measure in the anticipation of the immortality of his rhymes. There is a show of modesty, indeed, in the expressions "barren rhyme" and "pupil pen;" but that is speedily cast off, and "eternal summer" is promised through "eternal lines;" and

"So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

Regarding these nineteen Sonnets as a continuous poem, wound up to the climax of a hyperbolic promise of immortality to the object whom it addresses, we receive the 20th Sonnet as the commencement of another poem in which the same idea is retained. The poet is bound to the youth by ties of strong affection; but nature has called upon the possessor of that beauty

"Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth,"

to cultivate closer ties. This Sonnet, through an utter misconception of the language of Shakspeare's time, has produced a comment sufficiently odious to throw an unpleasant shade over much which follows. The idea which it contains is continued in the 53rd Sonnet; and we give the two in connexion :—

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;  
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.—20.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?  
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you ;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :  
Speak of the spring and foison of the year ;  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear,  
And you in every blessed shape we know.  
In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

—53.

Between the 20th Sonnet and the 53rd occur, as it appears to us, a number of fragments which we have variously classified; and which seem to have no relation to the praises of that "unknown youth" who has been supposed to preside over five-sixths of the entire series of verses. We have little doubt that the "begetter" of the Sonnets was not able to beget, or obtain, all; and that there is a considerable hiatus between the 20th Sonnet and the second hyperbolic close, which he filled up as well as he could, from other "sugared sonnets amongst private friends:"—

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, by verse distills your truth.

—54.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments  
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find  
 room,  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.—55.

Wherever we meet with these magnificent promises of the immortality which the poet's verses are to bestow, we find them associated with that personage, the representative at once of "Adonis" and of "Helen," who presents himself to us as the unreal coinage of the fancy. In many of the lines which we have given in the second division of this inquiry, the reader will have noticed the affecting modesty, the humility without abasement, of the great poet comparing himself with others. Here Shakspeare indeed speaks. For example, take the whole of the 32nd Sonnet. We should scarcely imagine, if the poem were continuous as Mr. Brown believes, that the last stanza of the second portion of it in his classification would conclude with these lines:—

" Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive *this powerful rhyme.*"

They contrast remarkably with the tone of the 32nd Sonnet,—

" *These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover.*"

Meres has a passage: "As Ovid saith of his works—

' Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;'

and as Horace saith of his,

' Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' &c.;

so say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, *Shakspeare's*, and Warner's works." What Ovid and Horace said is imitated in the 55th Sonnet. But we greatly doubt if what Meres would have said of Shakspeare he would have said of himself, except in some assumed character, to which we have not the key. Ben Jonson, to whom a boastful spirit has with some justice been objected, never said anything so strong of his own writings; and he wrote with too much reliance, in this and other particulars, upon classical examples. But Jonson was not a writer of Sonnets, which, pitched in an artificial key, made this boastful tone a constituent part of the whole performance. The man, who never once speaks of his own merits in the greatest productions of the human intellect, when he put on the imaginary character in which a poet is weaving a fiction out of his supposed personal relations, did not hesitate to conform himself to the practice of other masters

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of the art. Shakspeare here adopted the tone which Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton had adopted. The parallel appears to us very remarkable; and we must beg the indulgence of our readers while we present them a few passages from each of these writers.

And first of Spenser. His 27th Sonnet will furnish an adequate notion of the general tone of his 'Amoretti,' and of the self-exaltation which appears to belong to this species of poem:—

" Fair Proud I now tell me, why should fair be proud,  
 Sith all world's glory is but dross unclean,  
 And in the shade of death itself shall shroud,  
 However now thereof ye little ween!  
 That goodly idol, now so gay beseen,  
 Shall doff her flesh's borrow'd fair attire;  
 And be forgot as it had never been;  
 That many now much worship and admire!  
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,  
 Ne any mention shall thereof remain,  
 But what this verse, that never shall expire,  
 Shall to you purchase with her thankless pain!  
 Fair I be no longer proud of that shall perish,  
 But that, which shall you make immortal, cherish."

And the 69th Sonnet is still more like the model upon which Shakspeare formed his 55th:—

" The famous warriors of the antique world  
 Used trophies to erect in stately wise,  
 In which they would the records have enroll'd  
 Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.  
 What trophy then shall I most fit devise,  
 In which I may record the memory  
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize  
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!  
 Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,  
 Shall be thereof immortal monument;  
 And tell her praise to all posterity,  
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment;  
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,  
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil."

Spenser's 75th Sonnet also thus closes:—

" My verse your virtues rare shall èternize,  
 And in the heavens write your glorious name.  
 Where, when as Death shall all the world subdue,  
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

Of Daniel's Sonnets, the 41st and 42nd furnish examples of the same tone, though somewhat more subdued than in Shakspeare or Spenser:—

" Be not displeas'd that these my papers should  
 Bewray unto the world how fair thou art;  
 Or that my wits have show'd the best they could  
 (The chastest flame that ever warmed heart!)  
 Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,  
 My muse should sound thy praise with mournful  
 warble;  
 How many live, the glory of whose name  
 Shall rest in ice, when thine is grav'd in marble!  
 Thou mayst in after ages live esteem'd,  
 Unburied in these lines, reserv'd in pureness;  
 These shall entomb those eyes, that have redeem'd  
 Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscureness.  
 Although my careful accents never mov'd thee,  
 Yet count it no disgrace that I have lov'd thee."

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

'Della, these eyes, that so admire thine,  
Have seen those walls which proud ambition rear'd  
To check the world; how they entomb'd have lien  
Within themselves, and on them ploughs have ear'd.  
Yet never found that barbarous hand attain'd  
The spoil of fame deserv'd by virtuous men;  
Whose glorious actions tuckily had gain'd  
The eternal annals of a happy pen.  
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die;  
Though time do spoil thee of the fairest vell  
That ever yet cover'd mortality;  
And must enstar the needle and the rail.  
That grace which doth more than enwoman thee,  
Lives in my lines, and must eternal be."

But Drayton, if he display not the energy of  
Shakspeare, the fancy of Spenser, or the sweetness of  
Daniel, is not behind either in the extravagance of  
his admiration, or his confidence in his own power.  
The 6th and the 44th "Ideas" are sufficient exam-  
ples:—

"How many peltrey, foolish, painted things,  
That now in coaches trouble every street,  
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,  
Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding-sheet!  
When I to thee eternity shall give,  
When nothing else remaineth of these days,  
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live  
Upon the aims of thy superfluous praise;  
Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,  
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,  
That they shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,  
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:  
So thou shalt fly above the vulgar throng,  
Still to survive in my immortal song."

"Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,  
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,  
Where, in the map of all my misery,  
Is modell'd out the world of my disgrace;  
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing rhymes,  
Medea-like, I make thee young again,  
Proudly thou scorn'st my world outwearing rhymes,  
And murther'st virtue with thy coy disdain;  
And though in youth my youth untimely perish,  
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,  
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,  
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;  
And though this earthly body fade and die,  
My name shall mount upon eternity."

We now proceed to what appears another contin-  
uous poem amongst Shakspeare's Sonnets, addressed  
to the same object as the first nineteen stanzas were  
addressed to, and devoted to the same admiration  
of his personal beauty. The leading idea is now  
that of the spoils of Time, to be repaired only by  
the immortality of verse:—

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeom  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.  
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.  
—100.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
'Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,  
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
But best is best, if never intermix'd?'  
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.  
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.  
—101.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-  
ing;  
I love not less, though less the show appear;  
That love is merchandis'd whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild music burthens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
Because I would not dull you with my song.—102.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
O blame me not if I no more can write!  
Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
To mar the subject that before was well?  
For to no other pass my verses tend,  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.  
—103.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride;  
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Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd !  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth  
     stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

—104.

Let not my love be called idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still, constant in a wondrous excellence ;  
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

—105.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

—106.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

—107.

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit ?  
 What's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?  
 Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same ;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page ;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would show it  
 dead.—108.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss  
 The second burthen of a former child !  
 O, that record could with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
 Show me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character was done !  
 That I might see what the old world could say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;  
 Whether we are mended, or wher' better they,  
 Or whether revolution be the same.  
 Oh ! sure I am, the wits of former days  
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

—59.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled  
 shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
 Nativity, once in the main of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;  
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,  
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.—80.

Of these eleven stanzas nine are consecutive in the original, being numbered 100 to 108. The other two, the 59th and 60th, are certainly isolated in the first arrangement ; but the idea of the 108th glides into the 59th, and closes appropriately with the 60th. But there is a short poem which stands completely alone in the original edition, the 126th ; and it is remarkable for being of a different metrical character, wanting the distinguishing feature of the Sonnet in its number of lines. Its general tendency, however, connects it with those which we have just given :—

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;  
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st !  
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,  
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;  
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :  
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
And her quietus is to render thee.—126.

There is an enemy as potent as Time, who cuts down the pride of youth as the flower of the field. That enemy is Death ; and the poet most skilfully presents the images of mortality to his "lovely boy" in connexion with the decay of the elder friend. In this portion of the poem there is a touching simplicity, which, however, is intermingled with passages which, denoting that the *Poet* is still speaking in character, take the stanzas, in some degree, out of the range of the real :—

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;  
How can I then be elder than thou art ?  
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
As I not for myself but for thee will ;  
Boaring thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.—22.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part ;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.—62.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow  
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn  
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Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.  
—63.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd  
The rich-proud coat of outworn buried age ;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage ;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay ;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—  
That Time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.—64.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless  
sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?  
O fearful meditation ! where, alack !  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie  
hid ?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?  
O none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.  
—65.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill :  
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.—66.



ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
 And with his presence grace impiety,  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
 And lace itself with his society?  
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
 And steal dead seeming of his living hue?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
 Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,  
 In days long since, before these last so bad.—67.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 To live a second life on second head,  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:  
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.—68.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,  
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;  
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
 In other accents do this praise confound,  
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes  
 were kind,  
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
 The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.—69.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time:  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:  
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.—70.

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No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
 But let your love even with my life decay:  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.—71.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:  
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.—72.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
 strong  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.—73.

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee.  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me.  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.  
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains—74.

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE SONNETS.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;  
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ;  
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths  
 of men.—81.

Thirteen of these stanzas, the 62nd to the 74th, follow in their original order. The first of the fifteen, the 22nd Sonnet, stands quite alone, although its idea is continued in the 62nd. The last of the series, the 81st, not only stands alone, but actually cuts off the undoubted connexion between the 80th and the 82nd Sonnets. The 71st to the 74th Sonnets seem bursting from a heart oppressed with a sense of its own unworthiness, and surrendered to some overwhelming misery. There is a line in the 74th which points at suicide. We cling to the belief that the sentiments here expressed are essentially dramatic. In the 32nd Sonnet, where we recognise the man Shakspeare speaking in his own modest and cheerful spirit, death is to come across his "*well-contented day*." The opinion which we have endeavoured to sustain of the probable admixture of the artificial and the real in the Sonnets, arising from their supposed original fragmentary state, necessarily leads to the belief that some are accurate illustrations of the poet's situation and feelings. It is collected from these Sonnets, for example, that his profession as a player was disagreeable to him ; and this complaint is found amongst those portions which we have separated from the series of verses which appear to us to be written in an artificial character ; it might be addressed to any one of his family, or some honoured friend, such as Lord Southampton :—

" O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The gully goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

But if from his professional occupation his nature was felt by him to be subdued to what it worked in,—if thence his name received a brand,—if vulgar scandal sometimes assailed him,—he had high thoughts to console him, such as were never before imparted to mortal. This was probably written in some period of dejection, when his heart was ill at ease, and he looked upon the world with a slight tinge of indifference, if not of dislike. Every man of high genius has felt something of this. It was reserved for the highest to throw it off, "like dew-

drops from the lion's mane." But the profound self-abasement and despondency of the 74th Sonnet, exquisite as the diction is, appear to us unreal, as a representation of the mental state of William Shakspeare ; written, as it most probably was, at a period of his life when he revels and luxuriates (in the comedies which belong to the close of the sixteenth century) in the spirit of enjoyment, gushing from a heart full of love for his species, at peace with itself and with all the world.

We have thus, if we have not been led away by imaginary associations, connected the verses addressed to

" The world's fresh ornament,  
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,"

in a poem, or poems, of fifty stanzas, written upon a plan by which it is obviously presented as a work of fiction, in which the poet displays his art in a style accordant with the existing fashion and the example of other poets. The theme is the personal beauty of a wonderful youth, and the strong affection of a poet. Beauty is to be perpetuated by marriage, and to be immortalized in the poet's verses. Beauty is gradually to fade before Time, but is to be still immortalized. Beauty is to yield to Death, as the poet himself yields, but its memory is to endure in "eternal lines." Separating from this somewhat monotonous theme those portions of a hundred and fifty-four Sonnets which do not appear essentially to belong to it, we separate, as we believe, more or less, what has a personal interest in these compositions from what is meant to be dramatic—the real from the fictitious. Our theory, we well know, is liable to many objections ; but it is based upon the unquestionable fact that these one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets cannot be received as a continuous poem upon any other principle than that the author had written them continuously. If there are some parts which are acknowledged interpolations, may there not be other parts that are open to the same belief ? If there are parts entirely different in their tone from the bulk or these Sonnets, may we not consider that one portion was meant to be artificial and another real,—that the poet sometimes spoke in an assumed character, sometimes in a natural one ? This theory we know could not hold if the poet had himself arranged the sequence of these verses ; but as it is manifest that two stanzas have been introduced from a poem printed ten years earlier,—that others are acknowledged to be out of order, and others positively dragged in without the slightest connexion,—may we not carry the separation still further, and, believing that the "*begetter*"—the *getter-up*—of these Sonnets had levied contributions upon all Shakspeare's "*private friends*,"—assume that he was indifferent to any arrangement which might make each portion of the poem tell its own history ? There is one decided advantage in the separation which we have proposed—the idea with which the series opens, and which is carried, *here and there*, in the original, through the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets, does not now over-ride the whole of the series. The separate parts may be

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real with more pleasure when they are relieved from this strained and exaggerated association.

There are three points connected with the opinion we have formed with regard to the entire series of Sonnets, which we must briefly notice before we leave the subject.

The first is, the inconsistencies which obviously present themselves in adopting the theory that the series of Sonnets—or at least the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets—are addressed to *one* person. It is not our intention to discuss the question to *whom* they were addressed, which question depends upon the adoption of the theory that they are addressed to *one*. Drake's opinion that they were addressed to Lord Southampton rests upon the belief that Shakespeare looked up to some friend to whom they point, "with reverence and homage." The later theory, that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was their object, is supported by the facts, derived from Clarendon and others, that he was "a man of noble and gallant character, though always of a licentious life." W. H. is held to be William Herbert; and Mr. Hallam says, "Proofs of the low moral character of 'W. H.' are continual." We venture to think that the term "continual" is somewhat loosely applied. The one "sensual fault," of which the poet complains, is obscurely hinted at in the 33rd, 34th, 35th, 40th, 41st, and 42nd stanzas; and the general faults of his friend's character, from which the injury proceeded, are summed up in the 94th, 95th, and 96th. We shall search in vain throughout the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets for any similar indications of the "low moral character" of the person addressed. But the supposed continuity of the poem implies arrangement, and therefore consistency, in the author. In the 41st stanza the *one* friend, according to this theory, is reproached for the treachery which is involved in the indulgence of his passions. The poet says "thou mightst

"hide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who led thee in *their* riot even there  
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth."

Again, in the 95th stanza we have these lines:—

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make *the* shame,  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!"

And,

"O, what a mansion have those *vices* got,  
Which for their habitation chose out thee!"

Here are not only secret "*vices*," but "*shame*" defacing the character. "*Tongues*" make "*lascivious* comments" on the story of his days. Is it to this person that in the 69th Sonnet we have those lines addressed?—

"Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend."

Is it to this person that the 70th Sonnet is devoted, in which are these remarkable words?—

"Thou present'st a *pure unstained prime*.  
Thou hast pass'd by the *ambush of young days*,  
Either not *assail'd*, or victor being *charg'd*."

These lines, be it remembered, occur *between* the first reproof for licentiousness in the 41st stanza, and the repetition of the blame in the 95th. Surely, if the poem is to be taken as continuous, and as addressed to *one* person, such contradictions would make us believe that the whole is based on unreality, and that the poet was satisfied to utter the wildest inconsistencies, merely to produce verses of exquisite beauty, but of "true no-meaning."

The second point to which we would briefly request attention is the supposed date of the series of Sonnets. The date must, it is evident, be settled in some measure according to the prevailing belief in the person to whom they are held to be addressed. Mr. Hallam, who thinks the hypothesis of William Herbert sufficiently proved to demand our assent, says, "Pembroke succeeded to his father in 1601: I incline to think that the Sonnets were written about that time, some probably earlier, some later." Pembroke was born in 1580. Now, in the earlier Sonnets, according to the hypothesis, he might be called "beauteous and lovely youth," or "sweet boy;" but Southampton could not be so addressed unless the earlier Sonnets were written even before the dedication of the Venus and Adonis to him, in 1593; for Southampton was born in 1573. Further, it is said that, whilst the person addressed was one who stood "on the top of happy hours," the poet who addressed him was

"Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,"

as in the 62nd Sonnet;

"With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn,

as in the 63rd; and approaching the termination of his career, as so exquisitely described in the 73rd:—

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
strong

To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

Most distinctly in this particular portion of the Sonnets the extreme youth of the person addressed is steadily kept in view. But some are written earlier, some later; time is going on. In the 104th Sonnet the poet says that three winters, three springs, and three summers have passed

"Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green."

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But, carrying on the principle of continuity, we find that in the 138th Sonnet the poet's "days are past the best;" and he adds—

"And wherefore say not I that I am old?"

That Sonnet, we have here to repeat, was published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* when the poet was thirty-five. But let us endeavour to find one more gleam of light amidst this obscurity. In one of the Sonnets in which the poet upbraids his friend with his licentiousness, the 94th, we have these lines:—

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
Lilies that feater smell far worse than weeds."

The thought is here quite perfect, and the image of the last line is continued from the 11th and 12th, ending in a natural climax. But we have precisely the same line as the last in a play of Shakspeare's age, one, indeed, which has been attributed to himself, 'The Reign of King Edward III.' Let us transcribe the passage where it occurs, in the scene where Warwick exhorts his daughter to resist the dangerous addresses of the King:—

"That sin doth ten times aggravate itself  
That is committed in a holy place:  
An evil deed done by authority  
Is sin and subornation: Deck an ape  
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe  
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.  
A spacious field of reasons could I urge  
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:  
That, poison shows worst in a golden cup;  
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;  
*Lilies that feater smell far worse than weeds;*  
And every glory that inclines to sin,  
The shame is treble by the opposite."

We doubt, exceedingly, whether the author of the 94th Sonnet, where the image of the festering lilies is a portion of the thought which has preceded it, would have transplanted it from the play, where it stands alone as an apophthegm. It seems more probable that the author of the play would have borrowed a line from one of the "sugared sonnets amongst private friends." The extreme fastidiousness required in the composition of the Sonnet, according to the poetical notions of that day, would not have warranted the adaptation of a line from a drama "sundry times played about the city of London," as the title-page tells us this was; but the play, without any injury to its poetical reputation to which, indeed, in the matter of plays, little respect was paid, might take a line from the Sonnet. Our reasoning may be defective, but our impression of the matter is very strong. The play was published in 1596, after being "sundry times played" in different theatres. William Herbert must have begun his career of licentiousness unusually early, and have had time to make a friend and abuse his confidence before he was fifteen—if the line is original in the Sonnet.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* contains a Sonnet, not in the larger collection—not forming, it would be said, any part of that continuous poem:—

"If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
*Dowland* to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
*Spenser* to me, whose deep conceit is such  
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That *Phœbus* lute, the queen of music, makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
One god is god of both, as poets feign;  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

Now, poor Spenser died, heart-broken, in January, 1599. The first three books of the 'Fairy Queen,' to which the words "deep conceit" are supposed to allude, were printed in 1590, the three other books in 1596. Spenser, pressed down by public duties and misfortunes, published nothing after. The Sonnet speaks of a living composer, Dowland, who was in repute as early as 1590; and it was probably written during the first burst of the glory which a living poet derived from his greatest work. The "getter-up" of *The Passionate Pilgrim* found it, as he found others, circulating amongst Shakspeare's "private friends." But how did it part company with many in the larger collection which resemble it in tone? Why was it not transferred to the larger collection, as two other Sonnets were transferred? Because, in 1598, it was published in a collection of poems written by Richard Barnefield, and the "getter-up" of the Sonnets knew not whether to assign it to Shakspeare or not. That it bears the mark of Shakspeare's hand we think is unquestionable. And this leads us to the last point to which we shall very briefly draw the reader's attention—the doubt which has been stated whether the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets published in 1609 were the same as Meres mentioned, in 1598, as amongst the compositions of Shakspeare, and familiar to his "private friends." Mr. Hallam thinks they are not the same, "both on account of the date, and from the peculiarly personal allusions they contain." One of the strongest of the "personal allusions" is contained in the 144th, originally printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Where could the printer of *The Passionate Pilgrim* have obtained that Sonnet except from some one of Shakspeare's "private friends?" If he so obtained it, why might not the collector of the volume of 1609 have obtained others of a similar character from a similar source? Would such productions have been circulated at all if they had been held to contain "peculiarly personal allusions?" If these are not the Sonnets which circulated amongst Shakspeare's "private friends," where are those Sonnets? Would Meres have spoken of them as calling to mind the sweetness of Ovid if only those published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* had existed, many of which were "Verses to Music," afterwards printed as such? Why should those Sonnets only have been printed which contain, or are

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supposed to contain, "peculiarly personal allusions?" The title-page of the collection of 1609 is 'Shakespeare's Sonnets.' We can only reconcile these matters with our belief that in 1609 were printed, without the cognizance of the author, all the Sonnets which could be found attributed to Shakspeare; that some of these formed a group of continuous poems; that some were detached; that no exact order could be preserved; and that accident has arranged them in the form in which they first were handed down to us.

If we have succeeded in producing satisfactory evidence that many of the Sonnets are not presented in a natural and proper order in the original edition, —if we have shown that there is occasionally not only a digression from the prevailing train of thought, by the introduction of an isolated Sonnet amongst a group, but a jarring and unmeaning interruption to that train of thought,—we have established a case that the original arrangement is no part of the poet's work, because that arrangement violates the principles of art, which Shakspeare clings to with such marvellous judgment in all his other productions. The inference, therefore, is that the author of the Sonnets did not sanction their publication—certainly did not superintend it. This, we think, may be proved by another course of argument. The edition of 1609, although, taken as a whole, not very inaccurate, is full of those typographical errors which invariably occur when a manuscript is put into the hands of a printer to deal with it as he pleases, without reference to the author, or to any competent editor, upon any doubtful points. Malone, in a note upon the 77th Sonnet, very truly says, "*This, their* and *thy* are so often confounded in these Sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can discover which was the author's word." He is speaking of the original edition. It is evident, therefore, that in the progress of the book through the press there was no one capable of deciphering the obscurity of the manuscript by a regard to the context. The manuscript, in all probability, was made up of a copy of copies; so that the printer even was not responsible for those errors which so clearly show the absence of a presiding mind in the conduct of the printing. Malone has suggested that these constantly recurring mistakes in the use of *this, their, thy*, and *thine*, probably originated in the words being abbreviated in the manuscript, according to the custom of the time. But this species of mistake is by no means uniform. For example: from the 43rd to the 48th Sonnet these errors occur with remarkable frequency: in one Sonnet, the 46th, this species of mistake happens four times. But we read on, and presently find that we may trust to the printed copy, which does not now violate the context. What can we infer from this, but that the separate poems were printed from different manuscripts in which various systems of writing were employed,—some using abbreviations, some rejecting them? If the *one* poem, as the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets are called, had been printed either from the author's manuscript, or from an uniform copy of the author's manuscript, such differ-

ences of systematic error in some places, and of systematic correctness in others, would have been very unlikely to have occurred. If the poem had been printed under the author's eye their existence would have been impossible.

The theory that the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets were a continuous poem, or poems, addressed to one person, and that a very young man—and that the greater portion of the remaining twenty-eight Sonnets had reference to a female, with whom there was an illicit attachment on the part of the poet and the young man—involves some higher difficulties, if it is assumed that the publication was authorized by the author, or by the person to whom they are held to be addressed. Could Shakspeare, in 1609, authorize or sanction their publication? He was then living at Stratford, in the enjoyment of wealth; he was forty-five years of age; he was naturally desirous to associate with himself all those circumstances which constitute respectability of character. If the Sonnets had regard to actual circumstances connected with his previous career, would he, a husband, a father of two daughters, have authorized a publication so calculated to degrade him in the eyes of his family and his associates, if the verses could bear the construction now put upon them? We think not. On the other hand, did the one person to whom they are held to be addressed sanction their publication? Would Lord Pembroke have suffered himself to be styled "W. H., the only begotter of these ensuing Sonnets"—plain Mr. W. H.—he, a nobleman, with all the pride of birth and rank about him—and represented in these poems as a man of licentious habits, and treacherous in his licentiousness? The Earl of Pembroke, in 1609, had attained great honours in his political and learned relations. In the first year of James I. he was made a Knight of the Garter; in 1605, upon a visit of James to Oxford, he received the degree of Master of Arts, in 1607 he was appointed Governor of Portsmouth, and more than all these honours, he was placed in the highest station by public opinion; he was, as Clarendon describes, "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." Was this the man, in his mature years, distinctly to sanction a publication which it was understood recorded his profligacy? He was of "excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning, and a ready wit to apply to it," says Clarendon. Is there in the Sonnets the slightest allusion to the talents of the one person to whom they are held to be addressed? If, then, the publication was *not* authorized, in either of the modes assumed, we have no warrant whatever for having regard to the original order of the Sonnets, and in assuming a continuity *because* of that order. What then is the alternative? That the Sonnets were a collection of "Sibylline leaves" rescued from the perishableness of their written state by some person who had access to the high and brilliant circle in which Shakspeare was esteemed; and that this person's scrap-book, necessarily imperfect, and pretending to no order, found its way to the hands of a bookseller, who was too happy to give to that age

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what its most distinguished man had written at various periods, for his own amusement, and for the gratification of his "private friends."

We subjoin, for the more ready information of those who may be disposed to examine for themselves the question of the order of Shakspeare's Sonnets (and it really is a question of great interest and rational curiosity), the results of the two opposite theories—of their exhibiting almost perfect continuity, on the one hand; and of their being a mere collection of fragments, on the other. The one theory is illustrated with much ingenuity by Mr. Brown; the other was capriciously adopted by the editor of the collection of 1640.

### MR. BROWN'S DIVISION INTO SIX POEMS.

- First Poem.*—Stanzas i. to xxvi. To his Friend, persuading him to Marry.  
*Second Poem.*—Stanzas xxvii. to lv. To his Friend, who had robbed him of his Mistress—forgiving him.  
*Third Poem.*—Stanzas lvi. to lxxvii. To his Friend, complaining of his Coldness, and warning him of Life's Decay.  
*Fourth Poem.*—Stanzas lxxviii. to ci. To his Friend, complaining that he prefers another Poet's Praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.  
*Fifth Poem.*—Stanzas cii. to cxxvi. To his Friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of Inconstancy.  
*Sixth Poem.*—Stanzas cxxvii. to clii. To his Mistress, on her Infidelity.

### ARRANGEMENT OF THE EDITION OF 1640.

\*.\* In this arrangement the greater part of the Poems of The Passionate Pilgrim are blended, and are here marked P. P. In this Collection the following Sonnets are not found:—18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96, 126.

- The Glory of Beauty. [67, 68, 69.]  
 Injurious Time. [60, 63, 64, 65, 66.]  
 True Admiration. [53, 54.]  
 The Force of Love. [57, 58.]  
 The Beauty of Nature. [53.]  
 Love's Cruelty. [1, 2, 3.]  
 Youthful Glory. [13, 14, 15.]  
 Good Admonition. [16, 17.]  
 Quick Prevention. [7.]  
 Magazine of Beauty. [4, 5, 6.]  
 An Invitation to Marriage. [8, 9, 10, 11, 12.]  
 False Belief. [138.]  
 A Temptation. [144.]  
 Fast and Loose. [P. P. 1.]  
 True Content. [21.]  
 A bashful Lover. [23.]

- Strong Conceit. [22.]  
 A sweet Provocation. [P. P. 11.]  
 A constant Vow. [P. P. 3.]  
 The Exchange. [20.]  
 A Disconsolation. [27, 28, 29.]  
 Cruel Deceit. [P. P. 4.]  
 The Unconstant Lover. [P. P. 5.]  
 The Benefit of Friendship. [30, 31, 32.]  
 Friendly Concord. [P. P. 6.]  
 Inhumanity. [P. P. 7.]  
 A Congratulation. [38, 39, 40.]  
 Loss and Gain. [41, 42.]  
 Foolish Disdain. [P. P. 9.]  
 Ancient Antipathy. [P. P. 10.]  
 Beauty's Valuation. [P. P. 11.]  
 Melancholy Thoughts. [44, 45.]  
 Love's Loss. [P. P. 8.]  
 Love's Relief. [33, 34, 35.]  
 Unanimity. [36, 37.]  
 Loth to Depart. [P. P. 12, 13.]  
 A Masterpiece. [24.]  
 Happiness in Content. [25.]  
 A Dutiful Message. [26.]  
 Go and come quickly. [50, 51.]  
 Two Faithful Friends. [46, 47.]  
 Careless Neglect. [48.]  
 Stout Resolution. [49.]  
 A Duel. [P. P. 14.]  
 Love-sick. [P. P. 15.]  
 Love's Labour Lost. [P. P. 16.]  
 Wholesome Counsel. [P. P. 17.]  
 Set fuisse. [62.]  
 A living Monument. [55.]  
 Familiarity breeds Contempt [52.]  
 Patiens Armatus. [61.]  
 A Valediction. [71, 72, 74.]  
 Nil magnis Invidia. [70.]  
 Love-sick. [80, 81.]  
 The Picture of true Love. [116.]  
 In Praise of his Love. [82, 83, 84, 85.]  
 A Resignation. [86, 87.]  
 Sympathising Love. [P. P. 18.]  
 A Request to his Scornful Love. [88, 89, 90, 91.]  
 A Lover's Affection, though his Love prove Unconstant. [92, 93, 94, 95.]  
 Complaint for his Lover's Absence. [97, 98, 99.]  
 An Invocation to his Muse. [100, 101.]  
 Constant Affection. [104, 105, 106.]  
 Amazement. [102, 103.]  
 A Lover's Excuse for his long Absence. [108, 110.]  
 A Complaint. [111, 112.]  
 Self-flattery of her Beauty. [113, 114, 115.]  
 A Trial of Love's Constancy. [117, 118, 119.]  
 A good Construction of his Love's Unkindness. [120.]  
 Error in Opinion. [121.]  
 Upon the Receipt of a Table-Book from his Mistress. [122.]  
 A Vow. [123.]  
 Love's Safety. [124.]  
 An Entreaty for her Acceptance. [125.]  
 Upon her playing upon the Virginals. [128.]  
 Immoderate Lust. [129.]  
 In praise of her Beauty, though Black. [127, 130, 131, 132.]

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Unkind Abuse. [133, 134.]

Love-suit. [135, 136.]

His Heart wounded by her Eye. [137, 139, 140.]

A Protestation. [141, 142.]

An Allusion. [143.]

Life and Death. [145.]

A Consideration of Death. [146.]

Immoderate Passion. [147.]

Love's powerful Subtilty. [148, 149, 150.]

Retaliation. [78, 79.]

Sunset. [73, 77.]

A Monument to Fame. [107, 108.]

Perjury. [151, 152.]

Cupid's Treachery. [153, 151.]











From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded<sup>a</sup>  
 A plaintful story from a sisting vale,  
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
 And down I laid<sup>b</sup> to list the sad-tun'd tale:  
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it  
 saw  
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.  
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell  
 rage,  
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd  
 age.

<sup>a</sup> *Re-worded*—echoed.  
<sup>b</sup> *Laid*. So the original. But it is usually more correctly  
 printed *lay*. The idiomatic grammar of Shakspeare's age  
 ought not to be removed.

Oft did she heave her napkin<sup>a</sup> to her eyne,  
 Which on it had conceited characters,<sup>b</sup>  
 Laund'ring<sup>c</sup> the silken figures in the brine  
 That season'd woe had pelleted<sup>d</sup> in tears,  
 And often reading what contents it bears;  
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,  
 As they did battery to the spheres intend;<sup>e</sup>  
 Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied  
 To th' orb'd<sup>f</sup> earth: sometimes they do extend  
 Their view right on; anon their gazes lend

<sup>a</sup> *Napkin*—handkerchief. Emilia says, of Desdemona's  
 fatal handkerchief—  
 "I am glad I have found this napkin."  
<sup>b</sup> *Conceited characters*—fanciful figures worked on the  
 handkerchief.  
<sup>c</sup> *Laund'ring*—washing.  
<sup>d</sup> *Pelleted*—formed into pellets, or small balls.  
<sup>e</sup> Shakspeare often employs the metaphor of a piece of  
 ordnance; but what in his plays is generally a slight allusion  
 here becomes a somewhat quaint conceit.  
<sup>f</sup> *Th' orb'd*. We retain *orb'd* as a dissyllable, according  
 to the original. Mr. Dyce has *the orb'd*.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd<sup>a</sup>  
hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from  
thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund<sup>b</sup> she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,<sup>c</sup>  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries 'some,' but where excess  
begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the  
flood ;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;  
Found yet mo<sup>d</sup> letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With sleided silk<sup>e</sup> feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often gave<sup>f</sup> to tear ;  
Cried, 'O false blood ! thou register of lies,

<sup>a</sup> *Sheav'd*—made of straw, collected from sheaves.  
<sup>b</sup> *Maund*—a basket. The word is used in the old translation of the Bible.

<sup>c</sup> *Bedded*. So the original, the word probably meaning *jet imbedded*, or set, in some other substance. Steevens has *beaded jet*,—jet formed into beads ; which Mr. Dyce adopts.

<sup>d</sup> *Mo*—more. This word is now invariably printed *more*. It occurs in subsequent stanzas. Why should we destroy this little archaic beauty by a rage for modernizing ?

<sup>e</sup> *Sleided silk*. The commentators explain this as "untwisted silk." In the chorals to the fourth act of *Pericles*, Marina is pictured—

"When she weav'd the sleided silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk."

Percy, in a note on this passage, says, "untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's sley." The first part of this description is certainly not correct. The silk is not untwisted, for it must be spun before it is woven ; and a strong twisted silk is exactly what was required when letters were to be sealed "feat" (neatly) "to curious secrecy." In Mr. Ramsay's Introduction to his valuable edition of the Paston Letters, the old mode of sealing a letter is clearly described :— "It was carefully folded, and fastened at the end by a sort of paper strap, upon which the seal was affixed ; and under the seal a string, a silk thread, or even a straw, was frequently placed running around the letter."

<sup>f</sup> *Gave*. So the original. Malone changes the word to *gan*. This appears to us, although it has the sanction of Mr. Dyce's adoption, an unnecessary change ; *gave* is here used in the sense of *gave the mind to*, contemplated, made a movement towards, inclined to. Shakspeare has several times "my mind gave me ;" and the word may therefore, we think, stand alone here as expressing inclination.

What unapproved witness dost thou bear !  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned  
here !'

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,<sup>a</sup>  
Towards this afflicted fancy<sup>b</sup> fastly drew ;  
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know  
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,<sup>c</sup>  
And comely-distant sits he by her side ;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But woe is me ! too early I attended  
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)  
Of one<sup>d</sup> by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her  
place ;

And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;

<sup>a</sup> Malone, by making the sentence parenthetical which begins at "sometime a blusterer," and ends at "swiftest hours," causes the reverend man's attention to be drawn to the scattered fragments of letters as they flew—a very snow-storm of letters. Surely this is nonsense !

"The swiftest hours, observed as they flew," clearly show that the reverend man, although he had been engaged in the ruffle, in the turmoil, of the court and city, had not suffered the swiftest hours to pass unobserved. He was a man of experience, and was thus qualified to give advice.

<sup>b</sup> *Fancy*—is often used by Shakspeare in the sense of *love* ; but here it means one that is possessed by fancy.

<sup>c</sup> *Bat*—club.

<sup>d</sup> *Of one*—the original reads *() one*.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

For on his visage was in little drawn,  
What largeness thinks in paradise was *sawn*.<sup>a</sup>

' Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;  
His phoenix down began but to appear,  
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to  
wear ;

Yet show'd his visage <sup>b</sup> by that cost more <sup>c</sup> dear ;  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best 't were as it was, or best without.

' His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;  
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though  
they be.

His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

' Well could he ride, and often men would say  
That horse his mettle from his rider takes :  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what  
stop he makes !

And controversy hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

' But quickly on this side the verdict went ;  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case : <sup>d</sup>  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Can <sup>e</sup> for additions ; yet their purpos'd trim  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

' So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

<sup>a</sup> *Sawn*. Malone explains this as *seen* ; but Boswell says that the word means *sown*, and that it is still so pronounced in Scotland.

<sup>b</sup> *Visage* is the inverted nominative case to *showed*.

<sup>c</sup> *More*. So the original : in all the modern editions we have *most*.

<sup>d</sup> *Case*—outward show.

<sup>e</sup> *Can* is the original reading ; but Malone changed it to *came*, and he justifies the change by a passage in *Macbeth*, Act i., Sc. III., where he supposes the same mistake occurred. In that passage we did not receive the proposed correction ; nor do we think it necessary to receive it here. *Can* is constantly used by the old writers, especially by Spenser, in the sense of *began* ; and that sense. *began for additions*, is as intelligible as *came for additions*. *For* is used in the sense of *as*.

' That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted :  
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills  
obey.

' Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;  
Like fools that in the imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought as-  
sign'd ;  
And labouring in mo pleasures to bestow them,  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe  
them : <sup>a</sup>

' So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)  
What with his heart in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

' Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded ;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded :  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the  
foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

' But ah ! who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay ?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
'To put the by-pass'd perils in her way ?  
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

' Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof,  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weep, and cry It is thy last,

<sup>a</sup> There is a similar sarcastic thought in *Timon*, where the misanthrope, addressing himself to the gold he had found, says—

“ Thou 't go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.”

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

'For further I could say, This man's untrue,  
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;  
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards  
     grew,  
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;  
 Thought<sup>a</sup> characters and words, merely but  
     art,  
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,  
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me: Gentle maid,  
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
 And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;  
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

'All my offences that abroad you see  
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
 Love made them not; with acture<sup>b</sup> they may  
     be,  
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind:  
 They sought their shame that so their shame  
     did find;  
 And so much less of shame in me remains,  
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as  
     warm'd,  
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,<sup>c</sup>  
 Or any of my leasures ever charm'd:  
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was  
     harm'd;  
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

'Look here what tributes wounded faucies sent  
     me,  
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent  
     me  
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;  
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

<sup>a</sup> Malone—and he is followed in all modern editions—puts a comma after *thought*, and says, "It is here, I believe, a substantive." Surely *thought* is a verb. We have a regular sequence of verbs—heard—saw—knew—thought. How can thought be art? the art is in the expression of the thoughts by "characters and words." He who said "words were given us to conceal our thoughts" is a better commentator upon the passage than Malone.

<sup>b</sup> *Acture* is explained as synonymous with *action*.

<sup>c</sup> *Teen*—grief.

'And lo! behold the talents<sup>a</sup> of their hair,  
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,<sup>b</sup>  
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,  
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,  
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

'The diamond, why 't was beautiful and hard,  
 Whereto his invis'd<sup>c</sup> properties did tend;  
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh re-  
     gard  
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
 With objects manifold; each several stone,  
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some  
     moan.

'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,  
 (Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
 Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them  
     not,  
 But yield them up where I myself must ren-  
     der,  
 That is, to you, my origin and ender:  
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

'O then advance of yours that phraseless  
     hand,  
 Whose white bears down the airy scale of  
     praise;  
 Take all these similes to your own command,  
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did  
     raise;  
 What me your minister, for you obeys,  
 Works under you; and to your audit comes  
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

'Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
 Or sister sanctified of holiest note;  
 Which late her noble suit<sup>d</sup> in court did shun,  
 Whose rarest havings<sup>e</sup> made the blossoms<sup>f</sup>  
     dote;  
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,<sup>g</sup>  
 But kept cold distance, and did thence re-  
     move,  
 To spend her living in eternal love.

<sup>a</sup> *Talents* is here used in the sense of something precious.

<sup>b</sup> *Impleach'd*—interwoven.

<sup>c</sup> *Invis'd*—invisible.

<sup>d</sup> *Suit*. "The noble suit in court" is, we think, the suit made to her in court. Mr. Dyce says *suitors*.

<sup>e</sup> *Havings*. Malone receives this as *accomplishments*—Mr Dyce as *fortune*.

<sup>f</sup> *Blossoms*—young men; the flower of the nobility.

<sup>g</sup> *Of richest coat*—of highest descent.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

'But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not  
strives?

Paling<sup>a</sup> the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

'O pardon me, in that my boast is true;  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
Religious love put out religion's eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

'How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being  
strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeat,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
Who, disciplin'd and dieted<sup>b</sup> in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth,  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!  
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
'gainst shame,  
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they  
pine,  
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount:  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate<sup>c</sup> the glowing  
roses  
That flame through water which their hue en-  
closes.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
O cleft effect!<sup>b</sup> cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extincture  
hath!

'For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil<sup>c</sup> fears;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference  
bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plentitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels,<sup>d</sup> all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

'That not a heart which in his level came  
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would  
maim:  
Against the thing he sought he would ex-  
claim;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chas-  
tity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,  
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,

<sup>a</sup> *Paling*. In the old copy *playing*. Malone's emendation of *paling* is sensible as well as ingenious.  
<sup>b</sup> *And dieted*. The old copy reads *I died*. A correspondent suggested the change to Malone.

<sup>a</sup> *Gate*—got, procured.  
<sup>b</sup> *O cleft effect*. The reading of the original is *Or, cleft effect*. Malone substituted "*O cleft effect*."  
<sup>c</sup> *Civil*—decorous.  
<sup>d</sup> *Cautels*—deceitful purposes.

## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?  
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,

O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,<sup>a</sup>  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!'

<sup>a</sup> *Ow'd*—owned; his own.





## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

### I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-  
ment,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?\*

\* The foregoing Sonnet appears, with some variations, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the first edition of which was printed in 1598. We give the lines in which the variations occur:—

"'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument."

"Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;"

"Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhalest this vapour vow; in thee it is."

The text of the play is evidently superior to that in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

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### II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's  
queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear;  
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:  
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and  
toward;

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

### III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear  
to love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:



## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant  
 prove;  
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like  
 osiers bow'd.  
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
 eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live that art can  
 comprehend.  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall  
 suffice;  
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee  
 commend;  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without  
 wonder;  
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts  
 admire:  
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his  
 dreadful thunder,  
 Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet  
 fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that  
 wrong,  
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an  
 earthly tongue.\*

### IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,  
 Under an osier growing by a brook,  
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.  
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
 For his approach, that often there had been.  
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green  
 brim;  
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:  
 He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;  
 O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

### V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;  
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:  
 A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,  
 None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.

\* This Sonnet also occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which copy there are variations in several lines. In the second we read, "Ah, never faith;" in the third, "faithful prove;" in the fourth, "were oaks," in the sixth, "would comprehend;" in the eleventh, "lightning bears." The concluding lines are as follows:—

'Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.'

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,  
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swear-  
 ing!  
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,  
 Dreading any love, the loss thereof still fearing!  
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all we e-  
 jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burn-  
 eth;  
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the fram-  
 ing,  
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.  
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?  
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

### VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and  
 me,  
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;  
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;  
 One knight loves both, and both in thee re-  
 main.

### VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,\*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:  
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good  
 will,  
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those  
 grounds;  
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
 See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:  
 She showed hers; he saw more wounds than  
 one,  
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

\* The second line is lost.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

### VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon  
vaded,\*

Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp  
sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall  
should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:

O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

### IX.

Venus, with Adonis<sup>b</sup> sitting by her,  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try  
her,

And as he fell to her, she fell to him.  
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd  
me;

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:  
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd  
me;

As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,  
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her plea-  
sure.

Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

### X.

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasance,  
Age is full of care:  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.

\* *Faded*—*faded*. This form of the word often occurs in Shakspeare, and has been too frequently changed in reprints.  
b This Sonnet is found in 'Fidessa,' by B. Griffin, 1596.  
There are great variations in that copy, for which see Illustrations. Amongst others we have the epithet *young* before Adonis. If we make a pause after Venus, the epithet is not necessary to the metre. The fourth line is given more metrically in 'Fidessa':—

"And as he fell to her, so she fell to him."

Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, age is lame:  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
O, my love, my love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee;  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

### XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud,  
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently:  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,\*  
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

### XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my  
share:

She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

Farewell, quoth she, and come again to  
morrow;

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nil I construe whether:  
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
*Wander*, a word for shadows like myself,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

### XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning  
rise

\* In the twenty-ninth volume of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' a copy of this poem is given, as from an ancient manuscript, in which there are the following variations:—

"And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*,  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can *unite*."

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :  
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;  
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with  
 sorrow ;  
 For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-  
 morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too  
 soon ;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours ;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !  
 Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night  
 now borrow ;  
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-  
 morrow.

<sup>a</sup> A moon. The original has *an hour*—evidently a mis-  
 print. The emendation of *moon*, in the sense of *month*, is  
 by Steevens, and it ought to atone for some faults of the  
 commentator.

SONNETS

TO

SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of  
 three,  
 That liked of her master as well as well might be.  
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that  
 eye could see,  
 Her fancy fell a turning.  
 Long was the combat doubtful, that love with  
 love did fight,  
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant  
 knight :  
 To put in practice either, alas it was a spite  
 Unto the silly damsel.  
 But one must be refused, more mickle was the  
 pain,  
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both  
 to gain,  
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded  
 with disdain :  
 Alas, she could not help it !  
 Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of  
 the day,  
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid  
 away ;  
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the  
 lady gay ;  
 For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day !),  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
 Air, would I might triumph so !  
 But, alas, my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.<sup>a</sup>

XVI.

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss :  
 Love is dying,  
 Faith's defying,  
 Heart's denying,  
 Causer of this.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> This beautiful little poem also occurs in *Love's Labour's  
 Lost*. In that copy in the second line we find "*to every  
 May*:" *every*, which is repeated in the folio of 1623, is  
 clearly a mistake. In the eleventh line we have—

"But, *alack*, my hand *is* sworn."

In the play there is a couplet not found in *The Passionate  
 Pilgrim*:—

"Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee."

These lines precede "Thou for whom."

<sup>b</sup> We have two other ancient copies of this poem—one in  
 'England's Helicon,' 1600; the other in a collection of Ma-

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss ;  
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !  
 For now I see,  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
 Living in thrall :  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 (O cruel speeding !)  
 Fraughted with gall.  
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,<sup>a</sup>  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
 My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
 With sighs so deep,  
 Procures<sup>b</sup> to weep,  
 In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through heartless ground,  
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody  
 fight !

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Green plants bring not  
 Forth ; they die :<sup>c</sup>  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back peeping  
 Fearfully.  
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
 Farewell, sweet lass,<sup>d</sup>  
 Thy like ne'er was

drigals by Thomas Weelkes, 1697. In 'England's Helicon.' The  
 these lines are thus given :—

"Love is denying, Faith is defying ;  
 Hearts ringing (renying), causer of this."

<sup>a</sup> *No deal*—in no degree: *some deal* and *no deal* were com-  
 mon expressions.

<sup>b</sup> *Procures*. The curtail dog is the nominative case to this  
 verb.

<sup>c</sup> The reading in Weelkes's Madrigals is an improvement  
 of this passage :—

"Loud bells ring not  
 Cheerfully."

<sup>d</sup> *Lass*. This is the reading of Weelkes. The Passionate  
 Pilgrim has *love*.

For a sweet content, the cause of all my  
 moan :<sup>a</sup>  
 Poor Coridon  
 Must live alone,  
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

### XVII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,<sup>b</sup>  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy, partial might :<sup>c</sup>  
 Take counsel of some wiser head,  
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
 Lest she some subtle practice smell ;  
 (A cripple soon can find a halt :)  
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
 And set her person forth to sell.<sup>d</sup>

What though her frowning brows be bent  
 Her cloudy looks will calm<sup>e</sup> ere night ;  
 And then too late she will repent,  
 That thus dissembled her delight ;  
 And twice desire, ere it be day,  
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
 Her feeble force will yield at length,  
 When craft hath taught her thus to say :  
 'Had women been so strong as men,  
 In faith you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways ;  
 Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
 Where thy desert may merit praise,  
 By ringing in thy lady's ear :  
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
 And in thy suit be humble, true ;

<sup>a</sup> *Moan*. This is the reading in 'England's Helicon.' The  
 Passionate Pilgrim has *wee*.

<sup>b</sup> *Strike*. So the original. Mr. Dyce, who seldom in-  
 dulgences in conjectural emendation, alters the word to *smite*,  
 "for the sake of the rhyme." This we think is scarcely  
 allowable; for there are many examples of loose rhymes in  
 these little poems. In the seventh stanza of this poem we  
 have *nought* to rhyme with *oft*.

<sup>c</sup> *Fancy* is here used as *love*, and *might* as *power*. Stevens,  
 mischievously we should imagine, changed *partial might* to  
*partial like*; and Malone adopts this reading, which makes  
 Cupid a bull-dog.

<sup>d</sup> *Sell*. The reading of The Passionate Pilgrim is *sale*. A  
 manuscript in the possession of Mr. Lysons gives us *sell*.

<sup>e</sup> *Calm* is the reading of The Passionate Pilgrim; the ma-  
 nuscript just mentioned has *clear*.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew :  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women still to strive with men,  
To sin, and never for to saint :  
There is no heaven, by holy then,  
When time with age shall them attain.\*  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear,  
Lest that my mistress hear my song ;  
She 'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long :  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

### XVIII.

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

\* These four lines are thus given in Mr. Lysons's manuscript :—

"Think, women love to match with men,  
And not to live so like a saint:  
Here is no heaven; they holy then  
Begin, when age doth them attain."

The one copy is somewhat more intelligible than the other.

### LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.<sup>a</sup>

### XIX.

As it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove<sup>b</sup> of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring :  
Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone :  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till<sup>c</sup> a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity :  
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,  
Teru, Teru, by and by :  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her griefs so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain ;  
None take pity on thy pain :  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
Ruthless bears,<sup>d</sup> they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion, he is dead ;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
[Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.<sup>e</sup>]  
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd.  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy like the wind ;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.

<sup>a</sup> We insert this poem in the order in which it appears in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The variations of other copies will be found in our illustrations.

<sup>b</sup> This poem is also incompletely printed in 'England's Helicon;' where it bears the signature *Ignoto*. There are some variations in the twenty-eight lines there given, as in the case before us, of *grove* in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which in 'England's Helicon' is *group*.

<sup>c</sup> *Up-till*. This is given *against* in 'England's Helicon.'

<sup>d</sup> *Bears*. In 'England's Helicon' *beasts*.

<sup>e</sup> The poem in 'England's Helicon' here ends; but the two lines with which it concludes are wanting in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call :  
And with such-like flattering,  
'Pity but he were a king.'  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice ;  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment ;  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown :

They that fawn'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need ;  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

## SONG.

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn :  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears.  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.\*

\* The collection entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim, &c.*, ends with the Sonnet to Sundry Notes of Music which we have numbered XIX. Malone adds to the collection this exquisite song of which we find the first verse in *Measure for Measure* (See Illustrations.)





VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S  
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601.

LET the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,<sup>a</sup>  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,  
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king:  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,<sup>a</sup>  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

<sup>a</sup> Can—knows.

<sup>a</sup> There is a curious coincidence in a passage in the Tempest:—

“ Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne.”  
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## VERSES.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'T wixt the turtle and his queen ;  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight :  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same ;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together ;  
Tó themselves yet either-neither,  
Simple were so well compounded :

That it cried how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one !  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne\*  
To the phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love ;  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

### THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be :  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she ;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair ;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer

\* *Threne*—funereal song.





## ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

### A LOVER'S COMPLAINT, THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, &c.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT was first printed with the Sonnets in 1609. It was reprinted in 1640, in that collection called Shakspeare's Poems, in which the original order of the Sonnets was entirely disregarded, some were omitted, and this poem was thrust in amidst translations from Ovid which had been previously claimed by another writer. Of these we shall have presently to speak. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of *A Lover's Complaint*. It is distinguished by that condensation of thought and outpouring of imagery which are the characteristics of Shakspeare's poems. The effect consequent upon these qualities is, that the language is sometimes obscure, and the metaphors occasionally appear strange and forced. It is very different from any production of Shakspeare's contemporaries. As in the case of the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*, we feel that the power of the writer is in perfect subjection to his art. He is never carried away by the force of his own conceptions. We mention these attributes merely with reference to the undoubted character of the poem as belonging to the Shaksperian system: we shall have occasion to notice it again.

The *PASSIONATE PILGRIM* was originally published in 1599, by William Jaggard, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. A reprint, with some additions and alterations of arrangement, appeared in 1612, bearing the following title: 'The Passionate Pilgrime, or certaine amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakspeare. The third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's Answers backe again to Paris. Printed by W. Jaggard, 1612.' The second edition was, in all probability, a mere reprint of the first edition; but in the third edition there are, as the title-page implies, important alterations. There is one alteration which is not expressed in the title-page. A distinction is established in the character of the poems by classifying six of them under a second title page, "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick." This distinction we have preserved. There can be no doubt, we apprehend, that the "newly added two Love-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's Answers backe again to Paris," were not written by Shakspeare. There is the best evidence that they were written by Thomas Heywood. In 1609 that writer published a folio volume of considerable pretension, entitled '*Troia Britanica, or Great Britaine's Troy*.' In this volume appear the two translations from Ovid which William Jaggard published as Shakspeare's in 1612. Heywood in that year published a treatise entitled '*An Apology for Actors*;' to which is prefixed an epistle to his bookseller, Nicholas Okea. The letter is a curious morsel in literary history:—

"To my approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes.

"The infinite faults escaped in my book of Britain's Troy, by the negligence of the printer, as

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the misquotations, mistaking of syllables, misplacing half-lines, coining of strange and never-heard-of words: these being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the errata, the printer answered me, he would not publish his own disworkmanship, but rather let his own fault lie upon the neck of the author: and being fearful that others of his quality had been of the same nature and condition, and finding you, on the contrary, so careful and industrious, so serious and laborious, to do the author all the rights of the press, I could not choose but gratulate your honest endeavours with this short remembrance. Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that work, by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Hellen, and Hellen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume, under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and he, to do himself right, hath since published them in his own name: but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name. These, and the like dishonesties, I know you to be clear of; and I could wish but to be the happy author of so worthy a work as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship.

"Yours ever,

"THOMAS HEYWOOD."

Jaggard, upon the publication of this, appears to have been compelled to do some sort of justice to Heywood, however imperfect. He cancelled the title-page of the edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612, removing the name of Shakspeare, and printing the collection without any author's name. Malone had a copy of the book with both title pages. This transaction naturally throws great discredit on the honesty of the publisher; and might lead us to suspect that Heywood's was not the only case in which Shakspeare was "much offended with M. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name." There are other pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim* that have been attributed on reasonable grounds to other authors than Shakspeare. It may be well, therefore, that we should run through the whole collection, offering a few brief observations on the authenticity of these poems.

The two first Sonnets in Jaggard's edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, are those which, with some alterations, appear as the 138th and the 144th in the collection of Sonnets published in 1609. The variations of these Sonnets, as they appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, are given in our foot-notes at pages 89 and 90. The third Sonnet in the collection (the first in our reprint) is found in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The fourth is one of the four Sonnets on the subject of *Venus and Adonis*. In Malone's first edition of these poems (1780), he followed the order of the original, as we now do;

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, &c.

but in his posthumous edition, by Boswell, that order is changed, and the four Sonnets on the subject of Venus and Adonis are placed together, the first in the series. Malone's opinion, which he did not subsequently alter, was, that "several of the Sonnets in this collection seem to have been essays of the author when he first conceived the notion of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and before the scheme of his work was completely adjusted." Boswell justly says that some doubt is thrown upon Malone's conjecture by the circumstance that one of these four Sonnets, with some variations, is found in a volume of poems published before *The Passionate Pilgrim*, namely, 'Fidessa more Chaste than Kinde,' by B. Griffin, 1596. In Griffin's little volume, which has been reprinted, the Sonnet stands as follows:—

"Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,  
Under a myrtle shade began to woo him;  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.  
Even thus, quoth she, the wanton god embrac'd me;  
And thus she clasp'd Adonis in her arms:  
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,  
As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
But he, a wayward boy, refus'd her offer,  
And ran away, the beauteous queen neglecting;  
Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,  
And all his sex of cowardice detecting.  
Oh, that I had my mistress at that day,  
To kiss and clip me till I ran away!"

The variations between this Sonnet and that printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* are very remarkable; but there can be no doubt we should think that the authorship belongs to Griffin. This volume was not published anonymously; and it is dedicated "to Mr. Wm. Essex, of Lambourne, Berks, and to the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court." It is not likely that he would have adopted a Sonnet by Shakspeare floating about in society, and made it his own by these changes.

The fifth poem in Jaggard's collection is Biron's Sonnet in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The seventh, "Fair is my love," stands as Shakspeare's, without any rival to impugn Jaggard's authority. The eighth is not so fortunate. It would be pleasant to believe that the Sonnet commencing

"If music and sweet poetry agree"

was written by Shakspeare.\* It would be satisfactory that the greatest dramatic poet of the world should pay his homage to that great contemporary from whose exhaustless wells of imagination every real lover of poetry has since drawn waters of "deep delight." But that Sonnet is claimed by another; and we believe that the claim must be admitted. There was another publisher of the name of Jaggard—John Jaggard; and he, in 1598, printed a volume bearing this title:—'Encomion of Lady Pecunia; or the Praise of Money: the Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie: &c. The Combat betweene Conscience and Covetousness in the Minde of Man: with Poems in divers Humors.' The volume bears the name, as author, of Richard Barnfield, graduate of Oxford, who had previously

\* We have previously expressed an opinion that it was written by Shakspeare: it has been generally attributed to him; and we had adopted the received opinion, looking chiefly at the character of the Sonnet. See page 125

published a volume entitled 'Cynthia.' The volume of 1598 contains a Sonnet "addressed to his friend Master R. L., in praise of Music and Poetry." This is the Sonnet that a year after William Jaggard prints with the name of Shakspeare. But Barnfield's volume contains another poem, which the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim* also assigns to Shakspeare, amongst the 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music'—the last in the collection—

"As it fell upon a day."

It is remarkable that, after the publication of Barnfield's volume in 1598, and *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599, a large portion of this poem was, in 1600, printed in 'England's Helicon,' with the signature of "Ignoto." It there follows the poem which is the 18th in *The Passionate Pilgrim*—

"My flocks feed not."

That poem bears the title of 'The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint,' and is also signed, in 'England's Helicon,' "Ignoto." "As it fell upon a day" is entitled 'Another of the same Shepherd's.' Both the poems in 'England's Helicon' immediately follow one bearing the signature of "W. Shakspeare," the beautiful Sonnet in *Love's Labour's Lost*—

"On a day, alack the day"—

which is given as one of the Sonnets to Music in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

For the following poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim* no claim of authorship has appeared further to impugn the credibility of W. Jaggard:—

"Sweet rose, fair flower."  
"Crabbed age and youth."  
"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good."  
"Good night, good rest."  
"Lord, how mine eyes."  
"It was a lording's daughter."  
"Whenas thine eye."

But there is a poem, imperfectly printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (and which we have reprinted, that the reader may have before him what that work originally contained), of a higher reputation than any poem in the collection.

"Live with me, and be my love"

is printed in 'England's Helicon' with the signature of "Chr. Marlow," and the copy there given is as follows:—

### THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold:

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, &c.

A belt of straw and ivy buds  
With coral clasps and amber studs.  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delights each May-morning;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHR. MARLOW.

In that collection it is immediately succeeded by another poem, almost equally celebrated, bearing the signature of "Ignoto:"—

### THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

IGNOTO

In our Illustrations of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III., we have already noticed the probable authorship of these poems. Warburton, upon the authority of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, assigns "Come live with me" to Shakspeare. But we fear that Mr. William Jaggard's authority is not quite so much to be relied upon as that of 'England's Helicon:' and, moreover, there was an honest witness living some fifty years after, whose traditionary evidence must go far to settle the point. We cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing dear Izaak Walton's testimony:—"Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; but sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs—some leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful

sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As thus I sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

'I was for that time lifted above earth,  
And possess'd joys not promis'd in my birth.'

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 't was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her minds with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

"They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us."

We have now gone through all the poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim*; and, taking away the five poems which are undoubtedly Shakspeare's, but which are to be found in the *Sonnets* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, and considering at least as apocryphal those which have been assigned to other authors, there is not a great deal left that posterity may thank Mr. William Jaggard for having rescued from oblivion.

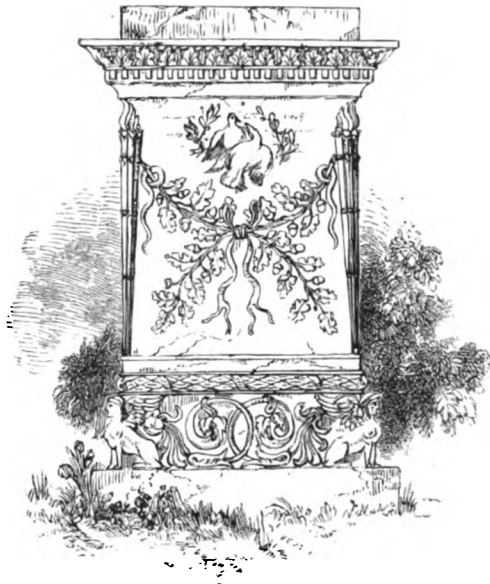
There are two other poems that usually follow *The Passionate Pilgrim*, though they form no part of that collection. The first is the celebrated song of

"Take, O take those lips away."

Our readers are aware that the first stanza is found in *Measure for Measure*, as sung by a boy to Mariana, who says "Break off thy song." The two stanzas are in the tragedy, ascribed to Fletcher, of 'Rollo, Duke of Normandy.' There is no possibility, we apprehend, of deciding the authorship of the second stanza (see Illustrations of *Measure for Measure*, Act IV.). The other poem, beginning

"Let the bird of loudest lay,"

is found with Shakspeare's name in a book printed in 1601, the greater part of which consists of a poem translated from the Italian by Robert Chester, entitled 'Love's Martyr; or Rosalin's Complaint: allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle.' There is a second title to this volume prefixed to some supplementary verses: 'Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essays on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phoenix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Works. Never before extant.' The name "Wm. Shakspeare" is subscribed to this poem, in the same way that the names of Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman are subscribed to other poems.



## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE POEMS.

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"If the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather." These are the words which, in relation to the *Venus and Adonis*, Shakspeare addressed, in 1593, to the Earl of Southampton. Are we to accept them literally? Was the *Venus and Adonis* the first production of Shakspeare's imagination? Or did he put out of his view those dramatic performances which he had then unquestionably produced, in deference to the critical opinions which regarded plays as works not belonging to "invention"? We think that he used the words in a literal sense. We regard the *Venus and Adonis* as the production of a very young man, improved, perhaps, considerably in the interval between its first composition and its publication, but distinguished by peculiarities which belong to the wild luxuriance of youthful power,—such power, however, as few besides Shakspeare have ever possessed.

A deep thinker and eloquent writer, Julius Charles Hare, thus describes "the spirit of self-sacrifice," as applied to poetry:—

"The might of the imagination is manifested by its launching forth from the petty creak, where the accidents of birth moored it, into the wide ocean of being,—by its going abroad into the world around, passing into whatever it meets with, animating it, and becoming one with it. This complete union and identification of the poet with his poem,—this suppression of his own individual insulated consciousness, with its narrowness of thought and pettiness of feeling,—is what we admire in the great masters of that which for this reason we justly call classical poetry, as representing that which is symbolical and universal, not that which is merely occasional and peculiar. This gives them that majestic calmness which still breathes upon us from the statues of their gods. This invests their works with that lucid transparent atmosphere wherein every form stands out in perfect definiteness and distinctness, only beautified by the distance which idealizes it. This has delivered those works from the casualties of time and space, and has lifted them up like stars into the pure firmament of thought, so that they do not shine on one spot alone, nor fade like earthly flowers, but journey on from clime to clime, shedding the light of beauty on generation after generation. The same quality, amounting to a total extinction of his own selfish being, so that his spirit became a mighty organ through which Nature gave utterance to the full diapason of her notes, is what we

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wonder at in our own great dramatist, and is the groundwork of all his other powers: for it is only when purged of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspirations of genius.\*

What Mr. Hare so justly considers as the great moving principle of "classical poetry,"—what he further notes as the pre-eminent characteristic of "our own great dramatist,"—is abundantly found in that great dramatist's earliest work. Coleridge was the first to point out this pervading quality in the *Venus* and *Adonis*; and he has done this so admirably, that it would be profanation were we to attempt to elucidate the point in any other than his own words:—

"It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even then the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute,—by the highest effort of the picturesque in words of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realized by any other poet, even Dante not excepted,—to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His *Venus* and *Adonis* seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything. Hence it is, that, from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader,—from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images,—and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst,—that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account." †

Coleridge, in the preceding chapter of his 'Literary Life,' says, "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination." In Coleridge's 'Literary Remains' the *Venus* and *Adonis* is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspere's description lately presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—'Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq.' There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says—"I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before. But as accurate an observer *had* been before him:—

"She (the hare) generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half-way: she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

\* 'The Victory of Faith; and other Sermons.' By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 1840. P. 277.

† 'Biographia Literaria,' 1817, vol. ii., p. 15.

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Compare this with Shakspeare :—

“ And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles :  
The many musits through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.”

Mr. Ayton thus goes on :—

“The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent ; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are 'at fault,' or lose the scent, they are silent. \* \* \* \* \* The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of 'faults ;' but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous ; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal : they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance.”

Compare Shakspeare again :—

“ Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;  
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear ;  
“ For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;  
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.”

One more extract from Mr. Ayton :—

“Suppose then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along ; then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping ; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder.”

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspeare's description :—

“ By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear ;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.  
“ Then shalt thou see the dew-debabbled wretch  
Turn and return, indenting with the way ;  
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never reliev'd by any.”

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement, in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspeare. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the Venus and Adonis if he had had it in his mind. Shakspeare and he had each looked minutely and practically upon the same scene ; and the wonder is, not that Shakspeare was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

The celebrated description of the courser in the Venus and Adonis is another remarkable instance of the accuracy of the young Shakspeare's observation. Not the most experienced dealer ever knew the *points* of a horse better. The whole poem indeed is full of evidence that the circumstances by

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE POEMS.

which the writer was surrounded, in a country district, had entered deeply into his mind, and were reproduced in the poetical form. The bird "tangled in a net"—the "di-dapper peering through a wave"—the "blue-veined violets"—the

" Red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field"—

the fisher that forbears the "ungrown fry"—the sheep "gone to fold"—the caterpillars feeding on "the tender leaves"—and, not to weary with examples, that exquisite image,

" Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye"—

all these bespeak a poet who had formed himself upon nature, and not upon books. To understand the value as well as the rarity of this quality in Shakspeare, we should open any contemporary poem. Take Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander' for example. We read line after line, beautiful, gorgeous, running over with a satiating luxuriousness; but we look in vain for a single familiar image. Shakspeare describes what he has seen, throwing over the real the delicious tint of his own imagination. Marlowe looks at Nature herself very rarely; but he knows all the conventional images by which the real is supposed to be elevated into the poetical. His most beautiful things are thus but copies of copies. The mode in which each poet describes the morning will illustrate our meaning—

" Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun riseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

We feel that *this* is true. Compare—

" By this Apollo's golden harp began  
To sound forth music to the ocean;  
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard  
But he the day's bright-bearing car prepar'd,  
And ran before, as harbinger of light,  
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,  
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,  
Dang'd down to nell her loathsome carriage."

We are taught that *this* is classical.

Coleridge has observed that, "in the Venus and Adonis, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant." This self-controlling power of "varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm" is perhaps one of the most signal instances of Shakspeare's consummate mastery of his art, even as a very young man. He who, at the proper season, knew how to strike the grandest music within the compass of our own powerful and sonorous language, in his early productions breathes out his thoughts

" To the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorder."

The sustained sweetness of the versification is never cloying; and yet there are no violent contrasts, no sudden elevations: all is equable in its infinite variety. The early comedies are full of the same rare beauty. In *Love's Labour's Lost*—*The Comedy of Errors*—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*—we have verses of alternate rhymes formed upon the same model as those of the Venus and Adonis, and producing the same feeling of placid delight by their exquisite harmony. The same principles on which he built the versification of the Venus and Adonis exhibited to him the grace which these elegiac harmonies would impart to the scenes of repose in the progress of a dramatic action.

We proceed to the Lucrece. Of that poem the date of the composition is fixed as accurately as we can desire. In the dedication to the Venus and Adonis the poet says—"If your honour seem

\* 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. ii., p. 14.

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but pleased I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In 1594, a year after the *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece* was published, and was dedicated to Lord Southampton. This, then, was undoubtedly the "graver labour;" this was the produce of the "idle hours" of 1593. Shakspeare was then nearly thirty years of age—the period at which it is held by some he first began to produce anything original for the stage. The poet unquestionably intended the "graver labour" for a higher effort than had produced the "first heir" of his invention. He describes the *Venus and Adonis* as "unpolished lines"—lines thrown off with youthful luxuriansness and rapidity. The verses of the *Lucrece* are "untutored lines"—lines formed upon no established model. There is to our mind the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems—a difference as manifest as that which exists between *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Coleridge has marked the great distinction between the one poem and the other:—

"The *Venus and Adonis* did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of *Lucretia* seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And yet we find in *Shakespeare's* management of the tale neither pathos nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspired by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection: and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."\*

It is in this paragraph that Coleridge has marked the difference—which a critic of the very highest order could alone have pointed out—between the power which Shakspeare's mind possessed of going out of itself in a narrative poem, and the dramatic power. The same mighty, and to most unattainable, power, of utterly subduing the self-conscious to the universal, was essential to the highest excellence of both species of composition,—the poem and the drama. But the exercise of that power was essentially different in each. Coleridge, in another place, says, "in his very first production he projected his mind out of his own particular being, and felt, and made others feel, on subjects no way connected with himself except by force of contemplation, and that sublime faculty by which a great mind becomes that on which it meditates."† But this "sublime faculty" went greatly farther when it became dramatic. In the narrative poems of an ordinary man we perpetually see the narrator. Coleridge, in a passage previously quoted, has shown the essential superiority of Shakspeare's narrative poems, where the whole is placed before our view, the poet unparticipating in the passions. There is a remarkable example of how strictly Shakspeare adhered to this principle in his beautiful poem of *A Lover's Complaint*. There the poet is actually present to the scene:—

" From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,  
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale."

But not one word of comment does he offer upon the revelations of the "fickle maid full pale." The dramatic power, however, as we have said, is many steps beyond this. It dispenses with narrative altogether. It renders a complicated story, or stories, *one* in the action. It makes the characters reveal *themselves*, sometimes by a word. It trusts for everything to the capacity of an audience to appreciate the greatest subtleties, and the nicest shades of passion, *through* the action. It is the very reverse of the oratorical power, which repeats and explains. And how is it able to effect this prodigious mastery over the senses and the understanding? By raising the mind of the spectator, or reader, into such a state of poetical excitement as corresponds in some degree to the excitement of the poet, and thus clears away the mists of our ordinary vision, and irradiates the whole complex moral world in which we for a time live, and move, and have our being, with the brightness of his own intellectual sunlight. Now, it appears to us that, although the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*, do not pretend to be the creations of this wonderful power—their forms did not demand its complete exercise—they could not have been produced by a man who did not possess the power,

\* 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. ii., p. 21.

† 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 54.



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and had assiduously cultivated it in its own proper field. In the second poem, more especially, do we think the power has reached a higher development, indicating itself in "a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection."

Malone says, "I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his 'Palace of Pleasure,' 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem." Be it so. The story of Lucrece in Painter's novel occupies four pages. The first page describes the circumstances that preceded the unholy visit of Tarquin to Lucrece; nearly the whole of the last two pages detail the events that followed the death of Lucrece. A page and a half at most is given to the tragedy. This is proper enough in a narrative, whose business it is to make all the circumstances intelligible. But the narrative poet, who was also thoroughly master of the dramatic power, concentrates all the interest upon the main circumstances of the story. He places the scene of those circumstances before our eyes at the very opening:—

"From the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears," &c.

The preceding circumstances which impel this journey are then rapidly told. Again, after the crowning action of the tragedy, the poet has done. He tells the consequences of it with a brevity and simplicity indicating the most consummate art:

"When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

He has thus cleared away all the encumbrances to the progress of the main action. He would have done the same had he made Lucrece the subject of a drama. But he has to tell his painful story and to tell it all: not to exhibit a portion of it, as he would have done had he chosen the subject for a tragedy. The consummate delicacy with which he has accomplished this is beyond all praise, perhaps above all imitation. He puts forth his strength on the accessories of the main incident. He delights to make the chief actors analyse their own thoughts,—reflect, explain, expostulate. All this is essentially undramatic, and he meant it to be so. But then, what pictures does he paint of the progress of the action, which none but a great dramatic poet, who had visions of future Macbeths and Othellos before him, could have painted! Look, for example, at that magnificent scene, when

"No comfortable star did lend his light,"

of Tarquin leaping from his bed, and, softly smiting his falchion on a flint, lighting a torch

"Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye."

Look, again, at the exquisite domestic incident which tells of the quiet and gentle occupation of his devoted victim:—

"By the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

The hand to which that glove belongs is described in the very perfection of poetry:—

"Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass."

In the chamber of innocence Tarquin is painted with terrific grandeur, which is overpowering by the force of contrast:—

"This said he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade."

The complaint of Lucrece after Tarquin has departed was meant to be undramatic. The action advances not. The character develops not itself in the action. But the poet makes his heroine

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bewail her fate in every variety of lament that his boundless command of imagery could furnish. The letter to Collatine is written;—a letter of the most touching simplicity :—

“ Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me :  
So I commend me from our house in grief;  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.”

Again the action languishes, and again Lucrece surrenders herself to her grief. The

“ Skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ”

is one of the most elaborate passages of the poem, essentially cast in an undramatic mould. But this is but a prelude to the catastrophe, where, if we mistake not, a strength of passion is put forth which is worthy him who drew the terrible agonies of Lear :—

“ Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: ‘ He, he,’ she says,  
But more than ‘ he’ her poor tongue could not speak ;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this: ‘ He, he, fair lords, ‘t is he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.”

Malone, in his concluding remarks upon the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, says, “ We should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence.” This was written in the year 1780—the period which rejoiced in the “ polished productions ” of Hayley and Miss Seward, and founded its “ idea of poetical excellence ” on some standard which, secure in its conventional forms, might depart as far as possible from simplicity and nature, to give us words without thought, arranged in verses without music. It would be injustice indeed to Shakspeare to try the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, by such a standard of “ poetical excellence.” But we have outlived that period. By way of apology for Shakspeare, Malone adds, “ that few authors rise much above the age in which they live.” He further says, “ the poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's lifetime.” This is consolatory. In Shakspeare's lifetime there were a few men that the world has since thought somewhat qualified to establish an “ idea of poetical excellence ”—Spenser, Drayton, Jonson, Fletcher, Chapman, for example. These were not much valued in Malone's golden age of “ more modern and polished productions ; ”—but let that pass. We are coming back to the opinions of this obsolete school ; and we venture to think the majority of readers now will not require us to make an apology for Shakspeare's poems.

If Malone thought it necessary to solicit indulgence for the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, he drew even a more timid breath when he ventured to speak of the *Sonnets*. “ I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat underrated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled.” No wonder he speaks timidly. The great poetical lawgiver of his time—the greater than Shakspeare, for he undertook to mend him, and refine him, and make him fit to be tolerated by the super-elegant intellects of the days of George III.—had pronounced that the *Sonnets* were too bad even for his genius to make tolerable. He, Steevens, who would take up a play of Shakspeare's in the condescending spirit with which a clever tutor takes up a smart boy's verses—altering a word here, piecing out a line there, commending this thought, shaking his head at this false prosody, and acknowledging upon the whole that the thing is pretty well, seeing how much the lad has yet to learn—he sent forth his decree that nothing less than an act of parliament could compel the reading of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*. For a long time mankind bowed before the oracle ; and the *Sonnets* were not read. Wordsworth has told us something about this :—

“ There is extant a small volume of miscellaneous poems in which Shakspeare expresses his feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that volume, the *Sonnets* ; though there is not a part of

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the writings of this poet where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these, or any production of Shakspeare, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces."\*

That ignorance has been removed; and no one has contributed more to its removal, by creating a school of poetry founded upon Truth and Nature, then Wordsworth himself. The critics of the last century have passed away:—

" Fear and Baëlim  
Forsake their temples dim."

By the operation of what great sustaining principle is it that we have come back to the just appreciation of "the treasures contained in those little pieces?" The poet-critic will answer:—

"There never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes*; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced, which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention. Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the writer, the judgment of the people is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The people have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it is said, above—that, of *good* poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the people? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

\* Past and future are the wings  
On whose support, harmoniously conjoin'd,  
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge.—MS.

The voice that issues from this spirit is that *vox populi* which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a nation! Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE."†

It is this perpetual mistake of the public for the people that has led to the belief that there was a period when Shakspeare was neglected. He was *always* in the heart of the people. There, in that deep, rich soil, have the Sonnets rested during two centuries; and here and there in remote places have the seeds put forth leaves and flowers. All young imaginative minds now rejoice in their hues and their fragrance. But this preference of the fresh and beautiful of poetical life to the *pot-pourri* of the last age must be a regulated love. Those who, seeing the admiration which now prevails for these outpourings of "exquisite feelings felicitously expressed," talk of the Sonnets as equal, if not superior, to the greatest of the poet's mighty dramas, compare things that admit of no comparison. Who would speak in the same breath of the gem of Cupid and Psyche, and the Parthenon? In the Sonnets, exquisite as they are, the poet goes not out of himself (at least in the form of the composition), and he walks, therefore, in a narrow circle of art. In the *Venus* and *Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*, the circle widens. But in the *Dramas*, the centre is the Human Soul, the circumference the Universe.

\* Preface to Poetical Works.

† *Ibid.*

END OF THE POEMS.

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